

411**"Carlos The Jackal"**Visit "[Carlos The Jackal](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Several were shot to hell, brought through the back
door, they sat down and
Plucked out their eyes.
Shut up and bring me the head of the Spaniard on acid
who stole every
Filling of gold that they dropped in my teeth,
Notice how much she keeps tabs on the past-

Six miles, we've seen no signs of life,
She laughed and stuck her gum
Against the side of my thumb.

On the gearstick, passion is measured in Kelvin.
You and your Icelandic ancestors' eyes.

Too much exposure is likely to rip you from
Laurels that no one deserved,

Least of all, you and your feeble desire for a million
admirers who dote on
Dead and their corpulent filth.

Notice how much she keeps tabs on the past.

Oh, my traveling days cut short by the grave,
Dismantled by fear and Japanese trains that fly through
the air,
And land on the hoods of Indian rickshaws,
Their motors dissolved by all of the salt,
That's gathered in Texas, where Portuguese widows
Eat catfish and curse us,
American fruitcake she left on the doorstep,
So foreigners hate us.

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