

As Fast As "Skin The Kat"

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I was reading how to write
And I found out just tonight
That the bleeding commanded fright
And I don't know left from right

I was leading the ground to flight
And you sold me a granite kite
I was leading the dark to light
And you told me that I might

'Cause I've got holes in my pockets
And money keeps falling out
So cool, she's so cool

I've got old gears and sprockets
I just can't keep turning out
So cool, she's so cool
And she's so cool that I just wanna die

Well, I turned into an older man
And my youth left for a distant land
And I was watching the smell turn bland
And the candy in my hand

It turned to poison and purple sand
Stick my head in the garbage can
Skin the kat, turn on the fan
Put the choice cuts in the pan

'Cause I've got holes in my pockets
And money keeps falling out
So cool, she's so cool

I've got old gears and sprockets
I just can't keep turning out
So cool, she's so cool
And she's so cool that I just wanna die

Well, I shut the ears and wash the corn
Save my tears for your screech and scorn
I turn the knife and punch the screw
What's a low rent slob to do

'Cause I've got holes in my pockets
And money keeps falling out
So cool, she's so cool

I've got old gears and sprockets
I just can't keep turning out
So cool, she's so cool

'Cause I've got holes in my pockets
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I've got old gears and sprockets
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She's so cool that I just wanna die

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