

Clutch "Bottoms Up, Socrates"

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VERSE

They came marchin down the street in robes,
In the spirit of Spanish Inquisition.
Guitars and trombones,
Mechanical monkeys make good musicians.

Streets urchins, the smugglers and dingos,
Dead languages and living man lingos.
Put the relics of the saint in a glass box and march him
around the block.

PRE-CHORUS

Hangin on the words of a madman,
Islands in the abyss,
No use for the poet,
When the hopeless seek no bliss.

VERSE 2

Mason jars of petroleum,
You know those kids don't play,
And should you ever get ahold of them,
I'll tell you exactly what they say:
"Time we told you son about the family curse"
And when they opened up the diary
To gain an explanation,
They find only terminal verse.

PRE-CHORUS

Hangin on the words of a madman,
Islands in the abyss,
No use for the poet,
When the hopeless seek no bliss.

CHORUS

X-ray visions,
Eye in the sky,
The naked being led by the blind
So Bottoms up, Socrates.
Hemloc straight up
Goes down easy

PRE-CHORUS

Hangin on the words of a madman,
Islands in the abyss,
No use for the poet,
When the hopeless seek no bliss.

Altered CHORUS
X-ray visions,
Eye in the sky,
The naked being led by the blind
So Bottoms up, Socrates.
Hemlock tastes like ripple wine

CHORUS
X-ray visions,
Eye in the sky,
The naked being led by the blind
So Bottoms up, Socrates.
Hemlock straight up
Goes down easy

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