

## Clutch "Spleen Merchant"

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When I die you can cut me up and take all that you  
please  
But pity the poor dumb fool who gets my bleeding  
spleen  
Corn pone, I born tomorrow, my bone marrow protein  
filled  
Scotch whiskey men of stain have come to split your  
skills

Hey, hey  
I got your heaven  
I got your burning hell  
I got it all right here

Wrap them tight in zip-lock bags to benefit good  
medicines  
If bad you can toss them back and stuff them in  
sausages  
Isn't it something so becoming, a gentlemen of good  
taste  
The appetizer's quite the pleaser  
But might you pass the pepper please this way

Hey, hey  
I got your heaven  
I got your burning hell  
I got it all right here

Fertilizer makes your corn row higher  
But makes your back yard stink  
And all the crows know where the wind blows  
Where water sinks

Hey, hey  
I got your heaven  
I got your burning hell  
I got it all right here

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