## Corey Taylor "Idle Hands"

Visit "Idle Hands" on MotoLyrics.com

Stuck to the dog, pissin' out both ends
I got a hundred lethal weapons that I call my friends
Ain't a person on Earth who could take my life
I wish they would so a man could get some sleep at
night

But my design is a mixture of descent and decay I see a monster in the mirror fucking everyday Can a man ever wash his hands of blood? Perpetual deja vu, isn't that enough?

Peel back the layers...and see what I've become Satisfied? Now I feel nothing. Stay away - I swear it wasn't me!

See if you can relish if you close both eyes
Every time I make an issue of it, someone dies
Carried out like a hitman, set in stone
Don't know why I even bother to be left alone
In my opinion, it's a self-serving fucked-up phase
Got a picture in my wallet that I keep, in case I
Gotta go, gotta split, gotta make it to a higher level
than this
But I could be wrong, that I say is wrong, what I really
want to say is...

Peel back the layers...and see what I've become Satisfied? Now I feel nothing. Stay away - I swear it wasn't me!

Run - it doesn't matter.
I need all the miracles that I can gather
Run - I can't pretend
I put myself in idle hands again

Here's how it ends, just a bit too soon
River deep in all the shit I let myself get into
Doesn't anybody like it here?
Blank looks, television drama and no fear
Let another person fuck with your mind
I bet you become the person who will fuck in time
Man I just stopped caring, the music is blaring
I feel you glaring, WHY WON'T YOU STOP STARING?

Peel back the layers...and see what I've become Satisfied? Now I feel nothing. Stay away - I swear it wasn't me!

Run - it doesn't matter. I need all the miracles that I can gather Run - I can't pretend I put myself in idle hands again

GET THE FUCK OFF OF ME!!

Visit <u>Corey Taylor</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.