

Electric Six "Interchangeable Knife"

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We're running out of karma and here's mud in your
eye,
I guess it's you.
I'm gonna love you till you die!
I got a candy-coating,
And I'm welled with pride,
I guess it's you,
You're gonna take me for a ride.
I'm gonna make you howl like a trailer-park wife,
On the first day of her new life,
Interchangeable knife!

She's a big, big rider,
Got the devil inside her,
Burn a hole right through my jeans,
Hotter than a meth-lab-fire.
She change your oil and kick your tires,
Solder up your frayed wires,
She'll flush your engine with precision,
Run on empty, full power. (?)
Be the tequila to my lime,
I'll be the mirror to your blind,
Let's chop it up,
I don't need no cook,
Got an interchangeable knife,
Yeah.

We're moving through the motions of a heart-shaped
lie,
I guess it's you, (I guess it's you)
I guess it's you who gonna cry.
If you wanna make a baby, rip it out of your side,
I guess it's you, (I guess it's you),
You gonna spread 'em open wide.
She's a rollin'-pin mamma and a rational wife,
Man, it's such an interesting life,
International knife!

Hey!

Yeah, I know that girl.

What I might be lacking in class,
Make up for in ass.
Trash talking while we're flying,
Down the interstate fast,
With original sin, (?)
Dancin' from my lips when I talk,
Got a shotgun rack,
In the back of my truck.
Well we're shiftin' into first,
It's all ready to burst,
Into second,
He's in heaven,
Go into third,
Into fourth,
Ooh!

Ooh.

Interchangeable knife!
Interchangeable knife!

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