

Gits

"Sign Of The Crab"

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Yeah

You take me off the rollercoaster
Of your serial killing ways
I'm down the rollerpiece
You find my bowl that's it
You're always taking me back to the same place
I wonder if I'm here just to take the rap

And you can talk with your husband
But there's no torch there for remorse
We ain't that much different
No, we're feeding off the same incentives

Never ceases to amaze me the things you try to pull
Anything to get me in and then get me killed
Go ahead and slice me up, spread me all across this town
Cause you know you're the one that won't be found

Maybe I've pushed my luck one too many times
Now you've taken it upon yourself to put me back in line
Well leave it to fear to get the message through
But isn't that the romance that brought me here to you?

You can talk with your husband
But there's no torch there for remorse
We ain't that much different
No, we're feeding off the same goddamn incentives

Yeah
You take me off the rollercoaster
Of your serial killing ways
I'm down the rollerpiece
You find my bowl that's it
Go ahead and take me out for all you think it's worth
Cause I know I'm the one that won't get hurt

Don't ruin me for what you cannot have

You can talk with your husband
But there's no torch there for remorse
We ain't that much different

No, we're confident we can get back on our feet again

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