

## Marathon

# "Bombs Make Lousy Tourniquets"

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I paid the mob their fee so no one can touch me.  
You see, you gotta' pay the Don so he can wet his beak.  
Wait, got a situation here.  
I'll consult whitecoat technicians.  
They'll run some tests and check emissions.  
This condition needs some fixin' now, so slice me up.  
Staple me shut.  
Fluid's leaking out.  
Press your hands down.  
Writhing on the couch, I'm screaming loud,  
"Who's gonna help me now?" while the deep red  
creeps across white sheets.  
I'm draining out.  
Could you do a favor?  
Please press your hands down.  
The Don's connections: chargin' more protection to  
repair my body.  
It's gonna cost me.  
Naked from the waist down, I'm freakin' out.  
This is me from the waist down.  
I didn't mean for you to see these scars.  
I'm pleadin' now, could you do a favor?  
Please, just turn around.  
Turn around.  
The mob needs more for the war in the neighborhood.  
I've already paid the standard fee for homeland  
security.  
(My hands covered in my own blood.  
Who'll repair me? I've had enough.)  
It's unclear why this fear's overtaken me 'cause  
I never had an enemy 'til the Don's family moved onto  
my street, throwing buckets of blood on my hands.  
These are my new liquid assets.  
Can't they kick a little back to heal me for investing in  
the crime family?

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