

Citizen King "Salt Bag Spill"

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Suckers, suckers, suckers

You got the sideways grip, I'm about to flip
Your backdrop dizzy spell puttin' dents in the padlock
Cold defying the laws of slingshot
A white picket fence

To separate the stones you stand on
Before the tide comes in on the early dawn
The light bulb spins on the horn rims
You blister in the sun

You're just a salt bag spill, another salt bag spill

'Cause it's a green jean battle from the burlap
I break your ribs and it's full contact
Vagabonds, you start a war
But we're the cream of the crop
And you're the cream of the corn

Crash, collide and no good comeback
Flash in the pan like a burnt short stack
But we've got the butter to let your mud slide
You're slippin' on down for the test of time

Salt bag spill, another salt bag spill

I'm pitching my fork in Mr. Rourke
You get the trap door with sawdust splinters
Pepper in the jar gettin' served that dinner
Slam you like a screen door keepin' out the terminal
condition

You get the oatmeal bath
You're out of commission, you're tarred, you're
feathered
And covered in lacquer, your head's in a bucket
That's ringing with laughter

You suckers, suckers, suckers, suckers

Salt bag spill, another salt bag spill

Salt bag spill, you're just a salt bag spill

Takin' out, you suckers

Takin' out [Incomprehensible]

Takin' out, you suckers

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