

Schaft "Thirsty Fly"

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Any sense of dignity you have felt
Any sense of reality, I need help
Any sense of this animal you could be
Any sense at all, give it to me
Any sense at all, give it to me
Give it to me, come unto me
Come under me, come under me

Lie to believe
One mile to concede
Here I thirst and I plead
Burn that skin off your knees
Burn that skin off your knees

Any sense of hope and what could be
I wash away in self pity
In the grip and grime, this muddled time
I throw more wine on the drowning mind
Any sense at all
Give it to me, come unto me
Come under me, come under me

Lie to believe
One mile to concede
Here I thirst and I plead

Burn that skin off your knees
Burn that skin off your knees

Who's the one who saw him die?
"I am," said the fly
"With my little eye
I'm the one who saw him die"
"Put a little sugar on there baby
And a little talcum is always welcome"

Little busy thirsty fly
Drink with me
And drink as I
Little busy thirsty fly
Drink with me
Get drunk as I

Little busy thirsty fly
Drink with me
And drink as I
Little busy thirsty fly
Drink with me and watch me die

Lie to believe
One mile to concede
Here I thirst and I plead
Burn that skin off your knees
Burn that skin off your knees

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