

## Severed Heads "Goodbye Tonsils"

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Taken from Walt Whitman's "Song of Myself", from  
\_Leaves of Grass\_)

1 You there, impotent, loose in the knees,  
Open your scarf'd chops till I blow grit within you,  
Spread your palms and lift the flaps of your pockets,  
I am not to be denied...

Mine is no callous shell,  
I have instant conductors all over me  
[repeat 1]

2 I merely stir, press, feel with my fingers,  
...and that's about as much as I can stand.

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END OF city.slabs.horror FILE

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Dave Watson, Severed Heads Liberation Front (Re-  
release the \_Stretcher\_ EP!)

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"A man is measured by the depth of his anger."--Eddie

"Everyone in this room is wearing a uniform, and don't  
kid yourself!"--Zappa

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