

## **The Cavedogs "Tayter Country"**

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I'm the wrong boy you dreamed about  
Standing loud, I would never shout  
Slouching in the hall with conviction

I'm the one with the leather views  
Waiting in line to release the truth  
Liquid right lends itself to direction

But with a machine gun  
With a machine gun  
With a machine, be more than seen  
With a machine

The volume drones to a hundred black  
We'll play "The End" and then give it back  
To the comfy light of tradition

'Cause when the shroud is removed for you  
The cutting edge becomes petting zoo  
An ailing malted knight's new prescription

With a machine gun  
With a machine gun  
With a machine, be more than clean  
With a machine

I don't really wanna touch you  
I don't really wanna touch you  
I don't really wanna touch you  
I don't really wanna touch you  
I don't really wanna touch you  
Tonight, tonight

I'm the wrong boy you dreamed about  
Standing loud, I would never shout  
Slouching in the hall with conviction  
With conviction  
With conviction  
With conviction...

