

The Cult

"Honey From a Knife"

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I'm runnin' down Lafayette
My bloody shirt soaked through
(She got me running)
I was beaten and confused
On a New York City ruse
(She got me running)
My filthy hands and feet
On a dirty city street
(She got me running)
Like a banshee no one cares
With the heart of a beaten dog
(She got me running)

My wild Indian heart was pounding
I was running so fast
My wild Indian heart was pounding
I was running so fast

We got the drugs
We got the drugs
We got the drugs, the drugs in here
We got the drugs
We got the drugs
We got the drugs, the drugs in here

Now the children are loving the camera
Turn their face in to the light
(She got me running)
Can't take the pace much faster
Licking honey off a knife
(She got me running)

My wild Indian heart was pounding
I was running so fast
My wild Indian heart was pounding
I was running so fast

Let the water, yeah let it all in
Well, I'm drowning, get me out of this place
Let the water, yeah let it all in
Well, I'm drowning, get me out of this place

Let it out let it out let it out

Let the water, yeah let it all in
Well, I'm drowning, get me out of this hell

guitar solo

We got the drugs
We got the drugs
We got the drugs, the drugs in here
We got the drugs
We got the drugs
We got the drugs, the drugs in here
We got the drugs
We got the drugs
We got the drugs, the drugs in here
We got the drugs
We got the drugs
We got the drugs, the drugs in here

Kali
Oh Yeah
Fucked Up Children

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