

The Cave Singers

"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...

