

Mac Lethal

"Walkin' On Nails"

Visit "[Walkin' On Nails](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[matchmaker] Are you absolutely sure she is in love with you?

[man] Mmhmm. Why?

[matchmaker] If you both take this potion, and you were in love with her but she was never really in love with you, you will love her for the rest of your life.

And she will hate you for the rest of hers.

[spoken] Man, I got this new girl that I like.

I fucked up...I pissed her off today.

You know what though? Let's be in a good mood today.

Lets go happy with this one.

[Verse 1]

Okay, ease back the trigger, talks too much and it never listens.

I build a house from all the novels that you read in prison.

I got a bottle full of Bud Heavy,

I bump bedding with the betty hearing problems* til there's blood shedding.

I toss a pizza in the oven for the piece of me that's buggin'

and the women that are trying to make me Jesus for a husband.

But leisurely I'm single til I'm capturin your psyche.

I'm passionate your daddy wouldn't like me

I'm 5'9" and 49 fiftieths

Snort a line, border line hippie flips,

shoot needles, porcupine hissie fits

From my misery and lit flames, kissing in my '66 Caddy with the bent frames

Suckin down a Camel light,

I poke holes in an empty can of Sprite, til I make a quick and handy pipe.

And I could smoke all my problems like drugs.

Here's a list of things that I love.

I love Twix bars, credit cards,

new socks, rainy days, cold beer, shootin pool, Tupac tapes.

I love little kids, giving hugs,
lady bugs, Tarantino films, Amelie, and The Boondock
Saints.

Readin' magazines backwards,
wrinkle-free trousers, takin Percocet and masturbatin'
in the shower.

I love my independence, my family, my life.
And everyone that came here tonight.
Throw your souls up!

Chorus:

This little life of mine is turnin pretty crazy
so I'm gonna dig into it til the harmony just lets me go.
I'm walkin on nails, witcha, walkin on nails, witcha,
Walkin on nails, til the sun don't show.

This little life of mine is turnin pretty crazy
so I'm gonna dig into it til the harmony just lets me go.
I'm walkin on nails, witcha, walkin on nails, witcha,
Walkin on nails, til the sun don't show.

[Verse 2]

I read the suicide letter of Hunter S.
Thompson, I gotta say I was inspired by it.
My life is kinda like it. I'm gettin bored of takin
everything so seriously, things are turnin crazy now I'm
quite defiant.

Out the cake hole, screamin "how'd your day go?"
Clouds and halos, couch potatoes, crowds of girls with
bouncy j-los.

You held the payroll, you're helpin me destroy myself
now, count the pesos.

Cuz I should be a vegetarian, I know I should.
But Double Decker Taco Supremes are so good.
Junior bacon cheeseburger, rude awakenings, further
this is for the people that still party when they're broke.
This is for the people that find happiness in love.
And this is for the independent rest of us that don't.
Like Earl, he joined the yacht club.
Hurled the poison, chopped drugs.
Surly noisy rock stud, with girls and boys and hot tubs.
His cocky ass hit me in the face so I wrote him down
a list of things I hate.

I hate Larry the Cable Guy,
the way cucumbers taste. People actin tough,
and girls that invade my space.
I hate bill collectors, I hate bad news,
and people askin me to talk about my tattoos.
I hate the person sittin in your car talkin shit about
my songs, don't fight the urge, sing along.
I hate my songs, I hate Mac Lethal.
I. Hate. People.

Take me home.

Chorus

Thanks to V Balayan

Visit [Mac Lethal](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.