

Rasputina "Killing Comb"

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The summer I
Simmered simple in the sand
So tongue-tied
Mum and dumb

The comb, it just
Found itself in my hand
I stood when I
Should have run

Conspiracy
Those fellows and me
The comb, the way it's going
Hardly I
Hardly I
Hardly I even knew him
Hardly I
Hardly I
Hardly I even knew him
But he had to die

To establish
Whereabouts, wherefore?
If guilty, flawed or more
The world would find me
Sprawled on the floor
A vulgar foreigner

Conspiracy
Those fellows and me
The comb, the way it's going
Hardly I
Hardly I
Hardly I even knew him
Hardly I
Hardly I
Hardly I even knew him
But he had to die

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