

Rasputina "Oh Injury."

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Oh, my sweet love
He built a rotary cuff
His shoulder got smashed

He's gotta mend and repair a device

To work where he got hit by the blast
Oh, woe is he
Unable to see in front of his face
A mistreated machine can start acting mean
It can crack up all over the place
Oh, injury
What a nasty wound
Here, let me see
If you put metal inside of a man
He can work much faster than you can

With a toothpick, a penknife, a can opener
Oh, injury
One kind of folk, they don't know it's broke

The others don't care

They just sit and complain about some imagined pain
About some uncle who fell down the stairs
"Since he got hurt

He don't go to work

He just sits in his chair with a glazed-over stare
We try to get by
We can't help but ask ourselves why"
Oh, injury
Oh, injury
Oh, injury
What a nasty wound
Here, let me see
If you put metal inside of a man
He can work much faster than you can
With a toothpick, a penknife, a can opener
Oh, injury

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