

Rocket From The Crypt "Heater Hands"

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You're talking to a witness
Of broken fingers, oh, you never give up
Bet you get the shit kicked
Ah, from the winners, it's just half the fun

Don't heat the hands that hold your love
Before they hate you
Don't heat the hands that hold your stuff
Dropped out, knocked out, that's the way I like it

Time is the backside of my hand, yeah

Make it to the witness, who will be famous?
Ah, they always give up
Bet they get the shit kicked
They must be winners
Clocked out, knocked out, that's the way I like it

Time is the backside of my hand, yeah

You wanted a miracle
It laughed in your face
You call it cheap entertainment

It spits in your face
You wanted a miracle
It spits in your face
You call it cheap entertainment

Time is the backside of my hand, yeah

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