

Sparklehorse "The Hatchet Song"

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There's too much confusion today
How can I assure it's to shy away
And he blew his brains out with a pistol I say
To cover his arse or make a point someway

Meet me on
Lonely street
Meet me on
Lonely street
Now

Stabbed me in the back you know she threw a hatchet
Buried in my chest when I turned to catch it
And my lucky days are stuck in quarantine
I thought I got some kind of warranty

Meet me on
Lonely street
Meet me on
Lonely street

Meet me on
Lonely street
Meet me on
Lonely street

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