

Divorce, The "Knife And Kids"

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While you carve up the children
I'll be combing the sand
Searching for bones and teeth
And soft little things
Held in soft little hands

You make me feel like a woman
I'll make you feel like a man
We'll make them all feel like bitches
While we have them eating from our hands

((I know something you don't know))

We'll be calling a roll call
For people weak in the knees
And then we'll call them all liars
Because we do as we damn well please

Too many days
I've spent most of them just
Waiting for something
Too many ways
For your car to break down
I'll misbehave
In the hopes I'll catch
Not hold your attention
If you're the king
Then let me see your crown

Every day
I starve myself
Because it's feast or fashion
And every day
I crack a rib
Because I'm laughing at myself

Every day
I starve myself
Because it's feast or fashion
And every day
I crack a rib

I hope I laugh myself to death

Too many days
I've spent most of them just
Waiting for something
Too many ways
For your car to break down
I'll misbehave
In the hopes I'll catch
Not hold your attention
If you're the king
Then let me see your crown

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