

Falcon, The

"Huffing The Proverbial Line Off The Proverbial Don"

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You can't dig what you don't understand, boy
Sometimes it's the only way
Well, the misery's so fucking exciting
Well, the fashion of it all's the fucking rage

These are hammers on strings making notes, babe
With blood and a frog in my throat
These are binders covered in bad poetry
Not knowing what it's really about

Oh where, oh where, oh where
Oh where, oh where, oh where, oh where
Did you get that stupid shit-eating grin that you wear?
And what, or who got you through the door?
You're a piece of meat on the killing floor

These are closed and velvet ropes
And a curtain-sipping cokes
To be certain, it's so slow
That it's hurting, don't you know?

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And a curtain-sipping cokes
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Take your chances in the killing fields
With all the snakes and dogs
And dance 'til you bleed and bone touches steel
And all your hope is gone

So, take your chances in the killing fields
With all the snakes and dogs
And dance 'til you bleed and bone touches steel
And all your hope is gone

And all your hope is gone

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