

Juliane Hatfield

"Metal Fume Fever"

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I was passed out
On the factory floor
I couldn't feel my legs
I couldn't swallow
I'm burning metal
For motherfuckers
I'm making weapons
For southern lovers

I got the fever
I got metal fume fever

You might as well do dope
You're gonna get sick
Of something nasty
Out in the modern world
Doubled over
What kind of cancer
Did you ask for?
It came out of the plant
And into the sky
Into your eyes
Into your bones
Into your homes
Into your skin
You can't wash it off your hands

I got the fever
I got metal fume fever

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