

Them Crooked Vultures "New Fang"

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New fang,
no thang.
Had it made
to parade,
found a sucker,
now I want another.

Stand up,
step aside,
open wide,
handing out and on
Until the feelings gone

Want to?
Yes, I do.
Wanna learn,
taking turns getting carpet burns.

Loose lips,
lipstick spit.
Come or go,
I think it's both I gotta know.

Sometimes you break a finger on the upper hand,
I think you've got me confused with a better man.
Sometimes you break a finger on the upper hand,
Say, you've got me confused...

I need a better man.

No slack,
cadillac,
couldn't quit,
gums flap so
Here's your teeth back

Accept
what I left
far behind in a time
when my mind was like a landmine.

Tailgate,

by the lake,
too much, too young,
every button gonna come undone.

Tightrope,
no joke,
nothing left,
so you go baroque.

Sometimes you break a finger on the upper hand,
I said you've got me confused with a better man.
Sometimes you break a finger on the upper hand,
I know you've got me confused...

Here we come,
Here we come,

New fang, passing out on...
No point waiting around for

New fang passing out and...
No more waiting around-ah

New fang, New fang
Now you gotta wait? No!

New fang, newwwwww-oh

Now you gotta wait, no more

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