

## **Them Crooked Vultures "Scumbag Blues"**

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Innocence has no resistance  
against a wicked counselor such as I.  
You won't make it out.  
Shall I lead you to my parlor,  
poison offers disguised, in just your size.  
You won't make it out.  
You may think me altruistic,  
feel my dark hypnosis closing in.  
You won't make it out.

Then you grow cold,  
cold  
as a stare.  
As if no,  
none,  
could compare.  
But you don't know,  
how close,  
to ensnare.  
When I control,  
you will  
despair.  
Sycophancy, solipsistic,  
Spider plays the fool  
To lure the fly.  
You won't make it out.

Then you grow cold,  
cold  
as a stare.  
As if no,  
none,  
could compare.  
But you don't know,  
how close,  
to ensnare.  
When I control,  
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