

Guts

Alex Winston

Stronghold down at Warsaw
You come around, you come around, you come after me
And sweat cold tenfold and you come around, after me

I know you're alive, throw me into the fire
Man I should have known, I should have known
God damn you're alive, threw me into the fire
Man I should have known, I should have known

But I, I, I my body's full of guts and other stuff
I, I, I my body's full enough, to pull myself out
To pull myself out, to pull myself out, to pull myself
out

Sat, swore with a pitchfork
Got me spun around, spun around, spun on the spit
And move quick, why pick from your mix
You wash it down, you wash it down and see how it sits

You, let the bottom drop out it's such a copout
You led me to the slaughter but I'm someone's daughter
You let the bottom drop out it's such a copout don't you
feel ashamed?