

Cutting Room Floor

I the Mighty

If hell broke out in the White House
How long would it take for word to carry here?
Would it stay hush hush till the weather changed
Till the sun warmed the snow and fears?

Well I would wanna know. I would wanna know
And it's strange to me that you could barely care
You say, like this stolen ground no one's golden now
We're all made of bronze and steel

Well why don't you leave, just leave
You make a horrible point with your eyes looking low
So leave, just leave
You're on the cutting board
The cutting board of the cutting room floor

You're gonna wake to a whole different scene
All your pretty lights and neon signs
Replaced with green
And as you curse the river bed
That you throw your compass in
There's comfort 'round the bend

But this house is filled with crooks and liars
We regret to inform you there's no love here for you

(I know you're coming with the worst intentions.
Bring the flood)
So take your hooks and pliers
We regret to inform you, you're the lowest form

So leave, just leave
You make a horrible point with your eyes looking low
So leave, just leave.
You're on the cutting board
The cutting board of the cutting room floor

You've got this crazy notion
You've ripped this out by the seems
You can't even fathom
How with every word you try to say
You dig yourself a hole you can't escape
And that's a little bit more than what you came here for

Isn't it funny how little respect you get
When you burn the world for a paycheck?

Leave, just leave
You make a horrible point with your eyes looking low
So leave, just leave
You're on the cutting board
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