## **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 The cutting board of the cutting room floor