

## 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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