

Smudge

King's X

Ever since I was a little baby
Had the devil on my mind
Two dimensional Satan on the wall
And the thread would start to wind

Hold me closer
Move aside Mr. Wilson
Please move aside

In the sand the circle getting bigger
Till it all gets out of hand
On the mountain.. let go of the angel
And to my mom I ran

Hold me closer

Any day.. yesterday.. there's tomorrow to say
Let's forget it anyway
Can you try to understand...
What's this mark upon my hand

My nose was held shut and my mouth open
With a spoon shoved down my throat
One little piggy walking with a pumpkin
And a mustard headed goat

Hold me closer
Please move aside Mr. Wilson
Would you please move aside

Hey Betty May, it's summertime in Jersey
Don't you know the kids will freeze
Please don't pop your eyes out for me deary
Cause the man behind you sees

Hold me closer

Anyday... yesterday... there's tomorrow to say
Let's forget it anyway
Can you try to understand...
What's this mark upon my hand?

At the bottom of a box of five black markers
Is a buried Swedish pen
If at Thanksgiving... if you want to see me
Then you better be my kin

Hold me closer
For the love of god, Mr. Wilson
For the love of god

Anyday... yesterday... there's tomorrow to say
Let's forget it anyway
Can you try to understand
What's this mark upon my hand
Would you sing a song for me
Cause I broke your rosary