

These Filthy Hands

Mushroomhead

Haphazardly, Tumbling Hard
Fall Right Down,
Laugh Out Loud
All In The Scheme Of Things,
We're All Looking Up Growing Tall
It's Like Pulling One Hair
You Are What You Are To Me
With Wet Fingers
In My Eyes You're A Star
Petroleum Jelly
You're Something I'll Never Be
And Watch The Rain Dance
You're Something, I'm Frightened Of
I've Got To Get Clean
The Rain Will Cleanse Me
And I've Got To Wash These Filthy Hands
Because It's All Just A Futile Plan
That'd Mean I'd Have To
Believe Again
It's Like A Career To Breathe
An Existence I Can't Conceive
Emotionless As In Slug
In My Imagined Oblivion
It's As Much Fun
As Poking At A Nerve
You Would Swear,
That I Could,
Walk And Talk
No One Wants To Fail
But No One Wants To Work
But I Doubt You Will Ever
Vocabulary Test Is Graded On A Curve
Ever Prove Enough
Smartest Kid Is Stupid
Word Is Never Heard
I Doubt You'll Ever Prove It!
I've Got To Get Clean
The Rain Will Cleanse Me
And I've Got to Wash These Filthy Hands
All These Thoughts And Feelings
Are For Naught Unappealing
So You Expect Them
To Dull And Fade
Still They Remain
Caught Waiting For The Rain
Time Devours Life
With My Soul As The Defendant
Don't Catch Me If I Fall
I May Have Jumped
You Never Know
You Don't Know Me At All