

Paper Cuts

Nirvana

When I'm feeling tired
She pushes food through the door
I crawl towards the cracks of light
Sometimes I can't find my way
Newspapers spread around
Soaking all that they can
A cleaning is due again
A good hosing down

The lady whom I feel maternal love for
Cannot look me in the eyes
But I see hers and they are blue
And they cock and twist and masturbate
Ahhhhh...

I said so (3x)

Nirvana (6x)

Black windows of paint
I scratch with my nails
I see others just like me
Why do they not try to escape
They bring out the older ones
They pointed my way
They come with the flashing lights
And take my family away

And very later I have learned to
Accept some friends of ridicule
My whole existence is for your amusement
And that is why I'm here with you

Ow...to take me with your right

Nirvana (8x)