

The Hatchet Song

Sparklehorse

There's too much confusion today
How can I assure it's to shy away
And he blew his brains out with a pistol I say
To cover his arse or make a point someway
Meet me on
Lonely street
Meet me on
Lonely street
Now
Stabbed me in the back you know she threw a hatchet
Buried in my chest when I turned to catch it
And my lucky days are stuck in quarantine
I thought I got some kind of warranty
Meet me on
Lonely street
Meet me on
Lonely street
Meet me on
Lonely street
Meet me on
Lonely street
Meet me on
Lonely street