

## Sign Of The Crab

The Gits

Yeah

You take me off the rollercoaster  
Of your serial killing ways  
I'm down the rollerpiece  
You find my bowl that's it  
You're always taking me back to the same place  
I wonder if I'm here just to take the rap

And you can talk with your husband  
But there's no torch there for remorse  
We ain't that much different  
No, we're feeding off the same incentives

Never ceases to amaze me the things you try to pull  
Anything to get me in and then get me killed  
Go ahead and slice me up, spread me all across this town  
Cause you know you're the one that won't be found

Maybe I've pushed my luck one too many times  
Now you've taken it upon yourself to put me back in line  
Well leave it to fear to get the message through  
But isn't that the romance that brought me here to you?

You can talk with your husband  
But there's no torch there for remorse  
We ain't that much different  
No, we're feeding off the same goddamn incentives

Yeah

You take me off the rollercoaster  
Of your serial killing ways  
I'm down the rollerpiece  
You find my bowl that's it  
Go ahead and take me out for all you think it's worth  
Cause I know I'm the one that won't get hurt

Don't ruin me for what you cannot have

You can talk with your husband  
But there's no torch there for remorse  
We ain't that much different  
No, we're confident we can get back on our feet again