

Let It Die

The Grates

I'm a brave little beaver, gonna go right in and retrieve you,
Wanna sweat you out like ice cream in the sun.
Just a nut without a squirrel, just some sand beneath a camel,
Just a lame horse waiting for a smoking gun.

Let it die if you need to, let it go...

I've got horses I've got many, they've got hooves they flatten pennies,
Pick one up oh just for luck, but you'll need more than one.

You can count, you can count, you can count for days,
Try as you might but there's just no case,
Steak's got horns, cake's got girls,
And cat has got your tongue.

I wanna wear your crown, I wanna free your bird,
I wanna rub you out like pencil on a board.
Let it die if you need to, let it go...
You let it, you let it, you let it, let it go.