

# Without You My Life Would Be Boring

The Knife

A handful of elf pee  
That's my soul  
Spray it all over  
Fill the bowl

Legs astride  
An axe to grind  
Generous actions with the speed of light

Without you my life would be boring

Under the iceberg  
There's a tomb  
Working the way up  
Picking a hole in the cocoon

A bucket of tiger pee  
Come with me  
Bottoms up  
Reaching a dream

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What if we can't make it but we say that we can  
Shaking the habitual  
Relate it to time  
We're laughing at the future and we cry 'bout the past  
I'm holding on forever but how long will forever last

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The piss is territorial

What if we can't make it but we say that we can  
Shaking the habitual  
Relate it to time  
We're laughing at the future and we cry 'bout the past  
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