

Hot Meat

The Sugarcubes

I close the door
(I close the door)
I shouldn't burn yet
(No it won't)

But the wires get hotter
(It's sure to get hotter)
My palms are glowing
(My palms are glowing, oh)

This is hot meat
This is metallic blood
This is hot meat
This is open sweat

I'm gonna show you with my fingers
(With her fingers)
I'll have to draw with the eye
(Draw with the eyes)

With your own breath
(With her own breath)
I'll tear your lungs

Oh, this is hot meat
This is metallic blood
This is is hot meat
Open sweat

Well I'll be damned
If this ain't the country and
Western version of cold sweat
I heard that months ago

It's bad, bad, bad
But in this side of the blackest meadows
I'll make my winter dwelling
And then, I crush my bones

Oh, this is hot meat
This is metallic blood
Is hot meat
Open sweat

I'll sail out the window
I'll walk down the edge
I will not finish
'Til I'm fully satisfied

This is hot meat
This is metallic blood
This is hot meat

Hot meat
Metallic blood
Hot meat
Open sweat