

Crude

The Tiger Lillies

You look in the mirror
You're all skin and bone
You're gonna die soon
I thought I should phone

Your stomach is bulging
And cannot take food
I think that their methods are
A little crude

They've severed
Most of your limbs
Your brain and eyesight
Are going dim

Well they've strangled you
'Til your face went blue
I think that their methods are
A little crude

They cut off your ears
Pulled your nails out
You've answered all their questions
But they can still doubt

Well all your senses
They did denude
I think that their methods are
A little crude

Well they've shit in your shit in your
Shir in your face
Then dumped your body
Without a trace

Lacerated and in the nude
I think that their methods are frankly
A little crude crude crude crude
Crude crude crude crude
Crude crude crude crude
Crude crude crude crude
Crude

Then when I asked your tormentors
Wasn't it odd
They said no
We're just doing our job