

Stitch Me Up

The Tiger Lillies

Train running down the track
Blood pouring down my back
Here we go, beat me blue and black

This knife it bears its scars
And this heart it beats too hard
And these memories I will discard

Well, it must have been an angel
And it must have been the spring
And, it must have meant everything

I piss upon the floor
My blood runs down the door
The ambulance just made another score

Well, these wounds will congeal
And this heart will heal
So stitch me up, I will not squeal

Must have been an angel
And it must have been the spring
And, it must have meant everything

Stitch me up, stitch me up, stitch me up
I will not squeal

So, stitch me up, stitch me up, stitch me up
I will not squeal