

New Fang

Them Crooked Vultures

New fang, no thang.
Had it made, to parade
Found a sucker now I want another.
Stand up, step aside, open wide.
Hanging out and on until the feeling's gone.
Want to? Yes, I do. Want to learn
Taking turns getting carpet burns.
Loose lips, lipstick spit. Come and go
I think it's both, I gotta know
Sometimes you break a finger on the upper hand.
I think you've got me confused for a better man.
Sometimes you break a finger on the upper hand.
Said you got me confused, ah.
I ain't a better man...
No slack, Cadillac, couldn't quit.
Gums flap, so, here's your teeth back.
Accept what I left far behind
In a time when my mind was like land-mine.
Tailgate by the lake, too much, too young
Every button's gonna come undone
Tightrope, no joke. There's nothing left
So you've gone baroque.
Sometimes you break a finger on the upper hand.
Said you've got me confused with a better man.
Sometimes you break a finger on the upper hand.
Know you got me confused.
New fang passing over.
No more waiting around, no.
New fang passing over.
No more waiting around, no.
New fang, new fang.
Ain't gonna wait, no.
New fang, new, ah.
Ain't gonna wait no more.