

## Hoist That Skirt

### Those Poor Bastards

Hoist that skirt above your knee  
And comb the demons from your hair  
Kiss me with them evil lips  
If its wrong, well, I don't really care

'Cause I wanna feel darlin'  
I wanna feel, like I'm livin'  
One more time, let me feel like I'm livin'

It's like I'm in a wheelchair  
And my neck is trapped within a noose  
Maybe I've had too much booze  
Yeah, that's a fuckin' good excuse

That's my hand upon your leg  
Like a fish dead upon the shore  
I know it's hard to look at me  
Close your eyes, my dear, forever more