

Cut Me Out

Toadies

Hey there with the sheet pulled up over your head
How long do you think you can play dead?

Underneath the skin I am pinching and fingering
Every nerve, every thought, do you want to cut me out?

Do you think you can cut me out?
Who you trying to kid?
Let me tell you a little about myself
I live deeper than any blade can get at
So steady your hand if you think you can cut me out

I've been keeping me a list of every wicked thing you did
Scrawled across the walls of my cell

A little meat, a little skin
A little cage to keep me in

Do you think you can let me go?
Do you think you can cut me out?
Who you trying to kid?
Let me tell you a little about myself
I live deeper than any blade can get at
So steady your hand if you think you can cut me out

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