

By My Own Hand

You Am I

Can you cut that tendon at the back of my hip
I can't run away, my bones congeal
The stakes are simple, shit and bile
But you just don't get it (No you just don't get it)
You must hook up with me for a year round summer
'Cos when the cold comes, you stay and sit number
But I'm sure ice would melt in your glove
And you just don't get it (No you just don't get it)
And it just can't hurt any worse than before
Strike a match and bolt the door
You get nothing back