

Cake, You Turn The Screws

You turn the screws
You tear down the bridge
Flimsy as it is, it's business like
You shake my hand
You break up the band
Flimsy as it is, it's open-mic punk rock
Red white and blue (whoa)

You twist the knife then go home to kiss your wife
A bigger better slice is what you'd like
You kick the sand, you get the upper hand
You sell it to Japan
It's natural punk rock
Red white and blue (whoa)

You turn the screws
It's what you choose to do
You think that I
Must turn them too
You think that I must be so satisfied
I stay inside
I wonder why

And the cement mixer gets it all ready
One good turn at a time
They're pouring it slowly and steady
You're showing me where I can sign
What I can expect to find
But how can you say you'll be happy
When you turn the screws

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You turn the screws