

Queens Of The Stone Age, Paper Machete

Utwór 'Paper Machete' z albumu 'In Times New Roman' od Queens Of The Stone Age (premiera 1

They're out to get you aren't they?
The kids, the man, the chicks, the breaks
I don't care what you say anymore
Doesn't matter anyway
Joan of arc, victim, perpetrator
Just a paper machete
The truth is just a peace of clay
You sculpt, you change, you hide, then you erase
You think you're brave?
All the plans you made behind my back & from far away?
Truth is, face to face, you're a coward
Sharp as a paper machete
Now I know you'd use anything, anyone, to make yourself look clean
In sickness, no vows mean anything
So long cruelty
So long, too late
So long...
My love is dead
Is there nothing you cannot replace?
You speak lioness & damsel in distress so fluently
Does your every single relation end in pain & misery?
You're a paper machete