

Rasputina, Oh, Injury

Oh, my sweet love
He built a rotary cuff
His shoulder got smashed
He's gotta mend and repair a device
To work where he got hit by the blast

Oh, woe is he
Unable to see in front of his face
A mistreated machine can start acting mean
It can crack up all over the place

Oh, injury

What a nasty wound
Here, let me see

If you put metal inside of a man
He can work much faster than you can
With a toothpick, a penknife, a can opener

Oh, injury

One kind of folk, they don't know it's broke
The others don't care
They just sit and complain about some imagined pain
About some uncle who fell down the stairs

"Since he got hurt
He don't go to work
We try to get by
He just sits in his chair with a glazed-over stare
We can't help but ask ourselves why"

Oh, injury

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