

Rocktopus, Skin The Kat

I was reading how to write
And I found out just tonight
That the bleeding commanded fright
And I don't know left from right
I was leading the ground to flight
And you sold me a granite kite
I was scheming the dark to light
And you told me that I might

I've got holes in my pockets, and money keeps falling out

I turned into an older man
And my youth left for a distant land
I was watching the smell turn bland
And the candy in my hand turned to poison, and purple sand
Put my head in the garbage can
Skin the kat (skin the kat)
Turn on the fan (turn on the fan)
Put the choice cuts in the pan

I've got holes in my pockets and money keeps falling out
I've got old gears and sprockets, I just can't keep turning out

SOLO

Shuck the ears, and wash the corn
Save my tears for your screech and scorn
Turn the knife, and punch the screw
What's a low rent slob to do

I've got holes in my pockets and money keeps falling out
I've got old gears and sprockets, I just can't keep turning out