

Sparklehorse, The Hatchet Song

there's too much confusion today
how can I assure it's to shy away
and he blew his brains out with a pistol I say
to cover his arse or make a point someway
meet me on
lonely street
meet me on
lonely street
now
stabbed me in the back you know she threw a hatchet
buried in my chest when I turned to catch it
and my lucky days are stuck in quarantine
I thought I got some kind of warranty
meet me on
lonely street
meet me on
lonely street
meet me on
lonely street
meet me on
lonely street
meet me on
lonely street