

16 Volt, Two Wires Thin

They would push it in they would turn and twist
They would laugh as the blade entered my back
I will burn them down, I will turn them out
I will plan all the ways I can get them back
It was in sight
Electric light
All growing dim
Two wires thin
Like burning flint
Down to the stick
It was so sick
Two wires thick
They would push it in they would grind and twist
They would laugh as the blade entered my back
I will tear them out, I will burn them down
I have reached the end of the line and this time
It was in sight
Electric light
All growing dim
Two wires thin
Like burning flint
Down to the stick
It was so sick
Two wires thick
I will get you back