

Archers Of Loaf, Lowest Part Is Free

There they go, fucking up the ratio.
Biting on the skin that hangs off a hangnail.
Biting on the skin that hangs off a blister.
On the helping hand.

Strike up the band, turn up the radome.
Calling out to the A&R, A&R.
Strike up the band, turn up the radome.
Calling out to the A&R, A&R.

Got nothing to say, and you say it anyway.
In addition to your own weight.
Drive it into the ground, and you sing in a drone.
At the wrong time and at the wrong time.

Strike up the band, turn up the radome.
Calling out to the A&R, A&R.
So full of shit, let's write some hits.
Here come the A&R, A&R.

The lowest part is free, but he can't leave home.
Cause he can't leave the signal alone.
The lowest part is free, but he can't leave home.
He can't leave the signal alone.

(repeat the last two)