

Clutch, Rats

Rats over the dishes
Rats over the dishes
Please tell me what the ratties say
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Rats over the dishes

And God was certainly a genius
To expose this human weakness

Rats over the dishes
Please tell me what the ratties say

And the doorway is a cutaway of flesh and bone
Lay me down upon a bed of roses

And to think that this was once my home
But now some sick bastard's pleasure dome
They say to build a better man trap
Will lead the rats to beat a path to your door

Build a better man trap
And the rats will beat a path to your door