

Clutch, Slaughter Beach

i'm not sweating any consequences
i do what i have to do just to get on by
there's no sex appeal in guilt nor anger
ain't it enough ain't it enough to provide?

economic casualties
my blue blooded creeps
hand in hand we walk together
along slaughter beach
maritime tragedies
you blue blooded freaks
hand in hand we walk together
along slaughter beach

i'm not betting on wild horses
like they do in assateague or pimlico
i demand to shuck my clam the old fashioned way
under a strawberry moon bare handed wearing no clothes

economic casualties
my blue blooded creeps
hand in hand we walk together
along slaughter beach
maritime tragedies
you blue blooded freaks
hand in hand we walk together
sunrise on slaughter beach