

Echo And The Bunnymen, The Cutter

Who's on the seventh floor
Brewing alternatives
What's in the bottom drawer
Waiting for things to give

Spare us the cutter
Spare us the cutter
Couldn't cut the mustard

Conquering myself
Until I see another hurdle approaching
Say we can, say we will
Not just another drop in the ocean

Come to the free for all
With seven tapered knives
Some of them six feet tall
We will escape our lives

Spare us the cutter
Spare us the cutter
Couldn't cut the mustard

Conquering myself
Until I see another hurdle approaching
Say we can, say we will
Not just another drop in the ocean

Am I the happy loss
Will I still recoil
When the skin is lost
Am I the worthy cross
Will I still be soiled
When the dirt is off

Conquering myself
Until I see another hurdle approaching
Say we can, say we will
Not just another drop in the ocean
Ocean

Watch the fingers close
When the hands are cold

Am I the happy loss
Will I still recoil
When the skin is lost
Am I the worthy cross
Will I still be soiled
When the dirt is off

Am I the happy loss
Will I still be soiled
When the dirt is off