

# Metallica, Fixxxer

(Hetfield / Ulrich)

Dolls of voodoo all stuck with pins  
One for each of us and our sins  
So you lay us in a line  
Push your pins, they make us humble  
Only you can tell in time  
If we fall or merely stumble

But tell me, can you heal what Father's done?  
Or fix this hole in a mother's son?  
Can you heal the broken worlds within?  
Can you strip away so we may start again?

Tell me, can you heal what Father's done?  
Or cut this rope and let us run?  
Just when all seems fine and I'm pain free  
You jab another pin, jab another pin in me

Mirror, mirror, upon thy wall  
Break the spell or become the doll  
See you sharpening the pins  
So the holes will remind us  
We're just the toys in the hands of another  
And in time the needles turn from shine to rust

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Or fix this hole in a mother's son?  
Can you heal the broken worlds within?  
Can you strip away so we may start again?

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Or cut this rope and let us run?  
Just when all seems fine and I'm pain free  
You jab another pin, jab another pin in me

Blood for face, sweat for dirt  
Three Xs for the stone  
To break this curse a ritual's due  
I believe I'm not alone  
Shell of shotgun, pint of gin  
Numb us up to shield the pins  
Renew our faith, which way we can  
To fall in love with life again  
To fall in love with life again  
To fall in love with life again  
To fall in love  
To fall in love  
To fall in love with life again

So tell me, can you heal what Father's done?  
Or fix this hole in a mother's son?  
Can you heal the broken worlds within?  
Can you strip away so we may start again?

Tell me, can you heal what Father's done?  
Or cut this rope and let us run?  
Just when all seems fine and I'm pain free  
You jab another pin, jab another pin in me

No more pins in me  
No more, no more pins in me