

Monster Magnet, Zodiac Lung

The shape of a zodiac lung
Is beckoning like a bad Christ
It hovers above your head
It's pulling the world over my life
If you don't hear a word I'm saying
You can't cover it with your hair
You can't hide it in your army coat
You've got the milltown demon stare
You forgot all the letters that you wrote
You can't hear a word I'm saying
No you can't hear a thing at all
When I die it'll be because of you
There I'll lie and it'll all point to you
It's fuck ups like you that always seem to take it all
It's fuck ups like you that never seem to go away
The shape of the zodiac lung
Is like the shape of the back of my hand
And I'll knock you across this room
And I'll bury my head in the sand
You won't feel my love type baby
No you won't feel a thing at all
When I die it'll be because of you
There I'll lie and it'll all point to you
It's fuck ups like you that always seem to get it all
It's fuck ups like you that never seem to die
I don't know why