

# Mushroomhead, These Filthy Hands

Haphazardly, Tumbling Hard  
Fall Right Down,  
Laugh Out Loud  
All In The Scheme Of Things,  
We're All Looking Up Growing Tall  
It's Like Pulling One Hair  
You Are What You Are To Me  
With Wet Fingers  
In My Eyes You're A Star  
Petroleum Jelly  
You're Something I'll Never Be  
And Watch The Rain Dance  
You're Something, I'm Frightened Of  
I've Got To Get Clean  
The Rain Will Cleanse Me  
And I've Got To Wash These Filthy Hands  
Because It's All Just A Futile Plan  
That'd Mean I'd Have To  
Believe Again  
It's Like A Career To Breathe  
An Existence I Can't Conceive  
Emotionless As In Slug  
In My Imagined Oblivion  
It's As Much Fun  
As Poking At A Nerve  
You Would Swear,  
That I Could,  
Walk And Talk  
No One Wants To Fail  
But No One Wants To Work  
But I Doubt You Will Ever  
Vocabulary Test Is Graded On A Curve  
Ever Prove Enough  
Smartest Kid Is Stupid  
Word Is Never Heard  
I Doubt You'll Ever Prove It!  
I've Got To Get Clean  
The Rain Will Cleanse Me  
And I've Got to Wash These Filthy Hands  
All These Thoughts And Feelings  
Are For Naught Unappealing  
So You Expect Them  
To Dull And Fade  
Still They Remain  
Caught Waiting For The Rain  
Time Devours Life  
With My Soul As The Defendant  
Don't Catch Me If I Fall  
I May Have Jumped  
You Never Know  
You Don't Know Me At All