

# Neko Case, Dirty Knife

So suddenly the madness came  
With its whiskered, wolven, ether pangs  
He locked the door  
And shut the blinds  
He laid down on the floor and he slept like iron  
While the dirty knife worked deep  
Into his spine  
The blood runs crazy  
The blood runs crazy

Cascading letters pool on the stairs  
The grass is high, the cats are wild  
You can't even touch the tip of their tails  
And the blood runs crazy with giant strides

He sang nursery rhymes to paralyze  
The wolves that eddy out the corner of his eyes  
But they squared him frozen where he stood  
In the glow of the furniture piled high for firewood

And the blood runs crazy with giant strides  
And the woodsman failed to breach those fangs in time  
So they dragged him through the underbrush  
Wearing three winter coats and a dirty knife

[Ukrainian Part]