

Queens Of The Stone Age, Battery Acid

Make you into dark,
Straight into your heart.
Sorry's all you are,
I don't really care, I know you are.
Robots, robots,
Brainwashed babies,
Blood from a leech,
Spoken rabies,
Spastic, plastic, battery acid,
Yank on the leash,
Draggin you backwards,
Oh my,
Closed eyes, never see it coming.

There is nothing you can say,
You can't wish me away,
Every masochist, gets a turn,
The sadistic twist, you'll never learn,
In battery acid.

Battery acid in my veins - unidentified remains,
The yes button broke to automatic,
Irrational dosage of furious static erasing what
You are,
We are.

Jealous,
To feel the way you do,
To mention,
A lie, then call it true,
Feel for,
Nothing except for yourself,
And nobody else,
Hanging over the edge.

There is no thing you can say,
You can't wish me away
Every masochist, gets a turn,
The sadistic twist, you'll never learn,
In battery acid