

Queens Of The Stone Age, How To Handle A Ro

Too late to think or filter anymore
A bitter pill to swallow
Maybe you're in a blanket haze of ephedrine
I'm wonderin where the hell you been
So come on and right this wrong the rope

[chorus:]
You got it all right
You got a feeling
I'd rather open up my wrist, let it go
You got it all right
You got a feeling
Cause devils and ropes around your neck
Cursing them all
And you can't hear it
Can't hear it

Ain't got a mind to deal with anymore
Sabatuer, infiltrator, and maybe more
If you're not blind and deaf, how can we pollute your head?
So come on and right this wrong the rope

[chorus:]
And I got it all right
I got a feeling
You'd rather open up your wrist, let it go
I got it all right, yeah
I got a feeling
Cause devils and ropes around my neck can't even know
Cause they can't hear it