

Rocket From The Crypt, Heater Hands

You're talking to a witness
Of broken fingers
Oh you never give up
Bet you get the shit kicked
Ah from the winners
It's just half the fun

Don't heat the hands that hold your love
Before they hate you
Don't heat the hands that hold your stuff
Dropped out, knocked out, that's the way I like it

Tough is the backside of my hand...yeah

Make it to the witness
Who will be famous
Ah they always give up
Bet they get the shit kicked
They must be winners

Clocked out, knocked out, that's the way I like it

Tough is the backside of my hand...yeah

You wanted a miracle
It laughed in your face
You call it cheap entertainment
It spits in your face
You wanted a miracle
It spits in your face
You call it cheap entertainment

Tough is the backside of my hand...yeah