

# Seven Mary Three, Over Your Shoulder

There's a mark on my back  
from my last heart attack  
a whiskeymouthbottleneckcardstack

There's a source, of course,  
she says, It's whispering at night  
like air leaks from a tire  
the truth outruns your lies (life)

If you jump track, thinkin' it's over  
Remember  
Sooner or later it's over your shoulder

I've got a bigmechanicmouth  
it resonates with sound  
a forkedmetallictongue  
it's green whit what it's found

Spin my head around  
for a different view  
you can't look straight ahead  
to see what's in front of you

If you jump track, thinkin' it's over  
Remember  
Sooner or later it's over your shoulder