

# The Cutter, Echo & The Bunnymen

Who's on the seventh floor  
Brewing alternatives  
What's in the bottom drawer  
Waiting for things to give  
Spare us the cutter  
Spare us the cutter  
Couldn't cut the mustard  
Conquering myself  
Until I see another hurdle approaching  
Say we can, say we will  
Not just another drop in the ocean  
Come to the free for all  
With seven tapered knives  
Some of them six feet tall  
We will escape our lives  
Spare us the cutter  
Spare us the cutter  
Couldn't cut the mustard  
Conquering myself  
Until I see another hurdle approaching  
Say we can, say we will  
Not just another drop in the ocean  
Am I the happy loss  
Will I still recoil  
When the skin is lost  
Am I the worthy cross  
Will I still be soiled  
When the dirt is off  
Conquering myself  
Until I see another hurdle approaching  
Say we can, say we will  
Not just another drop in the ocean  
Ocean  
Watch the fingers close  
When the hands are cold  
Am I the happy loss  
Will I still recoil  
When the skin is lost  
Am I the worthy cross  
Will I still be soiled  
When the dirt is off  
Am I the happy loss  
Will I still be soiled  
When the dirt is off