

# The Faint, Fish In A Womb

There's a slice in my neck  
It's been there since before i was born  
I was breathing like a fish in a womb  
In a tank full of fluid

I did nine months  
Till the doc cut me loose  
My mother was filled with popcorn  
Soaked in strawberry hill boones

Every day is like the first  
But with a harder head  
Every day is like the first  
But with a harder head

That slice in my neck  
It's oozing jelly clear as glass  
Between my finger and my thumb  
It'll stretch for inches between the bones

Every day is like the first  
But with a harder head  
Every day is like the first  
But with a harder head