

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