

# Interchangeable Knife

Electric Six

We're running out of karma and here's mud in your eye,  
I guess it's you.  
I'm gonna love you till you die!  
I got a candy-coating,  
In a barrel of brine,  
I guess it's you,  
You're gonna take me for a ride.  
I'm gonna make you howl like a trailer-park wife,  
On the first day of her new life,  
Interchangeable knife!

She's a big, big brider,  
Got the devil inside her,  
Burger-cook,  
Back in my jeans,  
Hotter than a meth-lab-fire.  
She'll change a brother,  
Kickin' times,  
Slide it up and break rhymes,  
It's such a beautiful position,  
Got electrical vibes.  
Put tequila into my lime,  
Be the liberty of life,  
Just chop it up,  
I don't need no cook,  
Got an interchangeable knife,  
Yeah.

We're moving through the motions of a heart-shaped lie,  
I guess it's you, (I guess it's you)  
I guess it's you who gonna cry.  
If you wanna make a baby, rip it out of your side,  
I guess it's you, (I guess it's you),  
You gonna spread 'em open wide.  
She's a rollin'-pin momma and a rational wife,  
Man, it's such an interesting life,  
International knife!

Hey!

Yeah, I know that girl.

What I might be lacking in class,  
Make up for in ass.  
Try stripping down and flying,  
Down the interstate fast,  
With original sin,  
Dancin' for my lips when I talk,  
Got a shotgun rack,  
In the back of my truck.  
Pull the shift full into first,  
It's all ready to burst,  
And the second,  
Easy neckin',  
Go into third,  
Into fourth,  
Ooh!

Ooh.

Interchangeable knife!

Interchangeable knife!