

Id Slips In

New Bomb Turks

You walk that tightrope inch by inch.
I could turn into a noose in a pinch.
And I'm never gonna kill myself again.
Against a wall, yeah I rest my head.
I never lie when I'm in my bed.
And I'm never gonna tell that joke again.
You wanna let Id slip in?
The man who eats shit learns to take a piss.
You wanna let the Id slip in?
Man, you gotta lose your mind while you save your face.
You keep trying just to please your ass.
All the while you're a slave to your class.
You end up following the same old rules.
You look around, trying to clean your slate.
Showed up at your life so fashionably late.
Now all the makeup in the world won't save your face.
I heard my parents, yeah I heard some priests,
I heard Bangles' ALL OVER THE PLACE.
All of my advice came with monotony.
So mind your manners like they mine for coal -
clean your face but keep a dirty soul.
And let the Id slip in again and again....
Other New Bomb Turks songs