

Wait Until I Get My Hands On You

The pAper chAse

Go ahead and eat your death
Lick your lips and see what fruit bears
It's your mouth, it's your throat, it's your belly
What's it to me, you seem happy
To blindly toss those apple seeds
Of vile discourse and the flit and the spit and the bile, all the while
It serves you right, it serves you right
To take your clothes off by the hearthside, then join me bedside
Where the houses are eating their owners
Yeah, it serves you right, it serves you right
'Cause god forbid you ever let me inside, or there within
Heaven forbid you'd show your underbelly
So go ahead, hold your breath
Be my guest, and see if I care
'Cause it's your life, it's your body in the morning
What's it to you, my sweet bijou
'Cause if you knew what was good for you,
You'd stand there lowborn to drop every rampart and drawbridge
So save your breath for cooling your tea and your porridge
So help yourself, it's okay
'Cause if this gets you through the night
Well then hey, hey it's your night, and it's your right, it ain't my business
Red vein your nose with cheap cologne
And let's slither out of these filthy clothes
And dust you off, send you off, get you breathing
And I don't wear my safety belt
And I don't watch my ass when I'm by myself
And I sleep like a baby with candles burning
And I skip down dark alley lots
And I don't look both ways before I cross the street
Or my heart or my fingers and my fingers say
It serves you right, it serves you right
'Cause if it makes you feel a tiny bit warmer reside by the torch light
With the outright crass indistinction
And it serves you right, it serves you right
'Cause god forbid you ever let me inside or there within
Heaven forbid you give a good god good evening
So go ahead, hold your breath
Be my guest, see if I care
'Cause it's your life, it's your face in the place of the mirror
And here's to you, merci beaucoup
But wait till I get my hands on you
That's all what you will get - a bear hug from your armless brother
So save your teeth for the toothy grins to your mother
Yeah, go ahead, please yourself
Wring your hands, throttle best-laid plans
They're alive, they're a bishop, a loose leaf, a bottle
I come to hear my neighbors' thoughts
So I will saunter down this hallway dark
I'm alive, I'm alive, I'm alive, god willing, I'm alive