

Down to This

Soul Coughing

You get the ankles and I'll get the wrists.
You get the ankles and I'll get the wrists.
You get the ankles and I'll get the wrists.
You come down to this. Nerves are up and the eyes all screwy,
Blood like a panful of boiling ratatouille.
My muscles in a mess like a mess of spaghetti,
Hack through the mess with a greased-up machete. Hang from the axles of a boxcar,
Follow the dotted line like a steer to Chicago,
But to the hooks of the Chicago man.
And I said, well,
You get the ankles and I'll get the wrists.
You get the ankles and I'll get the wrists.
You get the ankles and I'll get the wrists.
You come down to this. I get all tripped up -- my eyes turn to water.
Rug burns from a shag rug, struck dumb in the presence.
Polyester burns from a jacket rub the skin thin,
Break down in a diner then I paid the bill. You get the ankles and I'll get the wrists.
You get the ankles and I'll get the wrists.
You get the ankles and I'll get the wrists.
You come down to this. Cashier toothpick stuck in the ground,
Tiny lawnmower to mow me down.
I could get lost in a lunchbox,
Lie low in the mittens in the lost and found.
You get the ankles and I'll get the wrists.
You get the ankles and I'll get the wrists.
You get the ankles and I'll get the wrists.
You come down to this.

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