

# Clutch, Slaughter Beach

i'm not sweating any consequences  
i do what i have to do just to get on by  
there's no sex appeal in guilt nor anger  
ain't it enough ain't it enough to provide?

economic casualties  
my blue blooded creeps  
hand in hand we walk together  
along slaughter beach  
maritime tragedies  
you blue blooded freaks  
hand in hand we walk together  
along slaughter beach

i'm not betting on wild horses  
like they do in assateague or pimlico  
i demand to shuck my clam the old fashioned way  
under a strawberry moon bare handed wearing no clothes

economic casualties  
my blue blooded creeps  
hand in hand we walk together  
along slaughter beach  
maritime tragedies  
you blue blooded freaks  
hand in hand we walk together  
sunrise on slaughter beach