

Metallica, Fixxxer

(Hetfield / Ulrich)

Dolls of voodoo all stuck with pins
One for each of us and our sins
So you lay us in a line
Push your pins, they make us humble
Only you can tell in time
If we fall or merely stumble

But tell me, can you heal what Father's done?
Or fix this hole in a mother's son?
Can you heal the broken worlds within?
Can you strip away so we may start again?

Tell me, can you heal what Father's done?
Or cut this rope and let us run?
Just when all seems fine and I'm pain free
You jab another pin, jab another pin in me

Mirror, mirror, upon thy wall
Break the spell or become the doll
See you sharpening the pins
So the holes will remind us
We're just the toys in the hands of another
And in time the needles turn from shine to rust

But tell me, can you heal what Father's done?
Or fix this hole in a mother's son?
Can you heal the broken worlds within?
Can you strip away so we may start again?

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Or cut this rope and let us run?
Just when all seems fine and I'm pain free
You jab another pin, jab another pin in me

Blood for face, sweat for dirt
Three Xs for the stone
To break this curse a ritual's due
I believe I'm not alone
Shell of shotgun, pint of gin
Numb us up to shield the pins
Renew our faith, which way we can
To fall in love with life again
To fall in love with life again
To fall in love with life again
To fall in love
To fall in love
To fall in love with life again

So tell me, can you heal what Father's done?
Or fix this hole in a mother's son?
Can you heal the broken worlds within?
Can you strip away so we may start again?

Tell me, can you heal what Father's done?
Or cut this rope and let us run?
Just when all seems fine and I'm pain free
You jab another pin, jab another pin in me

No more pins in me
No more, no more pins in me