

# Oedipus, Kiss on the Fist

Da, da, da, da ,da da da  
Da da da

I've got it all worked out.  
I've gotta take it slow.  
I've gotta find myself, and sell my shit, and move to Mexico.  
And you always knew I would sell it if I could.  
The Devil made me do it, so it oughta be good.

And now I'm cash trippin'.  
Heart broken.  
You keep quittin'.  
I keep smokin'.  
Realise when I resist, you hi me where it hurts,  
I've got to catch you with a kiss on the fist.

Da, da, da, da

You've got your makeup on, like bruises on your knees.  
I ain't tryin' to judge you baby, ain't to proud to beg you please.  
I wanna lay your body down, kiss your head goodnight.  
I never need permission if I'm singin' it right.

And now I'm cash trippin'.  
Heart broken.  
You keep quittin'.  
I keep smokin'.  
Realise when I resist, you hi me where it hurts,  
I've got to catch you with a kiss on the fist.

What happened to a life less ordinary? Fuck it's scary.  
You've gone and done your time.  
You've paid up all your debt.  
You got high.

I've gotta get my fix.  
I need the novelty.  
I'm the lazy, narcissistic, arrogant bourgeoisie.  
I get cheaper every day.  
Selling off my soul.  
But I put the hard cocked rock into roll.

And now I'm cash trippin'.  
Heart broken.  
You keep quittin'.  
I keep smokin'.  
Realize when I resist, you hi me where it hurts,  
I've got to catch you with a kiss on the fist.