

The Knife, Raging Lung

Where's your troubled mind
You got your money and you got them 'cause others just can't
There's the lottery
About geography

Don't know the hand you're holding
Paying someone to put them to bed again

And that's when it hurts
The difference
This is hot blood
And a difference
What a difference
A little difference would make

Hear my love sigh
I've got a story that money just can't buy
Western standards
Poverty's profitable

See it slip and slide
Not just one answer 'cause it's working like parallel lines
It's not that easy
When you want it easy

And that's when it hurts
When you see the difference
It's a raging lung
And a difference
What a difference
A little difference would make

Don't leave me now
Don't fall asleep
We need to rest sometimes
But don't take long
It's something in the system
That still circulates
We'll dig a hole in the backyard
And drain the blood