## **Party Girls**

## **Heavy Heavy Low Low**

My fingers brush your lips on On a cold day in June I won't forget anything

I disregard every action Between me and you On days that shine And days that gloom

There's a bat on my neck And it's a big one It's got your number It's got mine too And it'd be quite content to feast on you

He's crawling He's crawling on my neck

Then he spoke to me "Horror"

Oh you be so scared It wasn't what I thought it was t first

Oh you be freaking out boy There's a bat on my neck I be freaking out

There's a bat on my neck But it's not a f\*\*king bat I'm a son of a bitch