

The Dude

Lords of Acid

New York, 3 o'clock at night no sleep God i must be tired
Weird thoughts running through my brain
My blood is pumping in my veins
And there she sits, she looks at me
Her skin is pale, her mind is free
She smiles and says: how do you do ?
Come with me or should i go with you

Hey baby, you'd better watch out
You don't know what you're doing
When you're out and about
Hey baby, now listen to me
Things are never ever quite as they seem

She ask me for a cigarette
Her eyes are bright, her hair is red
Dressed like a whore, but one with style
A fantasy, i realise this is no fiction, it's insane
Her make-up shows she knows the game
And who am i to tell her no
So i grab her coat and say let's go

Hey baby, you'd better.....

She takes me to her penthouse bed
To relax my body and feed my head
With stories i never heard before
I'm waiting 'cause i know there's more
She takes off her clothes and see
This girl has hairy legs like me
This may sound a little rude
I want sex but not with a dude

Hey baby, you'd better

We don't care about noise pollution
cause the cops they are on our side
Blow the speakers, let the windows shake
Give the neighbours a sleepless night
Bang your head, against the wall
Jump around, smash it all
Kick some ass, have a ball
Praise the lords, misbehave

Raise your voice, make some noise
Spit it out, scream out loud