

Bed Tundy

Blacktop Mojo

Fill the empty spaces with nefarious activities
I'm being pulled by my felonious proclivities
Look in the mirror with such crystal clear lucidity
Become more aware of my life's vacant obscenity

That ain't no way to go
Face down there on the floor
Wash off the blood
Then walk back out the door

So cold blooded that it almost seems amphibious
Absence of conscience so deceptively insidious
Cracks in my soul they make everyone look hideous
But my friendly smile keeps the world outside oblivious

That ain't no way to go
Face down there on the floor
Wash off the blood
Then walk back out the door

That ain't no way to go
Face down there on the floor
Wash off the blood
Then walk back out the door