

Single Cell Ego

Busdriver

Her ego
Weighs about a metric ton
And makes her really self conscious
I don't wanna [?]
My chivalry is being held hostage
The funeral car is packed
But I have general admission
It's a pit full of thin air
I need to see a medical physician
But I can't afford the medicare
So I die in your arms

Wrong
Falsehood (love)
Skin Talk (beauty)
Hair dye (yeah)
Liposuction (bake sales)
Vivicone

She had
A single cell ego
In the form
Of a [?] libido
Which was like that of
A single (? del gringo?)
The door to her heart
Has a big enough key hole
During screwing
She would need to get her hair pulled
She'd snarl and growl
As if she was a werewolf
Oh I used to
Be [?]
She'd even let me hit
On the hood of her car
She could lure
Any men into a zoom
And make them think there's a water fountain
In the middle of a sand dune
To get her you forget everything
Even if you were the last [?]
She'd usually fuck with
Mated with the state of masochism
Beautiful siren
You would have to find the bridesmaid
'Cause we have
A different family that I've made
From a hole a different protoplasm
All these women
Have multiple orgasms on their back bone

I'm a Pegasus horseback rider verse
A product endorsed black spider my whore
Moon stay course and trap driver she'll have
Me for main course and appetizer when
I propose they don't want me back
That's why I befriend hoes and scrawny rats

Don't touch me I'm a hypochondriac
Um, could you pick up my dry clothes from the laundromat
I don't drive over in my Pontiac so you'll burn body fat
Trying to catch me

My love for her was a neurosurgeon cut up a brains frontal lobe and turning
my sensibilities
Into [?] a disgruntled toad only one of us calm enough to hold
And in my humble abode a women says she'll put it up [?]
She expected me to wait on her one hand and foot
And would it take into account all the monuments
So I thought did I want to be in love
Or did I want to invent
With one I'd have an expressional outlet
With the other I'm just a sexual house pet