

Donkeys

Cursive

Don't lie, where have you been?
Your teeth are red, your eyes are peppermints
Sailing out to sea with your new best friend
You don't like the way you live so you play pretend
But isn't it time you act your age?
You got a mortgage on your shoulder, got a babe on the way
You shrug it off with a jackass grin
Thinking once you clean up you're going to do it again
He says

Whoa, oh, oh no
I'm going to Pleasure Island, I don't want to come home
Whoa, oh, oh no
The reverend says beware, he swears we're going to hell
We may be donkeys but at least we have a tale to tell

Don't start with the slap on the wrist
I don't need no cease and desist
I ain't fooling around and it ain't no sin
So you best be stepping back because ugly ultimatums
And never you mind what your old maid says
There ain't nothing to complain so long as you're earning bread
She's got a way of getting under your skin
She plants a little seed of doubt, the guilt blossoms
She says

Whoa, oh, oh no
You're going to Pleasure Island, you can never come home
Whoa, oh, oh no
The problem with you, kid, is you can't say no
You can't take a little nibble, you got to lick the bowl

I pushed off, I'm sailing away
And I ain't looking back
I can't look at that face
This just might be my greatest mistake
So when the future turns away for the present's presence
My life was born of pleasure, but it sure wasn't pleasant
He says

Whoa, oh, oh no
I'm going to Pleasure Island, I ain't never going home
Whoa, oh, oh no
I'll make an ass out of myself before I say I'm broke
Yeah, I'll soon be bucking around in the mud

Whoa, oh, oh no
I'm going to Pleasure Island, I ain't never going home
Whoa, oh, oh no
The reverend says beware, he swears we're going to hell
The sheriff says be careful, they're going to throw us in jail

We may be donkeys but at least we have a tale to tell