

Trash Box

De-Phazz

Mmh, you're sticking to my finger
Mmh, you smell like used before
Mmh, your skin to me tastes rotten
Let me lick a little more

First time we walked the junkyard you said the magic words,
Love should be decorated with a little bit of dirt
More or less neglected from backbone to the heart,
It was more than I expected and I knew it from the start

That you'd fit into my trash box
Mmh, a perfect place to be
Although I know how much that cash sucks,
I want you there for free