

War On Jazz

Destroyer

Money goes in the bank, spank, spank her.
Kowtow(?), a German prince can love to
Love you, lovey-dove you,
I can't talk, I do it too.

Oh, crazy, crazy,
Mac, make her mate me(?),
The treasure wasn't gold,
It was cold, so was she, so:
Dead soul, possess me to eat his bed,
Down, dog, one, two, three, four,
You said it.

Can they grade me? (?? can the ?? mean?)
They get me something. (They could mean something?)
Don't hit me with that, no,
Don't hit me with that song.
No-one's strong here,
Somewhat stoned, y'know,
There's no more shows to do.

Cutting corners at every corner,
You (your?) beautiful military minds
Soldiered you on.

How many days of this are left to
My routine? So clean, clean, clean,
The (like?) slow, slow, slow-shodden shoes