

We were all alone  
Then she bit my bone  
I said let's sell the phone  
Try to get away

I knew she was in heat  
She nailed at my feet  
Wet socks on the floor  
But it's all the same

Last year we got sick  
Doctors did the trick  
Now I gotta use a stick  
But it's still the same

Rough as a match-pad  
Dry as a cactus  
Oh, no  
You go home

Post policemen fill up day  
Student-teacher's license plates  
Eat my dinner, words are gone  
I feel slipped away

The moral is don't start  
Even if you're smart  
You don't have a chance  
It's all the same

Rough as a match-pad  
Dry as a cactus  
Oh, no  
You go home