

Broken my umbrellar in the storm (Oh)
Baby said she likes to keep me warm (Oh, oh)
Diamonds was embedded on her horn (Beep-beep)
Driving through the tunnels in the morn (Wake up)
Her father owns a factory making corn (Chomp-chomp)
Told me that she wasn't natural born (What?)
Stolen off a planet, I was torn (Hmm)
Chamomile's a luxury adorned (Ahh)

Last pint from that last night
I don't know if that was real
And I swear I'm superstitious
'Bout her sex appeal
Last blunt from that last night
I don't know if that was real
When she brought her wand out
I knew I had lost our deal

I really gutted out her womb
A fickle fight, an icky croon
Her breath condensed into a flume
And pulls her eyes into a tomb
Fuck her whip, she rode a broom
Casts a spell onto the moon
All this worth that she exhume
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