

Lice

Jack Stauber

Tuck you into bed
Slip out, see you later
Cut my own head (Ow)
Half-broken flesh calculator
With my bag full of co-o-o-oins
Paid for your complications
In the ancient loin
Oh, suppose you've desperation

Row, row, row, ro-ow
Take a look at your friends too
And go, go, go, whoa-oh
That's what gets you