

Another hand down the drain
But he's spit like a weather vane
But it's ok, and go like you pip sugar games about your fun
While you can
Before it all slips away

No, now you're nothing
Until your time
Sept on concluded
Until my mouth

Sometimes you're too big for my lap
And I can feel my legs
Fall asleep
Waiting to be set free
Waiting to be set free

Another hand down the drain
But he's spit like a weather vane
But it's ok, and go like you pip sugar comes about your fun
While you can
Before it all slips away

And it's hard
To be there
When everything you love is treated like a trash