F.D.S.

Lunachicks

Your a
Mental case,
'bout time I smash your face
Got a habit of steppin' out of line,
Oh yeah, well here comes your time
You're a damn disgrace,
A total insult to the human race,
Try and make me feel bad all the time
Good thing your not my sign!
You always want what you can't have,
But baby, you can have me
Your a
Bleeding heart !
Not even worth a fart
Got the worst halitosis that I've smelled
You can just go to hell
Don't even start,
Gonna put you in a shopping cart,
Gonna roll you down a steep hill
And then I'll max and chill
Baby you think you know better
Why don't you go and knit a sweater!
Can't have me, can't have me, can't have me
Green green glods of greasy, grimy gopher guts
Mutilated monkey guts,
Chopped up little birties feet
French fried eye balls rolling down the dirty street
And I forgot my spoon!
Only want what you can't have and babe
What you can't have is me
I don't care who you are
What the fuck you want from me
Dis me once, dis me twice
I don't think that very nice
Punch you in your stupid face
I shit on you and It feels great !
Can't have me! what you can't have!
You always want what you can't have
And baby, you can't have me

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!