

# Big Trouble

Man Man

Whatever makes you tick  
Is what makes me crawl  
Through the mud, the blood and the mammaries  
And the worst of it all

What have you seen my past  
You shouldn't see  
Love me like each breath you use  
And use me like you breathe

'Cause you make me feel  
Like a zombie  
Forever fall into pieces  
All over your feet

Woe is me  
I'm a zombie

You look bodacious  
In that guillotine  
The way you look right through me, girl  
It sucks me down the street

And I pray for days  
When we're quarantined and squirreled away  
'Cause one-on-one with you  
It's like wounded outlaws on the run

And you make me feel  
Like a zombie  
Forever fall into pieces  
All over your feet

Woe is me  
I'm a zombie  
Forever falling like peanut brittle  
All over your skin

You walk like a man  
But you talk like a fool  
You strut like a stallion  
But you hump like a mule

You walk like a man  
But you talk like a fool  
You strut like a stallion  
But you walk like a mule

You walk like a man  
But you talk like a fool  
You strut like a stallion  
But you hulk like a mule

Well I'm a son of a gun  
I'm the outcome of cum  
The way I feel inside you, girl  
I'm the bratwurst in your bun

And you make me feel  
Like a zombie