

Cobra

Priests

You're a dog. You look just like a puppy. I was never sorry, you were never true, that's one reason I'm always jealous of you. You're a cobra in my mind a Jesus freak living a life of crime a nasty little pill a poison Valentine we both know you'll never be mine. You've got my feet on magnetic pavement you're turning my way with your ESP telepathic tidal waves but you're a he nchman a crook you're hunting for me we're playing cops and robbers like we've seen on tv. You've got my face wrapped up in cellophane you made me so insane. I'm never ever going to repeat your name to my brother or my sister or some unsuspecting mister who knows not to what extent you're the friction to my blisters.