

Fuckbuddy

Say Anything

There's this boy you know
There's this boy you wanna kiss so bad
That every time you see him
You split in triple parts:
Pussy, head, heart

You hid the bible beneath your pretty sundress
To cushion the blow

I have bad news for you, sister
I'm fucking him
I'm fucking him
I'm fucking him

I'm fucking him
I'm fucking him
I'm fucking him
I'm fucking him

There's this girl you want to blast so bad
Because you smelled her ghost and you lost control
Well, fuck you, Haley Joel

I'm fucking her
I'm fucking her
I'm fucking her

They all line up
To kiss your hand like Grandpa Bob
Like Grandma Lily in The Holocaust

The tears of junkies
The tears of queer and junkies
Gushing, munching, cuntng it up

It's fair when your man loses hair
But the memories are there
And the wisps are all you've got

I'm fucking them
I'm fucking them
I'm fucking them
I'm fucking them

I'm fucking them
...
I'm still fucking you

What are we good for? Sing:
Weed
Speed
Subliminals
Puerile gauche

Spitting clitoral
Tongues spring missiles
Literally

Think out loud
Fuck with me
Weed. Speed. Subliminals
Puerile. Gauche
All things clitoral

Tongues spring missiles