

## Gang Of \$

### Shudder To Think

Hey Mr. Dancing, my drink is on a short leash  
My mouth is a cold sore display case  
Here's a tip, you could take a lot of abuse  
If you exchange your skin for leather

All over town they've got these like messenger girls  
That ride around on inner tubes  
Their asses are all scraped up  
Their eyes cold kick me off the bus y'all

One honey donut and your lips are stuck to the seat  
You close the door on  
My machine girl, woh, you laugh a lot and run around  
I'm out of fun and stuck here, down

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Another tempting tail in the back  
The ghost of my mom is in the telephone  
Look at that blind evil Rapunzel  
Taking care of the guy who beat her up

Ooh, I hope you call soon nothing's right  
I cab it to the bathtub  
Sugar and wine, a dozen sharks  
And a bar of soap, of course

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