

Tonight's Moons

Swingin' Utters

Well, you probably think we're twisted
(No, no, no)
Are you properly assisted?
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)
A chemically ingested stump
Tonight's moons have a strong pull on my arm

It's like some kind of a dream
From the brain of an alien being
Diana Ross and a couple supreme
A fuckin' disco dance machine
Setting off the fire alarm
All the cops, they started to swarm
Looky here, we don't mean no harm
Tonight's goons have a strong hold on my arm

Are you thoroughly disgusted?
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Well, you're probably well-adjusted
(No, no, no)
Asymmetrical enlodged throat lump
Tonight's moons have a strong pull on my arm

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Have a strong pull on my arm