Now I'm poppin' a few in the morning dew Do the monkey wrench, On a persian bench it's a teenage night And the vampires are right

And I want to lay my lips on your explosive mouth

Picked up Kenny at the art-deco deli, And Zero is a cat with any automated hat And I need to be rid of the fantasies I'm hiding

And I want to lay my lips on your explosive mouth

It's a shame for a man to hide all the things That do survive from his past

When I jump on your horse I gallop the course, And howl like a wolf and I drink up the sky And I beat on my chest just to punk up the rest

And I want to lay my lips on your explosive mouth And I want to lay my lips on your explosive mouth

It's a shame for a man to hide all the things That do survive from his past