Throwing Up

The hands that wanna touch you

That Handsome Devil

```
Mother was a brunette, ask Hugh Hef, it's been going on since your grandmama
did the two step
I see your style, well it's all grown up
Outside the bar, throwin' up
We can watch the fish fry
Stay home, get high
Sittin' on the couch and on occasion switch sides
I see your style, well it's all grown up
Outside the club, throwin' up
Raised by the rocks stars
Raised by the rocks stars
At the top of the pedophile pop charts
If you look at it from far enough, you can see the start of stuff
Groovin' to songs about guns and 'hos, the sickness went undiagnosed
It's tough to say if you're far enough away
But it just might be your lucky day
Never look up to
Never look up to
The hands that wanna touch you
The hands that wanna touch you
Don't give it up to
Don't give it up to
The hands that wanna touch you
The hands that wanna touch you
They don't really love you
They don't really love you
They just wanna fuck you
Mother was a brunette, ask Hugh Hef, it's been going on since your grandmama
did the two step
I see your style, well it's all grown up
Outside the bar, throwin' up
We can watch the fish fry
Stay home, get high
Watch the same movie for the 86th time
I see your style, well it's all grown up
Outside the club, throwin' up
Pots callin' and kettle's wrong
Pots callin' and kettle's wrong
We could said it when we're dead and gone
Coulda said it when we're dead and gone
See through high heels, and the 80s heavy metal song
We're all the repercussions of the world that we grow up in
It's tough to say, if you're far enough away
But it just might be your lucky day
Never look up to
Never look up to
The hands that wanna touch you
The hands that wanna touch you
Don't give it up to
Don't give it up to
```

The hands that wanna touch you They don't really love you They don't really love you They just wanna fuck you

We could change your identity
Change our names
To the people we pretend to be
We could change
We could change your identity
Change our names
To the people we pretend to be
We could change

Mo-mother was a bru-bru-ne-nette, ask Hugh Heff, it's been going on since your grandma-mama did the two-two step-uh
I see your style, well it's all grow-grown up-up
Outside the bar-bar-bar, throwin' up-up
We can watch the fish-uh fry
Stay-ay home, get high-igh
Watch the same-a movie for the 86th ti-ti-ti-time
I see your style, well it's all grow-grown up-up
Outside the club, a-throwin' up