

He got no man
Go straight
Brillo chin
In kitchen
Put a dunce
Shed
To kick himself
A a celestial
Sorry
Tiny tears of bling
We all know
Where he came from

Check this out
Loves him

Brillo chin
Brillo chin
The Kennedy
The Kennedy
I asked her
He's here
I wanna tell
How pale he is
I said
He's got no legs
He got no man
Got no de facto plan

Brillo chin
Brillo chin
Got no plan
Little elf

Tales of Brillo
Face down
And the asphyxiation of the troll will finally be
All salute at the altar of filo pastry
At the altar of Kennedy, John
Victim
In Victoria Station
Monty
The James Fennings
And the infants
To suckle him