

Sell the kids for food
Weather changes moods
Spring is here again
Reproductive glands

He's the one who likes all our pretty songs
And he likes to sing along and he likes to shoot his gun
But he don't knows what it means
Knows what it means, and I say
He's the one who likes all our pretty songs
And he likes to sing along and he likes to shoot his gun
But he knows not what it means
Knows not what it means, and I say, "Yeah"

We can have some more
Nature is a whore
Bruises on the fruit
Tender age in bloom

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And he likes to sing along and he likes to shoot his gun
But he knows not what it means
Knows not what it means, and I say
He's the one who likes all our pretty songs
And he likes to sing along and he likes to shoot his gun
But he knows not what it means
Knows not what it means, and I say, "Yeah"

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