

Glue

White Lung

I don't want to know what is wrong with you
You got a cripple in your fate
Don't want to hear what is hurting you
Be wise and you'll mate

One day you'll see
That her fat head will eat me

You're a dead horse riding
But I'm out for you
Fill my pistol pocket
Melt her down to glue
(2x)

Sharp like a whip
Blue boney eyes
Sharp like a whip
Kill kid surprise

One day you'll see
That her fat head will eat me

You're a dead horse riding
But I'm out for you
Fill my pistol pocket
Melt her down to glue
(2x)