The DNA Will Have It's Say

Some Girls

Come on, truly it was always dusted fly dead in the corner of some window
I couldn't win 'cause sunburnt skin is in
If there was a pin to pull, I'd pull the pin
Oh fuck yea I know where it began
I was buried up to my glands in sand
Hot boys with toys on their arms don't mean no harm
They merely mean to impress, to show you what they undress
The flexed pricks have spoken
The thighs wide open
The team members are swollen
Delicious d'ebutants hearts are stolen
What's in the future for us?
A public speech on a public bus
The DNA will have it's say

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