Prayin' for Urin

Aber. INC

There's a creapy old guy in the lou
Looking at me like I am sort of screwed
Birds are crawling on the floor
Praying for my urin to flow

Clean our head with toothpaste
Wash my balls with innocent faith
Snorting burned liquid soap
I have never been in the cold

Ref.
How many times have I told you to sit straight
This is not another dream called faith
Clear my nose with white clear listerine
A promise that no one could ever
Take my change
No

Dirty bitchslaps to my head
Someone stold my bunkbed
Lying passed out on the floor
I am crawing for more

Doing bad things with my home
You sort of knew it all along
This was never our fault
I hate to sit and talk

Ref.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/