

Foul Mouth

Screaming Females

You're in rapture my dear
If you ever come near
Hell's belt with a frown
Turn your town upside down
And here's a little with youth
Silly coy and uncouth
I will settle you down
When your menace surrounds
From serene to the sick
Many coils that stick
To all our leather boots
Rattled with fickle truth
And I am tired of your mouth
When you're talking about
The injustice of speech
On a bus to the beach The heat up here's divided time
With earthly men on concubine
And circles strangled clever girls
Who dress up in their mother's pearls
I remember you still
Yellow fangs and sick pills
Sucking on your own blood
Calling cards to crack up
In a forest with beasts
Our old lady found peace
Grabbed its tail with her teeth
And drove her son into the sea

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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