

Future Breeds

Hot Hot Heat

I won't say anymore I won't say anything across the bridge on Abbott Strip there lives a man with atlas grip
windows covered single mattress on friday nights he feeds his actress across the bridge on Abbott Street there
lives this girl she used to be still half naked she falls in traffic hey dumb ass kid heres your dumb ass live back I
won't come back crawling again some may fear just your name for me I wish it was the same I'm still waiting
for somebody to fix this damage to my body some may fear the future breeds these drunken sailors planting
seeds I'll just need this cheque to clear so I can check right out of here this merry-go-round has spun itself into
the ground and an eighth of me knows that an eighth of this ilfe is still fun as hell but they breed you better babe
bred you better they bred you better than me

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