F/d

Fugazi

Son of a gun and knife and bomb
Son of a bitch earned every stitch
Son of a father's son yes I know I'm one
Now it's time to pull the switchTouch with your eyes drool with my eyes
Touch with your mind drool with my mind
Touch with your eyes drool with my eyes
Touch with my mind drool with your eyes
Pornsmanship and sales filtrate
Shoulder blades and things concave
And every smile that marks a lie
Dressed in silk and flavored milk
Bred in bone and finely honed
To always sell what we can't own

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