

# 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 switch  
Touch 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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