French Fries With Pepper

Morphine

On six-six-six six, I was little, I didn't know
Shit and on seven-seven-seven seven
Eleven years later, still don't know any better
By eight-eight-eight eight, it's way too late for me to changeAnd by nine-nine-nine nine
I hope I'm sittin' on the back porch drinkin' red wine
Singin', ohh, French fries with pepper
Ohh, French fries with pepper

Songwriters
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