

Baltimore Strangler

Pig Destroyer

She's got a neck
Built for my hands
The way a pine
Grows for the saw They say I hate women
They couldn't be more wrong
They couldn't be more wrong She's got a pierced lip
And a Mohawk
And a strut
That reminds me of a tiger
I think she's a waitress
At rocket to Venus I've seen her flipping
Records at reptilian
The other day
I followed her
All the way
From Hopkins to the harbor
I lost her in the crowd
When the O's game let out
I never saw that girl again
And it's a shame
I just wanted to hold her
Like an anaconda
Like an anaconda
Like an anaconda
Like an anaconda
Like an anaconda

Songwriters

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by

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