

Jedidiah

Hot Hot Heat

Jedidiah five left one right washed up on jedidiah paperboys got nothing to deliver on six feet washed up on the shore they used to dance, but maybe not no more Well I never felt sorry for an oceanographer bodies making money like a new pornographer there arms and legs won't make it to you like a five star mummy in a three striped shoe on jedidiah I need it good I need it cheap, but don't make me beg I got the brain of a tramp, but can't feel my legs they moved to the island to escape the race memorized every name memorized every face till one day knock knock knock knock on your door you know who's feet these are? who's not gonna dance no more?

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