

Harry

Surkin feat. Bobmo

Well hello, pretty woman
You're looking good
With a yellow dot skirt
And you're swaying, hah

You look as though you've ate your one last meal
You're conceit is all that's left, you can sing a spiel

You used to hide away in Kiosk land

Let's find you out and loosen up
You're so upset

Making coffee for the poor machines

Stipulate, copulate for all his schemesI have you

You have me

We go where we want to be

We have it

We have fun

We go places to have some, hahWell, they're as stiff as New York

With the right wing lights

And the babies get for real if the group is right

Following her swallowing some two tone pills

They said he's looking crazy but he's so well built

You're moving steady, soon you'll be that star

Don't wrap up my tomorrows in your infectious car

They'll line you up and strip you down you'll see

That you're still the horny two eyed bitch you used to beYour mothers and your fathers and your boyfriend too

They're hiding places can't and won't expect you to

But he's seen shadows upon that ball

Fix the cast or fix to catch the things they install

They'll soon realize that stardom's going to your head

They'll visualize you rising my poor blood is dead

Your mother, father, brother, sister too

Natural best

All the best go on youI have you

You have me

We go where we want to be

We have it

We have fun

We go places to have someLa la, la la, la la, la la, la

La la, la la, la la, la la, la

La la, la la, la la, la la, la

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