

Lottery Winners On Acid

The Crimea

If she gets a black eye,
I want a black eye,
If she gets a splinter,
I want a splinter too.If she gets a disease,
I want a disease.
If she goes tripping,
I go falling overWe walk through the streets,
Like lottery winners on acid,
everything she say
I was thinking anywayC'mon now

Songwriters

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