

You Pregnant Motherfucker

Des Ark

You always let them in
All of these fucked up men
Unlock the door when I ain't home
They take off all your clothes
Like you're some docile doe
You're making love to make it up
Oh, will somebody help us, please?
Convince us our love is no disease
That we won't be lonely when we're alone
From now on, what we touch
Will turn to gold
Oh, will somebody help us, please?
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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