

# Writhe

## Acid Ranch

Everyone seems to be servin' for Satan, guess I will too

What a joke, you make me laugh till I turn blue  
Anyone tale goes out to there what a manly lookin' crew

I don't think I'll tease my hair, I'd rather sit here teasing you  
Close your eyes, my snakes down on the floor

Out you go and in come one hundred more  
I seem to lost my cowboy boots with green fringe runnin' down the  
side

My soul machine has made me green 'cause my jeans didn't turn out tight  
And all these ruins I turn for you, you  
keep my livin' alive

Your smile over weighs the miles and your kiss makes it worth the ride  
Close your eyes, my snakes down on the  
floor

Out you go and in come one hundred more

Lyrics provided by

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