Cilantro

H.O.S.H.

The music was new -
like polished chrome,
and came over the summer
like liquid night.The music was new -
like polished chrome...Can we resolve the past,
lurking in jaws of time?
The bassTo come of age in a dry place
holes in cage.The music was new -
like polished chrome,
and came over the summer
like liquid night.[Instrumental]The music was new -
like polished chrome,
and came over the summer
like liquid night.The music was new -
like polished chrome... (2x)The music was new -
like polished chrome,
and came over the summer
like liquuuuuuuuuuud night.F. U. C. K.

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