Kong

Chris Moss Acid

Oh, no, I got that funky feeling
I just slipped out of a Coupe de Ville
Scrape me off the ceiling
Oh yeah, too good to believe in
Rubber lover tugging on a daisy chain
Going coming, here I go again
In the middle of the evening
So damn sweeter
I got a penny in my pocket
To release that child within you
I don't want no one night stand
Jump into the fire from the frying pan
King Kong had a perfect plan
Got to get a woman
I've had a Barbie doll, I've done it all
Short ones tall ones big and small
But King Kong, baby, he had a ball
That's my kind of living
Oh yeah, why am I complaining?
I got money and I'm funny
And I'm semi-good looking
Keeps me good and lucky
Sometimes
I feel like Sodom and Gomorrah
But I tell you pretty mama
I could use a little more of you, you, you, you
About two in the morning
I get so damn easy
Let your fingers do the walking
And it won't take much to please me
I don't want no one night stand
Jump into the fire from the frying pan
King Kong, baby, he had a plan
Got to get a woman
I had a Barbie doll, I've done it all
Short ones, tall ones, big and small
But King Kong, baby, he had a ball
That's my kind of living
Why can't I have it all?

I just wanna have some kinda fun
Why can't I have it all?
Can it be over when it's just begun?
I need it, I want it, I'm frantic, I gotta have it
Automatic, manic, addict, democratic
About two in the morning
It gets so damn easy
Let my fingers do the walking
And the others do the talking
About the way and how to please me
I don't want no one night stand
Jump into the fire from the frying pan
King Kong, baby, he had a plan
Got to get a woman
I had a Barbie doll, I've done it all
Short ones, tall ones, big and small
But King Kong, baby, he had a ball
That's my kind of living
Yeah, that's my kind of living
Yeah, that's my kind of living

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