

Hippy's Son

Dirty Pretty Things

I am a hippy's son
I'm into porn and guns, I'm virile, fertile
I scream when I come
Related to you all by 6 degrees I am a fire sign
I've never swung with the times
Spreading honey on thorns and truths that rhyme
My stories are all tall But it's so obvious
It's bloody outrageous
They try and they try
But they'll just never save us Hush, hush my love
Come fall into these arms
Hush, hush my love
Come fall into my arms
Hush, hush my love I am my father's son
I'll kick your teeth in and run
A bulldog blinded by rainbows and sun
I'm related to you all, I think that you'll all agree
I'm naked to all But it's so obvious
It's bloody outrageous
They try and they try
But they'll just never save us Hush, hush my love
Come fall into these arms
Hush, hush my love
Come fall into my arms
Hush, hush my love I was your baby boy
I was designed to destroy
Flushed in crime
Fascist's tannoy I am a hippy's son
I am a hippy's son
I am a hippy's son
I am a hippy's son

Songwriters

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