

7-11

3OH!3

Space man
High as outer space man
Fucking ridiculous
My favorite album, Space Jam
Exit seat while I'm riding on your plane man
And I don't go HAM, I go corn beef
Singing slow jams in between gold teeth
At a karaoke stand with your girl getting drunk chief
She singing Journey
Getting hella horny
So she grabbed my face like SigourneyAt the 7-Eleven
Parked in the ally out back we found heaven
At the 7-Eleven
Tracing lines on your skin we found heaven
She said she heard of me from that album Want
She used to bump it in the Target parking lot
In her '97 Dodge
Well that's hot
If her friends get together, maybe I could watch
I got the conch, ain't no Lord of the Flies shit
It's more like you be catching flies on your eyelids
But I keep crashing in the rocks of the sirens
Playing murder-fuck-kill with death on a desert islandAt the 7-Eleven
Parked in the ally out back we found heaven
At the 7-Eleven
Tracing lines on your skin we found heavenAnd we would castaway
We were moved, yeah we were lost inside a foreign placeThen we wake up and we'd be here and it'd be light
again
Tequila soda
Talkin' like I'm Yoda
Trying to convince a girl that my bed ain't a sofa
Just come over
Maybe I could show ya
We could pull the mats out, you could teach me yoga
Hold up, I can't appreciate and deviate from any sort of discourse that could maybe aggravate you
Would you join me on a date through time?
I'll take you to the future
Where I blew your mindAt the 7-Eleven
Parked in the ally out back we found heaven

At the 7-Eleven
Tracing lines on your skin we found heaven
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>