

Mr. Driver

Black Lips

Ooh! Ooh! Ooh! Ooh!

You're in the void
Got you feeling cold
With your voice
'Cause it's your choice
I've got my poise
And he can bring the noise
With my boys
Puking in a Rolls-Royce

I want to bleed on my squire (and I need)
I want a plier (I gotta be)
My empty pile (a disease)
Take some water (lesser than I need)
'Cause I'm vile (can it be?)
Mister Driver

Ooh! Ooh! Ooh! Ooh!

My pecker's long!
It's got me feeling strong
When I sing this song
And you smoke this bong
Rock it all night long
Will you want to be long?
'Cause we're feeling gone
My sexual VietCong

I want to bleed on my squire (and I need)
I want a plier (I gotta be)
My empty pile (a disease)
Take some water (lesser than I need)
Cause I'm vile (can it be?)
Mister Driver

Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh!
Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh!

written by Alexander, Cole / Bradley, Joseph / Brown, Ian St. Pe / Swilley, Jared
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