Dogmeat

Drenge

Cut off my tongue and turn it to dog meat,
Give it to the hobo, give him words to eat,
Everybody thinks I've got new ideas.
So funny when I always see you here.Too many flesh suppers keeps distressing me,
I buy them in bulk,
I watch them go green,
Everybody thinks I'm a fucking chump.
I fall to the floor with a kick to the gut.
I'll go for liver and you go for brains,
Chew it up its human and tastes all the same,
Everybody thinks I'm a monolith.
So funny when West Street girlies dance like this.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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