

Lucky Number Nine

The Moldy Peaches

Indie Boys are neurotic.
Makes my eyes bleed.
Tight black pants exotic.
Some loving is what i need.

Hey I'm starting to feel o.k.
Lucky number nine.
Huray.

I'm sleepier on the staircase.
Mirror in the back of my brain.
Makes things, her pants feel great.
I used to like to complaine.

But.
Hey. imstarting to feel o.k.
Lucky number nine.
Huray.

Bloody mary , mother of god.
grandpas on the hobby horse again.
dampen, broken pants chaifing.
I'm running out of ethnic friends.

But..
Hey. I'm starting to feel o.k.
Lucky number nine.
Huray.

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