

# Fd

## Fugazi

Son of a gun and knife and bomb

Son of a bitch earned every stitch

Son of a father's son yes I know I'm one

Now it's time to pull the switchTouch with your eyes drool with my eyes

Touch with your mind drool with my mind

Touch with your eyes drool with my eyes

Touch with my mind drool with your eyes

Pornsmanship and sales filtrate

Shoulder blades and things concave

And every smile that marks a lie

Dressed in silk and flavored milk

Bred in bone and finely honed

To always sell what we can't own

Lyrics provided by

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