

Your Ankles to Your Earlobes

The pAper chAse

Shame,
Shame on you
And your sweet head on the pillow
Take the pills, dear, let your hair grow
Take a knee, believe you me
With ankles to the earlobes
Bite your lip, dead, make a wish, girl
Bless your heart, bless your heart, bless your heart
Pox, a pox on you!
So what do you have to say for yourself
When the gangbang's done and no one's left to appease?
Aren't you fetching with finger cuffs and knock-knees?
We make a warm bed for the Yankees
Bless your heart, bless your heart, bless your heart
So, Abby, it's far too late for me
I left a notebook on the shelf just take the kids and save yourself
My little Abby, and soon they'll come for me
just tell my son that I'm sorry
I'll disappear, you no are free
And Abby, it's far too late for me
My sweet Abby, I hope you die laughing
All fat and cheek on your warm bed
The raven , the vulture won't circle your head
My sweet queen bee, I hope it comes quickly
I hope your thoughts don't drift to me
I'll die in here, you now are free
You now are free
My precious thing

Songwriters

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