

Something Sticky

Swingin' Utters

Are you guilty of this game that got me in this seat or grateful for the cross that kept Jesus off his feet filling up
the tissue box instead of using the sheet wipe off remote control don't push button "delete"
Something sticky, something itchy my visions aren't polite 'cause I'm talkin' 'bout my life the churches on my
drive are gloomy in the lightAre you innocent of emission stains on my underwear or indecent, no complaints
give a fuck or even care the situation's getting rough odors once foul are now fair are you tugging on the tension
strings or are my rings caught in your hairSomething sticky, something itchy be killed my lonely heart and seize
when I'm in the crowd a small piece of the biggest part is the easiest to live out grab hold of my stiff limbs and
catch me when I fall stick to what you got for the most part it is all (Bonnell/Maurer)

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