Babyhead

Diarrhea Planet

You know that I'd cut my hair
If I knew that's what you wanted
A lot of people might get scared
But you still get my engine running
But baby, I couldn't let you know
Because you've still got me hiding
And only you could keep me waiting
While we're just getting older
I'm just getting older
Cuz baby,
My will is a cold-blooded killer
It blasts a hole in my head
And dumps it into the river
This is the edge of breaking down
This kind of high
Really takes you out
It the kind of words I can't really say
It's the kid of person that I can't be
To you, Babyhead! (So keep moving away)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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