

When I Was A Painter

The Breeders

In side lakes of Quarterly I've been
Heard stories of air velveteen
Twenty hours later I fill the room
With bad sex and bad TV

Go, go, go
Go, go, go

When I was a painter I painted you well
Too bad I have to die
You brought the essentials, perversion appeal
And many lovers at one time

Go, go, go
Go, go, go
On and on, on, on

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Go, go, go
Go, go, go
On and on, on, on

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