

Pink Wonton

Man Man

It's the way that your kiss condemns me
It makes me feel like I'm in Guantanamo
My dying way of fingertips tore me
You treated me like a feral animal Oh Percy, riding in the Amazon
A due mare lost in limbo
Has a better chance in Hell than I do
Of keeping cool Too good for you from the udder to the mouth
We're all biding our time from the uterus to the ground
And our hearts are cunning
(Way easier, in the sun)
When they want something
(Go find it, Pink Wonton)
Throw you under a bus
Grind your teeth to dust
Hide in the darkness of your sun Shoot my head as you bury all your baggage
In the bed of another dumb cocksmyth
I don't sleep just to dull my memories
Of how you love like an oas horsehead Waterboard me with "Call Me Maybe"
Looping on an endless repeat
Ain't got nothing on the kiss you gave me
So cruel so sweet Too good for you from the udder to the mouth
We're all biding our time from the uterus to the ground
And our hearts are cunning
(Way easier, in the sun)
When they want something
(Go find it, Pink Wonton)
Throw you under a bus
Grind your teeth to dust
Hide in the darkness of your
(Bang, Bang, Pow)
(Bang, you're dead) Ooh, what's your papa making?
Ooh, what's your papa making?
Ooh, what's your papa making? Ooh, what's your papa making?
Ooh, what's your papa making?
Ooh, what's your papa making?
(Pink Wonton) Ooh, what's your papa making?
Ooh, what's your papa making?
Ooh, what's your papa making? And our hearts are cunning
(Way easier, in the sun)

When they want something
(Way noisier, Pink Wonton)
And our hearts are cunning
(Way easier, in the sun)
Throw you under a bus
Grind your teeth to dust
Hide in the darkness of your sun
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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