

Psychosilocybin

Incubus

Psychosilocybin runnin' horny mother fucker.

Trippin' on his shoelace, searchin' for the hairy sucker.

He don't need no funny money, his love is all his power. Half-naked and full witted, and two weeks less a shower!

You'll see me, I'll be there, with my nose in the grass! One for me, one for you.

Two for me, one for you.

Three for me, one for you.

End of the sack, now the fungi's they are bloom.

Songwriters

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