

Glue

White Lung

I don't want to know what is wrong with you
You got a cripple in your fate
Don't want to hear what is hurting you
Be wise and you'll mate One day you'll see
That her fat head will eat me
You're a dead horse riding
But I'm out for you
Fill my pistol pocket
Melt her down to glue
Melt her down to glue
Sharp like a whip
Blue boney eyes
Sharp like a whip
Kill kid surprise
One day you'll see
That her fat head will eat me
You're a dead horse riding
But I'm out for you
Fill my pistol pocket Melt her down to glue
Melt her down to glue

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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