

Hasselhoff Cheeseburger

The Falcon

Grapple down the scaffolding like Hasselhoff dismantling
The greasy mantle pieces and the cheesiest diseases...
Mangling a cheeseburger while rolling in your feces
I'm a hairy, old Khaleesi, draggin' ass, draggin' on
Overacting after all the audience is gone
And repeating, repeating
I used to catch that beating in the station wagon seating
When my old man got that feeling.
I got in some trouble, trouble wrapped up in a baggie
I'll get you high and naked if you let me have your aggie. Humpin up the Himalayas, saying someone's shitty
prayers
Crime is closing in, this time the grime is piling up in layers.
All these players are just kids. I wonder where the grown-ups is.
Flapping lips, shiny scalps, jealous looks at ugly whelps.
Flapping lips, shiny scalps, jealous looks at ugly whelps. And I'm shrinking. my self control is smitten.
Stinkin as I care less and less about the ending.
And I'm shrinking, shrinking. my self control is smitten.
Stinkin as I care less and less about the ending. Baby baby baby, I just wanted to be lazy.
I only became a man because this ugly body made me
Now I'm feeling faded and I'm fading.
It's degrading
and I hate it. Flapping lips, shiny scalps, jealous looks at ugly whelps.
Flapping lips, shiny scalps, jealous looks at ugly whelps.
Flapping lips, shiny scalps, jealous looks at ugly whelps.
Flapping lips, shiny scalps, jealous looks at ugly whelps.
Baby, I just wanted to be lazy,
I only became a man because this ugly body made me.
Now I'm feeling faded and I'm fading.
It's degrading
I hate it.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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