

# Throwing Up

## That Handsome Devil

Mother was a brunette, ask Hugh Hef, itâ€™s been going on since your grandmama did the two step

I see your style, well itâ€™s all grown up

Outside the bar, throwin' up

We can watch the fist fight

Stay home, get high

Sittinâ€™ on the couch and on occasion switch sides

I see your style, well itâ€™s all grown up

Outside the club, throwinâ€™ up

Raised by the rocks stars

Raised by the rocks stars

At the top of the pedophile pop charts

If you look at it from far enough, you can see the start of stuff

Groovinâ€™ to songs about guns and â€™hos, the sickness went undiagnosed

Itâ€™s tough to say if youâ€™re far enough away

But it just might be your lucky day

Never look up to

Never look up to

The hands that wanna touch you

The hands that wanna touch you

Donâ€™t give it up to

Donâ€™t give it up to

The hands that wanna touch you

The hands that wanna touch you

They donâ€™t really love you

They donâ€™t really love you

They just wanna fuck you

Mother was a brunette, ask Hugh Hef, itâ€™s been going on since your grandmama did the two step

I see your style, well itâ€™s all grown up

Outside the bar, throwin up

We can watch the fist fight

Stay home, get high

Watch the same movie for the 86th time

I see your style, well itâ€™s all grown up

Outside the club, throwinâ€™ up

Pots callin' and kettleâ€™s wrong

Pots callin' and kettleâ€™s wrong  
We coulda said it when weâ€™re dead and gone  
Coulda said it when weâ€™re dead and gone  
See through high heels, and the 80s heavy metal song  
We're all the repercussions of the world that we grow up in  
Itâ€™s tough to say, if youâ€™re far enough away  
But it just might be your lucky day

Never look up to  
Never look up to  
The hands that wanna touch you  
The hands that wanna touch you  
Donâ€™t give it up to  
Donâ€™t give it up to  
The hands that wanna touch you  
The hands that wanna touch you  
They donâ€™t really love you  
They donâ€™t really love you  
They just wanna fuck you

We could change your identity  
Change our names  
To the people we pretend to be  
We could change  
x2

Mo-mother was a bru-bru-ne-nette, ask Hugh Hef, itâ€™s been going on since your grandma-mama did the two-two  
step-uh

I see your style, well itâ€™s all grow-grown up-up  
Outside the bar-bar-bar-bar, throwin up-up  
We can watch the fist-uh fight  
Stay-ay home, get high-igh  
Watch the same-a movie for the 86th ti-ti-ti-ti-time  
I see your style, well itâ€™s all grow-grown up-up  
Outside the club, a-throwinâ€™ up

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