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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/