

King Cone (Instrumental Version)

Hail Mary Mallon

In a Pinto, nose on the window
We don't really know which way the wind blow
At the state fair won a stuffed reindeer
We don't really know why we came here
At the drive in checking if his fly zipped
We don't really know what 'get a life' is
At the trade show looking at the lame-os
We don't know we're in the same boat I dip dive skinned alive
Pinned open
Split wide petting zoo a piggy trichinosis
Tricky-tricky scattering over divine terror
Pride of the dilemma Eye of the chimera
Wide world slam dance to the gambit, bam bam
Hands of abandon
Temperament of ram man
Disillusion with you and your man's mans mans
Behind doors your porridge and Tim Tam slams
I was in a scramble posturing along side bogeymen
Green teeth chewing on his hoodie strings
Maybe wound tighter than I should have been - probably
A mannerism born of Christmas Shopping at the Dollar Tree
Act important get sorted behind a jolly beat
Promised land blue collars hopping on piranha plants
Whether blood from a stone or tapenade from an olive branch
Hail Mary mallon do the monster mash!
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We don't really know what 'get a life' is
At the trade show looking at the lame-os
We don't know we're in the same boat I dip dip, hide bank slips in my own pillow
Do wild shit like crank sticks from an orange pinto
Two live clicks north of the only chance
To get a day's worth of supper and peyote plant
Slowly open cans of the tribal mix
From the Hollywood shuffle to the viral vid
Going spiral ham on a transit cop

And turn his piglets in the Plymouth into planet rock
Burn his image and then singe him to the canyon walls
Limb from limb him while the women rip his Danskins off
Get the digits and the tickets to the army ball and
All of this is why we're listening to Mardi Gras
Cause I zy, bitch, you know alligator
And brought the whole fucking swamp to the Mallon kegger
And we drowning later, in a well with models
But if not, Plan B is we yelp in brothels
Wick wack jobs with slapshot; swing and a miss
It's brick slippers in a sinking abyss
Half-ape spit money in a mass grave
As Bobby illustrates on the following splash page
Hibernating with an iron maiden
In the USA label naval island waving
To the rescue planes, pocket flare for drama
With a volleyball bestie and a fendi wallet
Whole milk, honeycombs, bloody eyes, runny nose
Maybe guilty of collusion with a couple cutty folk
Money or a gummy bear, succumbing to a puppeteer
Penny for your lost cool (up in here) up in here
Cover ears, cussing here, tamper with the buccaneers
Mary's in the mirror near the towels where the nun appears
Aes, more rude than troop sorties
And more feud than a room with the two Coreys
I dip dive, I dip dive
I dip dip, I dip dip
Dip, dip, dip, dip
Hail Mary Mallon
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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