Scotch On Ice

Golden Smog

She down on my socks
Getting ice for my scotch
Never bending my ear
Just chilling my beersShe don't say much
She's cold to the touch
Sometimes it's rough
With her handcuffs and stuffShe likes what I got
She takes what I give her
She feels so real
Just don't look into her eyesIf I come home late
The love is still great
Doesn't follow the trends
[Incomprehensible], how she bendsShe likes it on top
Little cream, a lil' crop
And it's getting betterShe likes what I got
Takes what I give her
She feels so real
Just don't look into her eyesOh, you give me so much pleasure
Oh, I wish you were alive
Oh, it gives me so much pleasure
Oh, it makes me feel aliveShe likes what I got
Takes what I give her
She feels so real
Just don't look into her eyesOh, you give me so much pleasure
Oh, I wish you were alive
Oh, it gives me so much pleasure
Oh, it makes me feel aliveShe comes in a box
My own private fox
She's pretty in pink
She cleans in the sinkShe don't say much
She's cold to the touch
Doesn't complain
Travel to SpainShe likes it rough
With her handcuffs and stuff
She comes up tough
There's a cream on the cropShe's passing my socks
Getting ice for my scotch
Never bending my ear
Just chilling my beers

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