

Foxy Foxy

Ernest Ranglin & Floyd Lloyd Seivright

He who gets slapped and he who gets saved
He who brutalizes the timeless stage
He is the mongrel, he wants it all
He lives for relics, hang on the wall
Don't you wanna ride
Educated horses?
Don't you wanna ride
Educated horses?
Foxy, foxy, what's it gonna be?
She who looks back and she looks away
She internalizes the motion wave
She is the butcher, she wants the air
She hides the scars under her hair
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