

Swamp

Midwest Product

Now lemme tell you a story
The devil he has a plan
A bag of bones in his pocket
Got anything you want
No dust, no rocks
The whole thing is over
All those beauties in solid motion
All those beauties they are gonna swallow you up
Lets go
Hii, hii hii hii hii hii, yoo, oww oww oww
Hii, hii hii hi hii, hii
One time too many, too far to go
Hii, we come to take you home, hoo ooo
And when they split those atoms
It's hotter than the sun
Blood is a special substance
They gonna pray for that man
So wake up, young lovers
The whole thing is over
Watch out, touch monkeys
All that blood are gonna swallow you whole
Lets go
Hii, hii hii hii hii hii, errr rrr rrr, yea
Hii, hii hii hii hii, hii
So soft, hard feelings

No tricks, and lets go
Hii, we come to take you home
How many people do you think I am
Pretend I am somebody else
You can pretend I'm, and old millionaire
A millionaire washing his hands
Rattle the bones, dreams that stick out
A medical chart on the wall
Soft violence, hands touch your throat
Everyone wants to explode
And when your hands get dirty
Nobody knows you at all
Don't have a window to slip out of

Lights on, nobody home
Click click, see you later
Beta beta, no time to rest
Pika pika, risky business
All that blood, will never cover that mess
Lets go
Hii, hii hii hii hii, yoo, oww, oww, oww
Hii, hii hii hii hii, hii
Once more
Hii, hii hii hii hii, errr rrr rrr, yea
Hii, hii hii hii hii, hii

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