

Donkeys

Cursive

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Don't lie, where have you been?
Your teeth are red, your eyes are peppermints
Sailing out to sea with your new best friend
You don't like the way you live so you play pretend But isn't it time you act your age?
You got a mortgage on your shoulders, got a babe on the way
You shrug it off with a jackass grin
Thinking as soon as you clean up you're gonna do it again, he says Whoa, oh, oh no
I'm going to Pleasure Island, I don't wanna come home
Whoa, oh, oh no
The reverend says beware, he swears we're going to hell
We may be donkeys but at least we have a tale to tell Don't start with the slap on the wrist
I don't need no cease and desist
I ain't fooling around and it ain't no sin
So you best be stepping back those ugly ultimatums And never you mind what your old maid says
There ain't nothing to complain so long as you're earning bread
She's got a way of getting under your skin
She plants a little seed of doubt, the guilt blossoms, she says Whoa, oh, oh no
If you're going to Pleasure Island, you can never come home
Whoa, oh, oh no
The problem with you, kid, you can't say no
You can't take a little nibble, you got to lick the bowl I pushed off, I'm sailing away and I ain't looking back
Can't have you see me this way this just might be my greatest mistake
Though when the future turns away for the present's presence
My life was born of pleasure but it sure wasn't pleasant, he says Whoa, oh, oh no
I'm going to Pleasure Island, I ain't never going home
Whoa, oh, oh no
I'll make an ass out of myself sooner than say, I'm wrong
Yeah, I'll soon be bucking around in the mud Whoa, oh, oh no
I'm going to Pleasure Island, I ain't coming back home
Whoa, oh, oh no
And mama's stuffing her Bible, she swears we're going to hell
And papa just chills, he wants to come here as well

We may be donkeys but at least we have a tale to tell

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