

Screwing You On The Beach At Night

Bloodhound Gang

Nothing heats up my jacuzzi like when
This used thong I found and bedazzled with gems
Brushes ever so gently against some boobs I guess it's hard to believe that one man
Could have a ponytail this sensitive and
Distract an aggressive hawk that's cornered you I know my haiku's are freaking intense
But even the words I made up to sound french
Don't express my feelings for your toilet parts
I would show up for our pottery class
Dressed like a pirate with john water's mustache
On a unicorn that shits your name in stars Fuckings cool, but jimmy's the romantic type
Loitering on cliffs, thinking about stuff like
Screwing you on the beach at night One milkshake, two straws Fuckings cool, but jimmy's the romantic type
Loitering on cliffs, thinking about stuff like
Screwing you on the beach at night Don't I (don't i)
Sound so (sound so)
Sexy (sexy)
Echo (echo Release the doves!

Songwriters

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