

# Ono

## Devo

We were all alone  
Then she bit my bone  
I said let's telephone  
Try to get away I knew she was in heat  
She kneeled at my feet  
Wet socks on the floor  
But it's all the same Last year we got sick  
Doctors did the trick  
Now I gotta use a stick  
But it's still the same Run as a max-pad  
Dry as a cactus  
Ono!  
You go home! Hunt policemen fill up dates  
Student teacher's license plates  
If I did her words are gone  
I feel slipped away  
The moral is don't start  
Even if you're smart  
You don't have a chance  
It's all the same Run as a max-pad  
Dry as a cactus  
Ono!  
You go home! HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

Songwriters

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