

Art Of Man

Urge Overkill

It's the girl that learned to walk
She's learned to use both of her legs, but she don't talk
Cause since she learned to walk
And with her pigtails gone
Her little legs quake in the dark
As Daddy pulls them far apart
And since she's learned to talk
She drives a smart car to her job, but she don't walk
Cause when she tried to walk
To her crib right down the block
She was alone though that she thought
The stranger's pumping wouldn't stop

Behold the art of man
It's good to look at all the art, but look at man
There's no palate in his hand
There's no chisel in his hand
He's got his sick dick in his hand
It's throwing up the seed of man
But it's his art, the art of man
I will walk away from the big century
In the art of man

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