

Patti Mayonnaise

Bobby Meader Music

I think without alcohol
I could live a pretty life
We'd walk down the farmers market street
Talking to new people that we meet I'd buy you your favorite corn, with mayonnaise
I love how we cum when we're feeling lazy You have all the drugs
You have all the fun
I'm down to my last dollar for the week
I miss your voice when we used to speak

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