Beetle Boot

U.S. Bombs

Mackn with Trish in the dark on the docks
Turn the ambulance sirens up emergency
Baby, I ain't one to wait I gonna get your britches off
Any day now there gonna drop the bombAnd were gonna be a bucket of bones
We got an hour till day
We got to go all the way
And shoot the rockets in the rescue zoneRoll over baby say hello daddy king
Adoption papers ready come to Dixie
A dysfunctional home hostage all alone
Old soup on your apron babeI'll lick it off I woke up to the alarm on my radio
Those AM airwaves all ways set me off
The old men talk all day they talk about the same old things
Dirty sheets and a dirty hand full of blow thrift store opened

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