

The book of tequila - 1/2

Interprété par Fig.

I'm riding on prime slime baby
Hoing my row give me gas to grow
I'm sired on sin suckled on gin
Now I'm breaking hands not breaking bread
You've got lips, hips, filter tips
This is the time of hails and nails
You read it, I plead it
I take a lickin' and stay kickin' tonight

I drink the book of tequila daily
I'm the one who can't say maybe
My broken down morality
The bile in my hypocrisy

Head up road meat here he comes
One little piggy, one big gun
Highs, lies, dilated eyes
The sewer will anaesthetize

I got a belly full of joy juice
And my success is shooting up the bile
Of my excess
I'm in the front row of the misery show
All messed up and ready to blow

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My golden slipper is liquor
The sweetest smell and I am blessed
There's a golden shower for your thirsty flower
A page of spite for each sordid night

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Will anaethetize
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Anaethetize
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