

Oedipus

"Tres Las"

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I kick your heels while I'm standing in line.
Help me please. I want you on your knees.
I drop so hard I shake the leaves in the trees
I've got a voice too powerful to stop.
I'm gonna have to fuck my way to the top.
Lord I must bust open the crust,
And keep your body moving with the flesh and the lust.

Pre-Chorus

And if you like what I've got,
Getcha just enough.
I guess I've got to, got to, got got!

Chorus

La La La
I sing along when I drink in the afternoon.
La La La
I get it good when I spend all my time with you.

Verse 2

I want a lipstick lover, rolling undercover,
Sipping lemonade and keeping me clean.
Yeah, I'm alright. It's just a little fight,
A little scratch, a gash that doesn't even bleed.
I stomp my bounce beats on sun drenched valley
streets.
I've got you pulling up the pavement with the soles of
your feet.
I'm a live wire, five star apathetic fool.
I've got my money on my mind cause that's the rule.

Chorus

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