

## **Paper Chase, The "Your Ankles To Your Earlobes"**

Visit "[Your Ankles To Your Earlobes](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Shame, shame on you  
And your sweet head on the pillow  
Take the pills dear let your hair grow  
Take a knee, believe you me  
With ankles to the earlobes  
Bite your lip dear make a wish girl  
Bless your heart, bless your heart, bless your heart

Pox, a pox on you  
So what do you have to say for yourself  
When the gangbang's done and no one's left to  
appease?  
Aren't you fetching with finger cuffs and knock-knees  
We make a warm bed for the Yankees  
Bless your heart, bless your heart, bless your heart

So Abby, it's far to late for me  
I left a notebook on the shelf, just take the kids and  
save yourself  
My little Abby, and soon they'll come for me  
Just tell my son that I'm sorry  
I'll disappear you now are free

And Abby, it's far too late for me  
I left a checkbook on the shelf, just take the keys and  
save yourself  
My sweet Abby, I hope you die laughing  
All fat and cheeky on your warm bed  
The raven the vulture won't circle your head  
My sweet queen bee, I hope it comes quickly  
I hope your thoughts don't drift to me  
I'll die in here, you now are free  
You now are free  
My precious thing

Visit [Paper Chase, The](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.