MotoLyrics.com

MotoLyrics

Biggest, regularly updated and free lyrics database

Weekend Players "Sketches Of Winkle"

Visit "Sketches Of Winkle" on MotoLyrics.com

Ah she danced like a floozie in a hot tub of guava. Achin' round the scene, you know she's hip to her mantra. He was a meditated fucker all strung-out on Sinatra.

Hitting van Winkle like there ain't no tomorra.

I saw van Winkle show up on the scene. I can't remember when I saw that's he's been doing all the sketches of Winkle. Crying to the heavens in a fit of rage. Sketches of Winkle. Keep little humans locked up in a cage. Sketches of winkle. I think I love her but she don't love me. Sketches of winkle. Why don't you love me, girl?

She drained all the fluid from the sink in the kitchen. Achin' round these all she's doin' is bitchin'. Steven said he went and bought a new pair of mittens. Mean Ween cut me and he said he was kidding.

I saw van Winkle show up on the scene. I can't remember when I saw that's he's been doing all the sketches of Winkle. Crying to the heavens in a fit of rage. Sketches of Winkle. Keep his little humans locked up in a cage. Sketches of winkle. I think I love her but she don't love me. Sketches of winkle. Why don't you love me, girl?

Rip van Winkle. Rip Rip Rip van Winkle. Rip van Winkle. Rip Rip Rip van Winkle. Rip van Winkle. Rip Rip Rip van Winkle.

Visit <u>Weekend Players</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.