

# 16mm "S.O.S."

Visit "[S.O.S.](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I've got a beef with the bar going straight to my bones  
That's going to beat you apart when I get you alone.  
It's like I'm bleeding the bard for the sugar I broke.  
Now I'm pleading with the bar for some place I can  
smoke.

I've got the keys to the chords to this rubbish I wrote.

I'm going to melt your little heart with wicked words  
-They're going to stick and self-destruct, like  
saboteurs.

And come together with a hammer of swift, slick  
grammar.

But she doesn't think I mean it when I tell her that I  
need her so bad.

Oh no, S-O-S oh!

Daddy's at the door, but we'll get undressed so fast.

Oh no, S-O-S oh!

Maggie's on the floor, shagging it to the Motown brass.

I've got the thirst that you think you can make it with  
out.

I'm going to break you apart- and I'll start at the mouth.

You like a vandal for his kicks, but I'm calling you out.

I'm going to brand you full of tricks.

When you break in about the time the pirates and  
pricks hear us shake down and shout-

I'm going to melt your little heart with wicked words  
-They're going to stick and self-destruct, like  
saboteurs.

Come together with a hammer of swift, slick grammar.

But she doesn't think I mean it, when I tell her that I  
need to get bad.

Oh no, S-O-S oh!

Daddy's at the door, but we'll get undressed so fast.

Oh no, S-O-S oh!

Maggie's on the floor, shagging it to the Motown brass.

(My, oh my)

Visit [16mm](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.