

Cinder

"Whistlin Pete"

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Yeah mother fucker's got his head all inside out
And he thinks it's quite stylish and he never goes
without
And he says, "Baby you don't understand and you
haven't got a clue,
Just step inside this twisted mind and walk upon my
shoes!"

I know something that we don't
Go!
Mother fucker knows his head is all wrong
Mother fucker knows his head is all wrong
Mother fucker knows his head is all wrong
Mother fucker knows his head is all wrong
Mother fucker knows his head is all wrong
Mother fucker knows his head is all wrong
Mother fucker knows his head is all wrong
Mother fucker knows his head is all wrong

Yeah mother fucker's got his head all inside out
And he wears it like a crown of thorns and he never
goes without
And he's the king who rules these streets
Preaches to the air
And shows us all a different side of those who stop and
stare

I know something that we don't
Go!
Mother fucker knows his head is all wrong
Mother fucker knows his head is all wrong
Mother fucker knows his head is all wrong
Mother fucker knows his head is all wrong
Mother fucker knows his head is all wrong
Mother fucker knows his head is all wrong
Mother fucker knows his head is all wrong
Mother fucker knows his head is all wrong

Don't let him
So wrong

(whistling)

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