

Crude Oz

"Til My Fingers Bleed"

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I got a car named desire
And my mind is on fire
When I'm strumming my guitar
I go higher and higher
Though my fingers may bleed
No there's no stopping me
Though I can't climb a mountain
I can climb up a tree
So you think that I suck
Tell me I'm out of luck
Well you can say what you say
I'll just tell you so what
I know it's an illusion
Fame is all in my head
But the time I admit it is the time I'll be dead

I'm an ugly mother...
I think you're ugly too
You need some introspection
F*** You

No I ain't got no money
Just some hair from my nose
Won't you give me some honey
Trim the nails on my toes
I pamper you with affection
You treat me like I was dirt
Lead me to an erection
Drive me right up your skirt
No let's not get too loud
Or we might start a crowd
No we won't even bother
Got some zits breakin out
Making something from nothing
Taking all I can take
Yes the music your hearing are the songs that I make

No there is no other
This is my favorite song
No it makes no sense
It's all wrong

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