

Devo

"Ono"

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We were all alone
Then she bit my bone
I said let's sell the phone
Try to get away

I knew she was in heat
She knelt at my feet
Wet socks on the floor
But it's all the same

Last year we got sick
Doctors did the trick
Now i gotta use stick
But it's still the same

Blunt as a match pack
Dry as a cactus
Ono you go home

Pus policeman fill up day
Student teachers license plates
Eat my dinner words all gone
I feel slipped away

The moral is don't start
Even if you're smart
You don't have a chance
It's all the same

Blunt as a match pack
Dry as a cactus
Ono you go home

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