

## Bows

# "Cuban Welterweight Rumbles Hidden Hitmen"

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Punch drunk  
Bust mouth and fingers  
I flattened an african  
They said, "win and we'll whack you"  
So i break out the back way  
Head for the highway and home  
Honey-like sunlight  
I cant cry for laughing

Now i found you  
Feels like  
I'll go down  
Chill out  
Ill come quietly  
Wont make  
A sound

Sleeping beauties  
Ready to shoot me  
They got hands full of magnums  
Such beautiful shooters  
Orchids in their pockets  
Teenage mcqueens  
And love comes like thunder  
Just one tongue in the mouth kiss to wake them  
And maybe they'll say. "hey, baby you and me. Hey  
Vegas how about all three?"

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