

## Buck 65

### "Square Two"

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swimming upstream,  
young men and women are fiending for  
immediate intimacy with no limitations.  
alas, the skirts don't hide the shadows  
cast by the bare ass on the dancefloor.  
sexual warfare waits in the staircase  
and therefore most of them probably  
shouldn't even really be there in the first place.  
unarmed soldiers of lust rub shoulders  
with those older and more immature than them,  
it's disgusting, yet intriguing to see  
overachieving greasers unleashing themselves  
upon the female species,  
especially when the weather gets warmer and then  
the whole entire wardrobe is normally informal.  
for your information, the hats are worn backwards  
and so are the morals when the girls wear overalls.  
it's a sensitive issue involving insecurity  
maturity levels, and lots of toilet tissue 'cause...

the girls are desperate,  
but the boys are even hornier,  
the rose smells sweet  
but the stem is even thornier.  
it's a match made in purgatory,  
what more do you want to know?

the girls get goosebumps and nipples to notice but  
no one knows how to communicate it's useless when  
lies are told with closed eyes and  
everybody tries to disguise their own flaws when the  
guys go,  
"we need females and we read details."  
it's card tricks and hard dicks  
and a beat that goes like "uh uh uh yeah, uh huh uh uh  
yeah."  
the neat part of the meat market apart from the  
darkness and lots of narcotics to me is the hard rocks,  
no one needs to be told twice, there's plenty of cold  
ice,  
just tight pants and old spice who take shots and roll

dice.  
the carpets are crumby with puke coming out of them.  
it's putrid and stupid  
why don't you make a contribution  
to the plan-gathering, as a matter fact, word  
what do you say, this thursday, or saturday, you  
thirsty?

the girls are desperate,  
but the boys are even hornier.  
the rose smells sweet  
but the stem is even thornier.  
it's a match made in purgatory,  
what more do you want to know?

it smells like everything inside of the hideout  
but i doubt anyone really wants to know why,  
oh my, goodness gracious, the place is basically  
bulging  
with people indulging in, all kinds of fabric,  
it's a magical buffet of pheromones and flesh  
that defies all logic.  
it's just like dodgeball, but instead of a ball  
the contestants throw around the head of a doll  
and i don't know what it means,  
but it makes it worth the cost alone,  
even with the overflowing load of testosterone.  
the sexual appetites are salty, it's a circus,  
the circuits are faulty, and everybody's uptight  
with sweat stains and jet planes and hot rod love  
songs,  
blistering kisses for every mister and misses,  
in the same of time it takes for you to make a  
sandwich, love,  
you can probably find someone for you to take  
advantage of.

'cause the girls are desperate,  
but the boys are even hornier.  
the rose smells sweet  
but the stem is even thornier.  
it's a match made in purgatory,  
what more do you want to know?

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