

## Huntingtons "Fft"

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Sitting in my room the thoughts  
Are flying through my head  
Tast inside my brain is tart  
The contract's on my bed  
Smell the smell of cigar smoke  
And i know who it is  
Ideas are dumb the doors are shut  
The messages are his

My buddly al drove off a cliff  
And ran into a nail  
He licks his wounds and wonders  
How the tooth drove him to fail  
He hates to park his car  
Downtown on 16th avenue  
Sometimes her eyes are green  
And other times i think they're blue

My sister is a mother  
And my mother is a chore  
My brother is a junkie  
For the c.o. music boards  
I knew this guy who was so lazy  
And he was so dumb  
He slept all day and lost his job  
And now he is a bum

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