

Adam Green "Steak For Chicken"

Visit "[Steak For Chicken](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Her:

Mardi Gras came and went
All my money has been spent
How am I gonna pay the rent
Sitting on my ass
Who mistook the steak for chicken?
Who'm I'm gonna stick my dick in
Were not those kids,
Sitting on the couch
My former life I had a sister
I abused her and I dissed her
She got swept up in a twister
First I laughed and then I missed her
Who mistook these baths for showers?
Who fucked up that meaning Tower?
Were not those kids,
Sitting on the couch
Oh get on a Greyhound and ride away
Different dreams than yesterday
Tell your grandmas they're okay
Kiss their cheek and run away
Cuz me and my friends are so smart
We invented this new kind of darts
Hit a bulls-eye and cut a fart
Smoking crack and cutting grass.
Who missed that thing on the ceiling?
Who is gonna hurt my feelings?
Were not those kids,
Sitting on the couch
Even your mother is a crook
But if I get a closer look
There's shit on every road you took
If you don't believe me, read your book.
So who made all these things for killing?
Whose empty heart needs filling?
Were not those kids,
Sitting on the couch.

His:

Mardi Gras came and went
All my money has been spent
How am I gonna pay the rent
Sitting on your face

Who mistook the steak for chicken?
Who am I gonna stick my dick in
Were not those kids,
Sitting on the couch
My former life I was a high roller
Dropped my kids in the diamond stroller
Found my calling as a part time bowler
Treated my wife for a new three-holer
Who mistook these baths for showers?
Who fucked up that Leaning Tower?
Were not those kids,
Sitting on the couch
Oh get on a Greyhound and ride away
Live on birthday cake each day
Tell your grandparents that they're gay
Steal their money and run away
Cuz me and my friends are so smart
We invented this new kind of art
Post modernist, throwing darts
Smoking crack and cutting crack
Who mistook the Krauts* genius?
Who is gonna stroke my penis?
Were not those kids,
Sitting on the couch
Oh people are shiny like a brand new book
But if you get a closer look
There's shit on every hand you shook
If you don't believe me, look at your hand
So who made all these things for killing?
Whose pussy hole needs filling?
Were not those kids,
Sitting on the couch
{Her} Who mistook the steak for chicken?
{Him} Who am I going to stick my dick in?
{together}
Were not those kids
Sitting on the couch
Sitting on the couch
Sitting on the couch
Sitting on the couch

Visit [Adam Green](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.