

Kinky Machine

"Bring On The Clones"

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A bed so soft who would have known
She'd give birth to a hooligan
I'm out of time but don't count me in
Another brain dead mannequin

The sad thing's you don't know
I hoped you'd choke to death on that wishbone
But there you go

Bring on the clones

The little prince from Malibu
He wants to tell us what to do
We're out of touch but don't count us in
Another brain dead manikin

The sad thing's you don't know
I hoped you'd choke to death on that wishbone
But there you go

Bring on the clones

It's the saddest thing you've never known
I hope you fall out of your high window
There you go

Bring on the clones

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