

## Legenda

### "The Dairy"

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Peeling paint, dead cigarettes... old cobwebs on the ceiling. Feeling  
Faint, the spider fled - the flies played hide 'n' seek. We wrestled cheek  
To cheek, pink naked on the sheets. A feel was cheap, a deeper thrill was  
Steeper. Camera peeped, director leaping, screaming, shouting, louder  
"Roll 'em, hold 'em, hole 'em, Close up. ART! Prepetual motion. Higher!  
Ram it home now cowby. Down Boy. Showdown! Shoot that crazy foam across  
The duvet..." Get them creaming at the dairy, pumping lonesome 'cross the  
Praries. Hats spin on their laps. The hotsprings gushing. Play roulette.  
The russians do it best - well, don't they, Jerkov?

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