

## **Cherry Poppin Daddies "Diabolic Tastemaker"**

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Tentacles are groping Jelly stained reptile brained We  
crawled out of the sea Formless and squishy And still  
we have these minds And that fishy kinda flux Slippery  
as a slug Like an octopussy swimmin' All unglued,  
loose and ballooned Licorice gas our hearts our ass In  
a bath of lemonade You don't understand your minds'  
music No balls, tour walls Breeding life Lacks a funky  
bass I got solar system space I got diabolic tastemake  
Got my source of creation Tongue is red givin' head  
Angle eyes to skyward There's a mustache comm'  
down Lickin' up the moon A self portrait in vomit I spit it  
in the rug Look inside, there you'll find Creative acts in  
liquid I'm of noble blood I got spanked when i yanked  
niagra falls I crashed her gash Smearin' doo doo on  
the walls Goddesses of beauty, i worship your booty I  
suffered in her succotash I got diabolic tastemaker Got  
my source of creation

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