

Machine Gun Fellatio "Pull Over"

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I got some money- he knows a guy,
A cat across town under a Brooklyn sky.
Twenties of blow right over the bar,
Cool your jets- it ain't that far.
So ride on, ride on, ride on- we'll soon be there.
So ride on, ride on, ride on- we'll soon be there.
See them highbrow sisters in their mother-milk gloves,
With their no-neck gangsters, hungry for love?
Stereo's broken, sharin' headphones,
Keep your high-hats open, and leave us alone.
Pull over to the kerb and let the sirens go by.
Pull over to the kerb and let the sirens go by.
So ride on, ride on, ride on- we'll soon be there.
So ride on, ride on, ride on- we'll soon be there.
What is this country, the stripes and the stars?
Twenties of blow right over the bar.
Stereo's broken, sharin' headphones,
Keep your high-hats open and leave us alone.
Pull over to the kerb and let the sirens go by.
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