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Machine Gun Fellatio "Sick With The Taste"

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Now he's sick with the taste of...

The sound of airbrakes sends a shiver down my spine Those gilded ladies on the mudflap slide I'm workin' bug-eyed on the late shift Doin' a long haul sucking truckie's dick

Now he's sick with the taste of truckers come Sick with the taste of truckers come Sick with the taste of, sick with the taste of Sick with the taste of truckers come

Oh, whoa, whoa Oh, whoa, whoa Oh, whoa, whoa Oh. whoa, whoa

Here comes the aeroplane I open wide Through a hole in the cubicle I watch it slide Is this my place? Is this my lot? To be chafe lipped in a truck-stop?

Now he's sick with the taste of truckers come Sick with the taste of truckers come Sick with the taste of, sick with the taste of Sick with the taste of truckers come

Oh. whoa. whoa Oh, whoa, whoa

They love the highway, no love at home In a centred element of the economic flow But then I serve, embracing my lot Chafe lipped in this truckstop

Now he's sick with the taste Now he's sick with the taste Now he's sick with the taste Sick with the taste of truckers come

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