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Miss Angie "Getcha"

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Black, fuzzy, matted heart Hears the wonderful seed Blue, pretty, feathered bird Eats up the need Bright, blazin' sun burns up Thick, crowded vine chokes out They'll getcha, they'll getcha, they'll getcha They'll getcha, and then they'll forgetcha Wined and dined and feeling oh so fine Treasures towered, don't need the divine Smart and sure in thine own eye With these you are dead inside Didn't they tell you? Didn't they tell you? They'll getcha, they'll getcha, they'll getcha They'll getcha, and then they'll forgetcha

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