

Corey Smith "Dirtier By The Year"

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I got a bad condition,
Yeah it's been going around,
Since Eve stole the fruit from the tree,
It's a thing for the dirty little thing we do,
I think about it don't freak with me.

Yeah there's a movie collection in the back of my mind,
It's filthy as a garbage pile,
If it keeps piling up at the rate it's growing,
I'm gonna be a perverted old man.

Yeah, I get dirtier by the year,
Yeah, I get dirtier by the year,
I'm more obscene than a hustler magazine,
And I get dirtier by the year.

The voice in my head is a four letter train,
It would bring my mama to tears,
Sometimes I'm ashamed just to listen myself,
Man I'm glad nobody else can hear.

Yeah, it gets dirtier by the year,
Yeah, it gets dirtier by the year,
I'm nasty enough to make a stripper blush,
And I get dirtier by the year.

I'm like a wolf on the prowl,
But there's no eating allowed,
My dinner's back home on the table.
But all these fantasies,
Keep propositionin' me,
I try to stop but I'm not able. (no)

I went to the preacher,
I said I must confess,
I feel I'm rotten down to the core,
He said 'Don't be so hard on yourself now son,
What do you think all this religion is for?'

We get dirtier by the year,
We get dirtier by the year,
Yeah the longer we live,

The more there is to forgive,
We get dirtier by the year,
We get dirtier by the year.

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