

Corrosion Of Conformity "Senor Limpio"

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"Busted bad and dusted boy, your mind's a terrible thing"
Said the man with a dirty hand who claimed that he was king
The chokin' angels from inside, tryin' to make them sing
'Cause your short of breath an' close to death from sleepin' on the wing

Dirty king, dirty king, now you're strapped in for the ride
It's so hard to be a fighter when your hands are always tied

A Mr. Innocent Blood and said he kills but just for love
Too bad the good ones always have to take your blame
Hey, sharp tongue liar, make all pay in a bed of fire
Too bad your dreams are always made of losin' games, loser

Dirty king, dirty king, now you're strapped in for the ride
It's so hard to be a fighter when your hands are always tied

But I want to, but I want to, but I want to
But my hands are always tied up
Ah, yes indeed

But I want to, I want to, I want to

But my hands are always tied up
Ah, dirty king

But I wish I had myself a dime
For every time I cursed your goddamn name
Ah, Miss Clean, yeah
Oh, motor

Sweatin' on the line, doin' forty, wastin' time
Ain't it funny how that money rots your brain?
Ah, put your soul on trial 'cause you lost it all to a tiny

vial

Look in the mirror when you tell me whose insane, who?

Dirty king, dirty king, now you're strapped in for the ride

So hard to be a fighter when your hands are always tied

But I want to, but I want to, but I want to

But my hands are always tied up

Ah, yes indeed

But I want to, I want to, I want to

But my hands are always tied up

Ah, dirty king

But I wish I had myself a dime

For every time I cursed your goddamn name

Ah, Miss Clean, yeah

Your soul in a battle of dope

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