

The Holly Springs Disaster

"I D.A.R.E. David Bowie To Drive Drunk"

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Why are all my teeth on the floor, I can't pick it up,
without picking you up.
So I'm asking that fine young deputant and the man in
the mirror exactly what the fuck I did with my keys last
night.
Woah; I'm so fucked up, I can't feel my lungs, so I'm
filling you up, with motion sickness love.
I'm filling you up with motion sickness love.
So, I'm filling you up with motion sickness love.
Like a lazy fuck, who can't get off her back, you got to
get on top to keep me coming back.
So now I'm asking that fine young debutant, one last
time, exactly what the fuck I did with my keys, OH, last
night.
So, I'm filling you up, with motion sickness love.
I'm filling you up, with motion sickness love.
So, I'm filling you up, with motion sickness love.
So, I'm filling you up, with motion sickness love.
OH!
I should have thought you out, before I took off your
clothes.
So I'll just fill your throat.

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