

Thought Industry "Horsepowered"

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Halcyon prick absinthe loaded. Popes moselle in
Christ, slurping dead Jim's fat ass wife with shamrocks
and driftwood. I'm an articulate man, but the chanty
says to fuck. Scrape.

Sterilized aqua rectum. Chumly the Walrus.
Adventures bloop gumption's "if"? Catholics crust lust
my stomach, Jim's dumb tame moray. How many
times, Timmy? How many times, Jenny? Let's rinse
and rinse. Scrape.

Cheap man's lumbering hulk city bus will swoop me
off at nine. 'tards with lunch pails. Bums hacking snot.
Some fruit sniffing shampoo. A drunk bus driver. Kill
that bus driver. Kill the fucking bus driver. Scrape.

"Hey, here's part of my new book. A clever political
anthology. It's for the pretentious and cute. So I named
it 'America, will you please stick it in and ride?' Fly

dove. We fly."

Vacillate stance silver Zippo and cotton. My
varicolored weapons and wasps. I'm ok. I'm fine. Feel
swell. It's neat. Don't bump me. Bang bang delicious.
Go bang bang delicious in the bathroom at Crossroads
mall. Scrape.

I'm a fucking pop star. Non-threatening music.
Chipped meat hunk seen on Fox. Scrape. I'm a fucking
pop star. Budweiser sponsored. I've made it. Put it
there, chum. Scrape.

"I bought a song. Some sort of Neil Sedaka sample.
Hey, pay attention to me. It's so damn important. Well,
Fuck ya'. So stick it in and ride." Fly Bush. We fly and
ride. Free Quayle we fly.

Angie's lonely and stinking drunk, with morals like
frozen piss. She'll stick it in and ride. Fly Rush, we'll
fly and ride. Free horse we ride.

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