

Suburban Tribe

"Dog Days"

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She crashed in my room
pushed her breast in my face
she said "you wanna bite, boy?"
started swinging her waist

Hot summer hits you like a hammer
the heat is overwhelming
like junkies crowd goes around
seeking for relief
waiting it to ease
please let this be a dream

Dog days

She came all over me
I threw her to the floor
she said "you are a creep, boy!"
before slamming the door

Dog days
give a mind it's own play
it takes over
the lust for life again

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