

Moist "Into Everything"

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Quarter slot, the pictures hot
You can be so damn ugly
Flickering is sickening the show
Sexual intellectual
Feel so raw, makes me crazy
Pocket full of quarters left to go

I said I'm fine, work the line
Punch the clock, it never meant that much
Wake up, wake up, it's here again
Whiskey shot, drink it up
One more bottle just wash the cut away
Into everything

My wife's alone, the kids at home
She can be so damn ugly
Her face is blurred without a word to say
I spray the dream with gasoline
Just one match be so easy
Splatterings of you along the way

I said I'm find, work the line
Punch the clock, it never meant that much
Wake up, wake up, it's here again
On a whim stole the the car
Heard a shot ring out, it seemed so far away
Into everything

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You can be so damn ugly
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Sexual Intellectual
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