

Noel Torres

"Green Corn"

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Togheter on the sand
We walked hand in hand
On the beach last summer
She smiled to me
I had my dick inside her
Country music played on the radio
So i turned it of
We walked down to the water
As I fucked your grandma's daughter
The way it swept us away
What a hoo
What a hoo we've won
What a hoo

Sometimes I think of all the places I don't wanna go
Then I think of all the things I don't wanna do
Think about the people I never wanna meet
I close my eyes and I go to sleep

Tully baby, you're trapped behind your golden bars
I'm the prince of poverty, I hang around in bars
You're life's a Mercedes, a mansion with a pool
My life's on a bus stop just waiting for some fuel

Your obviousness disgust me, I see through your
macho lies
I'll fight everything you stand for
There's something in your purse baby, my head's
getting sore
Maybe what we had was just green corn

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