

The Lips

"Inbred"

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Awoke next to a naked lady who tastes like wine and
she's inbred but it's fine.

I woke the next morning with a sauerkraut eye,
and a blueberry mind that's been buried alive.

Ooh, like a hummingbird. Ooh, flying bluejay way.

Can you taste my resident? Taste. My poison water.

I woke next morning with a naked man,
and my head half off with a broken hand.

Ooh, like a hummingbird. Ooh, falling out my way.

Can you taste my president? Taste. My poison water.

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