

Pods

"Funk On Your Tummy"

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Drowning in my restless ways
Thrusting, digging my own grave
Thinking that the day would pass
It seems it's here forever
You're so pretty you're so young
Much too young to settle down
A mobile home was rented
With a simple rabbit murder

CHORUS:

Must have been the funk on your tummy
You sat up it started running
Must have been the funk on the couch
I swear I pulled it out
Daddy and his cheap cologne
Swore we'd never be alone
But I was so much smarter
I was smarter getting harder
Ten seconds, his den
Think I scraped my nose on heaven
You mighta wore my letter jacket
But I don't want a baby

CHORUS

How could we stop ourselves?
The sweetest hole was so much fun
But all in all it would've been better
If I let the funk ride on your tongue
Ugly adolescent phase
Burning in this tragic blaze
If your panties weren't satin
I don't think this would've happened
But I'm here I'll do okay
We can work it out somehow
Quit school, get a job
OH OH OH OH!

CHORUS

Every dream and lots of money
Vanished with your hymen, honey
In the air now I'm scared
All because I missed your tummy
LOOK OUT!

