

Ike Reilly

"Angels & Whores"

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(I wanna know what the fuck's goin' on)

What?

(One, two, three)

All the pretty girls call my home
They say what you doing?
Where ya going?
What ya singing?
What's your song?
I used to look and wonder
Are they angels or are they whores?
But I don't look much like that anymore

Riding in my Crown Vic
Outta school, Half-lit
Stop, search, weed, take-down
Lip off, the limp dick

Hey mother fucker kiss the ground

(Chorus)
I used to look and wonder
Are they angels or are they whores?
But I don't look much like that anymore

I'm gonna take the things I loved (yeah yeah)
I'm gonna take all the things that I fucked up (yeah
yeah)
I was wrong
Children I belong...Children I belong...
Children (children)
Children (children)
Children I belong to you
Yeah yeah you (yeah yeah you) (x3)

All my pretty gay friends call my name
They say where ya been?
You cleaned up
You're looking good

Where ya playing?
Crosstown, Downstate, Eastside Bowry
Playing for the pussy and the saps
Money undressed me and money molest me
As the suburbs set the punk off of my lap

(Chorus)
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