

Lifter Puller

"Sangre De Stephanie"

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Her tongue it turned blue from the tropical drinks
After the discotheque, of course she got sick in the
Sink

Put on the paint it black, shrug off her shoulder
Straps
Pulled out a plastic bag
Woke up in heat stuck to her red rubber sheets

We're budweiser, we're benzadrine
We went down on the smoke machine
We're molson ice, we're percosets
Won't you share your cigarettes with me and my
friends

And after the asparin binge, before she got sent to the
Shrink
She had me up for a couple of drinks
Put on the porcupines, close the venetian blinds
Woke up in rags and wrapped in a plastic bag

We're budweiser, we're benzadrine
We went down on the cash machine
We're molson ice, we're percosets
We're all out of cigarettes

And early on in the breaking dawn
Woke up to the sabbath song

And her hair was let down but her dress was still on
She crossed herself and it turned me on
Said jesus I'm jumpy

Later on in the break of dawn
Broke up to the nazareth song
And her hair was back up but her dress was all gone
She crossed herself and it turned me on

She's gettin stoned when I came down the stairs
Tryin to decide what the fuck she could wear
And I helped her to take off that hair shirt
Slide right into that slit skirt

And I'm glad you invited him
Like to know what I'm up against

The cars, the bars, the moonshine in mason jars
The sex and the dextrin swung from the jungle gym
And jane, you're lame, the cocaine's for teenagers
The bud and the benzedrine, fucked with the fog
machine
On and on in the breaking dawn

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