

Red Knife Lottery

"Hip Bruisers"

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Heavy on the pour. This evil.
I'm ready for another shot baby.

Watch out for me cause I'm a hurricane and you've got
the
Bottle pumping through your veins.
Marry me, marry me, between the sheets.
These spirits. my soul, my soul to keep.

This is it sweets. This is all there is.
Can you feel it, feel it when we kiss?
We shake out hips and we move out lips.
We read our parts and then we call it quits.
Smell of your sweat. I can taste your coming of age.
I've got more than enough to grab baby. Such a sturdy
Little lady.
Heavy on the pour. I'm ready for one more.

Baby will this still be fun without all this tension?
Baby I've only begun, can't you hear it in my diction?
Smell of your swear. I can taste your coming of age.
I've got enough to grab, baby. Such a sturdy little lady.
Please let your hair down darlin'.
We'll paint the town red, darlin'.
My momma said I would grow up to be such a study
little
Lady.

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