

Soft Boys

"Vyrna Knowl Is A Headbanger"

Visit "[Vyrna Knowl Is A Headbanger](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

She bangs a bowl
She bangs a bat
She bangs a ball and builds her cat
She bangs her head
Against the wall
She bangs her head and slides her fat
She catches Handel in her flat
Her man is right
In greasy silk
A split tomato in his mind
A crumpled heart
Sags to the sea
Tomato heart escaping gas
She has her man in rubber skin
Of all the people that I know
The ones I like I love the best
The fishes in the sewer pipes
The highway man is yellow stripes
At least I'm not a coathanger
Vyrna Knowl you're a headbanger
B-b-b-b-b-b-bang
She tangs her fag
She taints her cyst
She fludles gun around her rug
She twists her fang
She tugs her foot
She muffles hamsters in a squat
Her hair's on his marshmallow pout
His head is rich
Enough to burst
Fresh ale and flies on melon halves were like enstrung
Around her calves
You wind up living somewhere cheap
And die upon a compost heap
Well all the people I don't know
The ones I do I hate the most
The twisted father of mankind
'S enough to drive a poor boy blind
At least I'm not a coathanger
Vyrna Knowl you're a headbanger
Bang
She bangs it once and that's no lies

She bangs it twice and both her eyes
Come dangle out on yo-yo strings
Her head bore branches on a sheath
And Vyrna bubbles on the heath
"My heart is full of soap," she sighs
A tounge of stalk
And tender leaves
And then she'll eat
Her skull it ____ and splits
And like an egg
It dribbles down your inside leg
Don't get me wrong I'm quite okay
She tounes a cat
She tounes a cake
She throws transistors in a lake
She throws her head
Far through the door
I wonder what she does that for
I wonder what she think I gots
Yeah, listen Vyrna
(Shutdown)
There ain't nothing in here but your own sweet mind
(Shutdown)
If it bothers you we can turn it off
(Shutdown)
With your silly red shoes and your grecian urn
(Shutdown)
And your feet potted out of a veiled cocoon
(Shutdown)
Like an overweight butteyfly on a thin red scone
A rotting statue on a feathery dawn
Invented you one summer's morn
At least I'm not a coathanger
Vyrna Kowl you're a headbanger

Visit [Soft Boys](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.