

## **S.o.s. "The Hores"**

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Rushing to an evening  
Waiting for the sweetie  
Of a lovely building  
What a fucking dream  
I could run a business  
Of some pretty hores  
Why don't you come sit and laugh

Coro:  
I was dreaming  
I was screaming  
!Hores! !The hores! Living with the! Hores!

What could you be waiting for  
Come enter my paradise  
Get your self room  
And enjoy the night  
Dancing with the devil  
Comes to you when you say ho  
An illness comes not handy  
Do you wanna die

(Coro)

Rushing to an evening  
Waiting for the sweetie  
Of a lovely building

What a fucking dream  
I could run a business  
Of some pretty hores  
Why don't you come sit and laugh

(Coro)

Now your running free  
With some kind of illness  
You are going to die  
Enjoy it all you can  
Spend your days with women  
Spreading the disease  
You will come to me hoping you will never die

(Coro)

(Solo)

!Rushing to an evening  
Waiting for the sweetie  
Of a lovely building  
What a fucking dream  
I could run a business  
Of some pretty hoes  
Why don't you come sit and laugh!

(! Coro!)

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