

Molly Sand?n

"I Can't Help Myself"

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I can't help myself ...
I am the doughnut that you hold up
And I never sold up in a pie,
The hoot boot's so fly,
I always try to beat the rest to impress,
I put my tongue in my trouser press,
I got the toots baby you got the fruits,
Fruit got the loot lady you got the boots,
Don't be a mook don't get the spook,
Don't be a cry baby I only said maybe,
Shmoozin I was pressuing when like a catapult,
I did a summersault,
Going down the lazy river,
Three fingers deliver,
I can't help myself...,
The reverb you just heard is resounding in the
surrounding area,
It's getting scarier I've got the amp damp mangled,
Got my tingle in tangle let me see what I can wangle,
In the bermuda triangle,
Gravity will be the death of me,
Terminal velocity follow the follow the vaper,
One hundred purcent proof caper,
Burst the barricades but don't drink the lemonade,
Martinis by beeard man an artizan down at the can can,
And oh yes he can can fat,
Fredies cat in seven lead boots whiskey for the
whiskers the shot sure shoots,
She sells sea shells sea shells on the sea shore,
Is it true what mummy said you can't come back no
more,
Oh no no no no singing a song about nothing,
Talk through my belly button,
At the inn of seventh happiness more or less,
I found you on the floor saying more more more,
Peel back the skin sonar beats like quaver,
Small bananas selected for flavour,
I can't help myself....

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