

Hidden Cameras, The "Awoo"

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From the moment I was taught to resist the education
To hold it hostage until I know he loves me
With a shrug and an ugh I unleash my holy power
With a feeling of the end of my last examination

Awoo, awoo

How sweet is the curd of my own rich qualities
I'd rather wallow in the mud of my own imagination
If I am naked on the throne, I'll be working in the
boneyard
Haunts the blood like a bad reputation

Awoo, awoo, awoo, awoo

I've got 25 bucks, can you save my reputation
Acting like nothing ever happened to me ever
But if I covet and conform to my own witch qualities
I will be working for my own now, at least I know he
loves me not

Awoo, awoo, awoo, awoo

Awoo, awoo, awoo, awoo

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