

Holly Springs Disaster, The "I D.A.R.E. David Bowie To Drive Drunk"

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why are all my teeeth on the floor
I can't pick it up, without picking you up

So I'm asking that fine young debutant and the man in
the mirror exactly
what the fuck I did with my keys last night.

Woah, I'm so fucked up
I can't feel me lungs
So now I'm filling you up
With motion sickness love

I'm filling you up
with with motion sickness love
So now I'm filling you up
With motion sickness love

Like a lazy fuck, who can't get off her back
You got to get on top to keep me coming back

So I'm asking that fine young debutant, one last time
exactly what the fuck I did with my keys, last night

So I'm filling you up
With motion sickness love
I'm filling you up
With motion sickness love
So I'm filling you up
With motion sickness love
So I'm filling you up
With motion sickness love

I should have thought you out
Before I took off your clothes
So I'll just fill your throat

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