

Holly Springs Disaster, The "Showdown"

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Now shes doing the two step, with substance
Slow quick, quick, slow (slow, quick, quick, slow)
Slow, quick, quick, slow (slow, quick, quick, slow)

Now that she's caught with pants around her ankles
With bloodshot eyes, red parting lips (oh, woah-oh)
With blood shot eyes, (oh, woah-oh) red parting lips

I'm dressed in a fashion of a gentleman
and she's in a fashion of a prostitute

If I can give what she needs, so she can lie in my bed,
And she'll taste my fucking lips, without tasting last
nights fling
And she will shed virgin skin, without feeling like a
whore

Take these burdens from your chest
take some time to clean up this mess

There's life on the other side of the bed
But its lonely in this world without a stranger in your
bed

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