

Maria Sadowska

"Your Lower Back"

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Your lower back, your lower back
Don't worry baby, I won't resuscitate
Dumb buzzard luck, don't give a fuck
Don't worry baby, stand up
If they treat you rough in the evening
You'll be alright by the morning
Why would you do this? It's so goddamn demeaning
Your lower back haunts me every time I come
Your lower back, your lower back in spite of it
Baby, stand up
Oh, and don't make a peep, don't you squeak
Don't fight it baby, be sweet
If they rough you up in the evening
You'll get 'em back by the morning
Why would you do this? It's so goddamn demeaning,
yeah
Your lower back haunts me every time I come
If I lose my lunch over dinner
That southern drawl is getting thinner
And I don't like it when rough stuff gets too gruesome
Your lower back haunts me every time I come

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