

Pink Wonton

Man Man

It's the way that your kiss condemns me
It makes me feel like I'm in Guantanamo
My dying way of fingertips tore me
You treated me like a feral animal

Oh Percy, riding in the Amazon
A due mare lost in limbo
Has a better chance in Hell than I do
Of keeping cool

Too good for you from the udder to the mouth
We're all biding our time from the uterus to the ground

And our hearts are cunning
(Way easier, in the sun)
When they want something
(Go find it, Pink Wonton)
Throw you under a bus
Grind your teeth to dust
Hide in the darkness of your sun

Shoot my head as you bury all your baggage
In the bed of another dumb cocksmith
I don't sleep just to dull my memories
Of how you love like an oas horsehead

Waterboard me with "Call Me Maybe"
Looping on an endless repeat
Ain't got nothing on the kiss you gave me
So cruel so sweet

Too good for you from the udder to the mouth
We're all biding our time from the uterus to the ground

And our hearts are cunning
(Way easier, in the sun)
When they want something
(Go find it, Pink Wonton)
Throw you under a bus
Grind your teeth to dust
Hide in the darkness of your
(Bang, Bang, Pow)
(Bang, you're dead)

Ooh, what's your papa making?
Ooh, what's your papa making?
Ooh, what's your papa making?

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Ooh, what's your papa making?
Ooh, what's your papa making?
(Pink Wonton)

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Ooh, what's your papa making?

And our hearts are cunning
(Way easier, in the sun)
When they want something
(Way noisier, Pink Wonton)
And our hearts are cunning
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Throw you under a bus
Grind your teeth to dust
Hide in the darkness of your sun