

## Primal Nature

## Acid Drinkers

A jailer gave birth to me  
My mother was too frightened  
Jack the ripped (a stroke of luck)  
Stood godfather to me  
And I lived with gorillas  
My foul language didn't repel them  
And my mates were hyenas  
Because we were of a kind

Feel my primal nature  
Feel my primal nature  
Look in my barbaric mind

I studied with desperados  
There really was no other way  
I nomadized with the tribe  
Whose chieftain was a sheer twirp  
And I entered through the window  
The place I left through the door  
And I only slept with artists  
Because we were of a kind

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Look in my barbaric mind