

Six, Three Times

Boris

Now, there's no one around here or the floor
Look, it's always cutting apart
Make a call, press six, three times
Sing now.
Happy lies, made by the evil thingy
Let them talk, just like that
Fill the vacuum with your empty loose words
You always say the word
You know it's wiwa, spit it out
Here are the answers you want
Shuffle
Fill the vacuum, one-man show, a total nonsense
Fill the vacuum
Re-dial only