

Put the little kids in the corner
With their face and their eyes on the floor
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With their face and their eyes on the floor

My favorite band
Is a witch
Find themselves in poet corners
And they still like to dick

It's of course, they're afraid
It's a fine complicate
You can find, demonstrate
Slip along, demon ways

My favorite band
Is a witch
Find themselves with perfect mornings
And they still try to live

The menstruation
Pulitzer Prize masturbation
A little morning cries
I wish on thievery of corners
Admit the cries
I know he's saying
He's saying, "so tired"

They'll have to put the little kids in the corner
With their eyes and face on the floor
You're so fucked up now
You're fucked up now
You're fucked up now

Put the little kids in the corner
With their face and their eyes on the floor
Put the little kids in the corner
With their face and their eyes on the floor

I know you want me to keep on going
You want me to keep on going
And you know wherever I am