

Sticks & Stones

Bruce Hornsby

Scabby head knobby kneed old nappy head
Thunder thighs, juicing all turning red
Pizza face pop it quick old nasty old
Pits old panty waist
Knotty headed fatty cakes

Oh sticks and stones can break my bones
But your words always hurt me the most
My scars will heal but the slurs won't
Blow up and lose my head well I hope I don't (I hope I don't)

Gousy ass drool face old beady-eyed
Fat half-a-deck big ones like old dick speck
Nasty buckteeth stainbreath zit-faced fetus
Brain sucking wind twinin', hummin' funkenstain

Oh sticks and stones can break my bones
But your words always hurt me the most
My scars will heal but the slurs won't
Blow up and lose my head well I hope I don't (Well, I hope I don't)

Sucking wind oh tell me when does it end

Oh sticks and stones can break my bones
But your words always hurt me the most
My scars will heal but the slurs won't
Blow up and lose my head well I hope I don't (Hey... mmmm)

My skin is so thin you can see through it
Oh, laughing your asses off oh don't do it
Laughing our asses off dying our slow death
Talkin' about the buckteeth stainbreath