

We were all alone
Then she bit my bone
I said let's sell the phone
Try to get away

I knew she was in heat
She nailed at my feet
Wet socks on the floor
But it's all the same

Last year we got sick
Doctors did the trick
Now I gotta use a stick
But it's still the same

Rough as a match-pad
Dry as a cactus
Oh, no
You go home

Post policemen fill up day
Student-teacher's license plates
Eat my dinner, words are gone
I feel slipped away

The moral is don't start
Even if you're smart
You don't have a chance
It's all the same

Rough as a match-pad
Dry as a cactus
Oh, no
You go home