

## Scotch On Ice

Golden Smog

She down on my socks  
Getting ice for my scotch  
Never bending my ear  
Just chilling my beers

She don't say much  
She's cold to the touch  
Sometimes it's rough  
With her handcuffs and stuff

She likes what I got  
She takes what I give her  
She feels so real  
Just don't look into her eyes

If I come home late  
The love is still great  
Doesn't follow the trends  
how she bends

She likes it on top  
Little cream, a lil' crop  
And it's getting better

She likes what I got  
Takes what I give her  
She feels so real  
Just don't look into her eyes

Oh, you give me so much pleasure  
Oh, I wish you were alive  
Oh, it gives me so much pleasure  
Oh, it makes me feel alive

She likes what I got  
Takes what I give her  
She feels so real  
Just don't look into her eyes

Oh, you give me so much pleasure  
Oh, I wish you were alive  
Oh, it gives me so much pleasure  
Oh, it makes me feel alive

She comes in a box  
My own private fox  
She's pretty in pink  
She cleans in the sink

She don't say much  
She's cold to the touch  
Doesn't complain  
Travel to Spain

She likes it rough  
With her handcuffs and stuff  
She comes up tough

There's a cream on the crop

She's passing my socks  
Getting ice for my scotch  
Never bending my ear  
Just chilling my beers