

French kiss the asses of the masses  
when they ask which ways the fastest to Hong Kong.  
I don't know I've never been, but soon I'll be.  
Tell the operator "sell you later", at this point in starving.  
Give me a minute and I'll tell you when I'm ready to go underwater.  
All of my bastard children knew right from the very beginning.  
They knew exactly what I was thinking.  
They knew I was sinning and sinking.  
Walk a million miles to tell a thousand lies to a smile on the face.  
The substitute for what's lacking was far more complete the second time through.