

Word to Water

Hot Hot Heat

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 underwa
ter.
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 sec
ond time through.