

Blaming The Baby

Imperial Teen

I don't wanna give you the time
That you give me
I din't wanna go to a be-in with you
You put me in a box
And cut into my psyche
You will find i'm done before starting with you
I know that daddy's reached his prime
Now it's cradle robbing crime
But i'm too old for whine
Just get it over with
I don't wanna give you the time
That you give me
I don't wanna go to the islands with you
Put me in a box and make love to my skeleton
We can snuff my soul
And smoke after we're through
I can't play your touchy feel
It's not part of the deal
Won't die for every meal
Just get it over with
Good boy gone sour
Locked in a tower
Good boy gone sour
Paid by the hour
Good boy gone sour