

Whitesnake

Late of the Pier

Hey, we caught another white snake tonight
Say something and I feel alright (Psyche)

What an abomination
Innocence is such a crime
Hard working sound and vision
To bring you the beats in time

Hoping for stormy weather
Waiting for the proper time
When seven flies swarm together
To stitch eight, and save nine.

And I realise full well
That my life ain't living hell
But I wrote the book too well