

# The Dude

Lords of Acid

New York, 3 o'clock at night no sleep God i must be tired  
Weird thoughts running through my brain  
My blood is pumping in my veins  
And there she sits, she looks at me  
Her skin is pale, her mind is free  
She smiles and says: how do you do ?  
Come with me or should i go with you

Hey baby, you'd better watch out  
You don't know what you're doing  
When you're out and about  
Hey baby, now listen to me  
Things are never ever quite as they seem

She ask me for a cigarette  
Her eyes are bright, her hair is red  
Dressed like a whore, but one with style  
A fantasy, i realise this is no fiction, it's insane  
Her make-up shows she knows the game  
And who am i to tell her no  
So i grab her coat and say let's go

Hey baby, you'd better.....

She takes me to her penthouse bed  
To relax my body and feed my head  
With stories i never heard before  
I'm waiting 'cause i know there's more  
She takes off her clothes and see  
This girl has hairy legs like me  
This may sound a little rude  
I want sex but not with a dude

Hey baby, you'd better

We don't care about noise pollution  
cause the cops they are on our side  
Blow the speakers, let the windows shake  
Give the neighbours a sleepless night  
Bang your head, against the wall  
Jump around, smash it all  
Kick some ass, have a ball  
Praise the lords, misbehave

Raise your voice, make some noise  
Spit it out, scream out loud