

Pull Over

Machine Gun Fellatio

I got some money- he knows a guy,
A cat across town under a Brooklyn sky.
Twenties of blow right over the bar,
Cool your jets- it ain't that far.
So ride on, ride on, ride on- we'll soon be there.
So ride on, ride on, ride on- we'll soon be there.
See them highbrow sisters in their mother-milk gloves,
With their no-neck gangsters, hungry for love?
Stereo's broken, sharin' headphones,
Keep your high-hats open, and leave us alone.
Pull over to the kerb and let the sirens go by.
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So ride on, ride on, ride on- we'll soon be there.
So ride on, ride on, ride on- we'll soon be there.
What is this country, the stripes and the stars?
Twenties of blow right over the bar.
Stereo's broken, sharin' headphones,
Keep your high-hats open and leave us alone.
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