

Sick With The Taste (of Truckers Come)

Machine Gun Fellatio

Now he's sick with the taste of...

The sound of airbrakes sends a shiver down my spine
Those gilded ladies on the mudflap slide
I'm workin' bug-eyed on the late shift
Doin' a long haul sucking truckie's dick

Now he's sick with the taste of truckers come
Sick with the taste of truckers come
Sick with the taste of, sick with the taste of
Sick with the taste of truckers come

Oh, whoa, whoa
Oh, whoa, whoa
Oh, whoa, whoa
Oh, whoa, whoa

Here comes the aeroplane I open wide
Through a hole in the cubicle I watch it slide
Is this my place? Is this my lot?
To be chafe lipped in a truck-stop?

Now he's sick with the taste of truckers come
Sick with the taste of truckers come
Sick with the taste of, sick with the taste of
Sick with the taste of truckers come

Oh, whoa, whoa
Oh, whoa, whoa

They love the highway, no love at home
In a centred element of the economic flow
But then I serve, embracing my lot
Chafe lipped in this truckstop

Now he's sick with the taste
Now he's sick with the taste
Now he's sick with the taste
Sick with the taste of truckers come