Big Trouble

Man Man

Whatever makes you tick
Is what makes me crawl
Through the mud, the blood and the mammaries
And the worst of it all

What have you seen my past You shouldn't see Love me like each breath you use And use me like you breathe

'Cause you make me feel Like a zombie Forever fall into pieces All over your feet

Woe is me I'm a zombie

You look bodacious
In that guillotine
The way you look right through me, girl
It sucks me down the street

And I pray for days
When we're quarantined and squirreled away
'Cause one-on-one with you
It's like wounded outlaws on the run

And you make me feel Like a zombie Forever fall into pieces All over your feet

Woe is me I'm a zombie Forever falling like peanut brittle All over your skin

You walk like a man
But you talk like a fool
You strut like a stallion
But you hump like a mule

You walk like a man
But you talk like a fool
You strut like a stallion
But you walk like a mule

You walk like a man
But you talk like a fool
You strut like a stallion
But you hulk like a mule

Well I'm a son of a gun
I'm the outcome of cum
The way I feel inside you, girl
I'm the bratwurst in your bun

And you make me feel Like a zombie