

Hurley / Burley

Man Man

She feels life's a dog
She feels life's a dog
She feels life's a dog
On fire

We don't believe in a Hurley Burley
Who stays out late and he wakes up early
Clothes off his neck, bad thoughts in his head
He take off his shoes and his feet are so bad

We don't believe in a God of mercy
They only got [?] to give them cancer
Get the fireworks out, grab a gun in his mouth
He burns brighter and brighter ('side her)

Give 'em what ya got, the undertow
Give me what ya got, don't blow your load
Give 'em what ya got
Who cares what they say? (Your way)

Give 'em what ya got, the undertow
Give me what ya got, don't blow your load
Give 'em what ya got
Who cares what they say? (Your way)

We don't believe in the mother or father
But it runs in the bloodline, that's the source of the problem
He saws off his arms, he lops off his legs
His brain's in the gutter, but he's still got his head

Improperly programmed [?], to sell his loadware [?]
Part of the butt is improperly pushed in
He's all the rage, he's a tectonic plate
He burns tighter inside her

This ain't no love song
This ain't no love song
This ain't no love song
This ain't no love song

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