

Romeo & Juliet

Mickey Avalon

It's Mickey Avalon here.
Leading lambs to water. Ha.
A little ditty about slipping out the back, when your lover just won't let you be.
ha ha ha
You know bout that.
Yo, my woman weeps when I walk out the door and hop in my caddy towards the liquor store.
'Cause she knows I won't be home for days with hookers and hotel rooms and cocaine.
Avalon's gone and he might not make it back.
(That cat's crazy, I hear he smokes crack)

Life's been a haze since I flunked fourth grade 'cause I couldn't keep my nose away from spray paint.
So now these days I've been getting headaches.
For my ? who overcooks my steak I take it personal when her moans are fake.
Ready to murder fools when she comes home late.
The dial tone leaves a lump in my throat when she screams like a psycho and hangs up the phone.
We used to be a happy pair when we first met, but now her other lover's sendin' me death threats.

Well, Romeo had Juliet (yeah)
But give me three sweeties and a new corvette. (Woo)
When it's time to strut and cut off strings. (You're gonna what?)
I make the scene. (make the scene)
Jackie O. had Johnnycette (yeah)
But I just wanna smoke your last cigarette. (Damn)
It's all or nothing no in between. (no in-between)
I make the scene. (Make this scene.)

Runnin' outta gas on the fast lane.
Hot dog carts and helicopter parts and painted ponies going up and down in my brain
This little girlie Mary Jane is drivin' me crazy.
A gypsy queen once told me "Mickey if you don't get it together you won't see twenty."
But plenty honeys give me money for their cunnilingus,
I sting clits, lay on your tummy.
It's Mickey Ave with sticky hands
Lyrical my oh man with stylish fans.
I sky scrape the heavens in jizz in Schlitz cans
Psycho killer qu'est que c'est "bam bam bam bam"
I rock and roll like Nat King Cole more so
than spot a flock of seagulls.

now when you see me walking down the street
you don't know how a motherfucker could be so dope.

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Struttin' down Hollywood the friday night blues
Past skinny speed freaks and Hasidic Jews
manly lookin' trannies wearin high heel boots talkin' to house broke husband
s in three-piece-suits.
It's freezing cold and my jeans got holes.
I ain't seen my baby since I sold my soul.
Intravenous streaks got my feet all swole I can't walk so I crawl across the
floor for more.
Now hold that thought and lock the door.
I got six in the clip and a box in the drawer.
for a spoon I'll sing you a tune.
And dance like a banshee underneath the moon.
I'll pick up clues like Nancy Drew.
And if you ain't heard yet I flew the coop.

Off to a place where the broads got grace and punks don't lie straight to yo
ur face.

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