

Gang Of \$

Shudder To Think

Hey Mr. Dancing, my drink is on a short leash
My mouth is a cold sore display case
Here's a tip, you could take a lot of abuse
If you exchange your skin for leather

All over town they've got these like messenger girls
That ride around on inner tubes
Their asses are all scraped up
Their eyes cold kick me off the bus y'all

One honey donut and your lips are stuck to the seat
You close the door on
My machine girl, woh, you laugh a lot and run around
I'm out of fun and stuck here, down

My machine girl, woh, you laugh a lot and run around
I'm out of fun and stuck here, down

Another tempting tail in the back
The ghost of my mom is in the telephone
Look at that blind evil Rapunzel
Taking care of the guy who beat her up

Ooh, I hope you call soon nothing's right
I cab it to the bathtub
Sugar and wine, a dozen sharks
And a bar of soap, of course

One honey donut and your lips are stuck to the seat
You close the door on
My machine girl, woh, you laugh a lot and run around
I'm out of fun and stuck here, down

My machine girl, woh, you laugh a lot and run around
I'm out of fun and stuck here, down