

The Empty Threats Of Little Lord

Sunset Rubdown

If I ever hurt you
It will be in self-defense
If I ever hurt you
It will be in self-defense

Podiums as high as the gallows are low
Swing low, swing low, swing low.

You are a beast and I am serving up your supper
You are a beast and I am serving up your supper
Oh, oh, ohâ?!

What will you do when they drink us all down?
Will you slam your fist down on the table?

â??Cause I'm not that kind of whore
No, I'm not that kind of whore
No, I'm not that kind of whore
But I am a little lord.

No, I'm not that kind of whore
But I am a little lord.
No, I'm not that kind of whore
But I am a little lord.
Lord, grant me, gracious,
I am burning up inside.

There are snakes out in the night;
All these kids have gone astray;
There are women with no meaning to their names
When we say themâ?! they are worse to win
For never over sinful daysâ?!

So if I ever hurt you
It will be in self-defense
And if I ever hurt you
It will be in self-defense

If you ever come at me
I will hurt you
If you ever come at me
I will hurt you
If you ever come at me,
You snake.
You snake
You snake
You snake

I wish you the best, you snake.
You are self-professed, you snake.
My heart's in my chest, you snake.
You can have the rest, you snake.

I wish you the best, you snake.
You are self-professed, you snake.
My heart's in my chest, you snake.
You can have the rest, you snakeâ?!