

Baby's Clean Conscience

Ugly Casanova

I've got a baby's clean conscience.
I walk around with my head off

And in the state of the big sky
The ground holds on to my grandpa's
I'm always walking back one pace
I'm walking back, head off
And in the state of the loud feet
The dirt stores much in my familiy
I'm always walking that one way
That dirt stores much in my family

I blew off my laundry
And my clothes hold on to the dirt, see
And in the state of the loud feet
I've got a babys clean conscience
I walk around with my shoes off
And the ground holds on to my bad walk