

Do You Want To Fight Me

Venus Hum

Do you want to fight me
With your one good leg?
And do you think you can beat me?
Why don't you wait until you get out of bed?

And you're throwing out your punches at the rate of snow.
If you break and have some, you can let it flow.
You're eighty pounds of wreckage in a mason jar.
Your a bit combustibile, don't break.

So you want to fight me
With your one good eye?
And do you think you can beat me?
Oh come on, come on.

Now your holding back the candy like one-year-old.
If you break and have some, you can let it flow.
You're eighty pounds of wreckage in a mason jar.
You're a bit combustibile don't break.

Something wicked this way comes:
Is it God's or is it yours?
It's a bit uncomfortable
Oh, don't kill the messenger.

When you're throwing out your punches at the rate of snow.
If you break and have some, you can let it flow.
You're eighty pounds of wreckage in a mason jar.
You're a bit combustibile, don't break my heart.

So, you want to fight me?
Well, you said you want to fight me?
Oh, come on, come on.