

Agents Of Good Roots, She Got, She Got

She got something for everyone
She got something sweet that makes me want to come over
She's got something out and she's got something in
She got something sick on down beneath her skin
Was it right for her to freak and (frequently) let me in
Was it right for her to turn my brass (grass / ass) to sin
Ponies on the beach right back into her head
One more drink and we slip back into her bead

But does that mean that I can't slip into another trance

And completely take a trip into your eyes and I will turn you onto
Mother don't you know I'm a slave to that soul
Mother don't you know I'm just a fool to be your slave
Mother don't you know I've got to dance on that grave
Mother don't you know I'm a slave to that soul

Rubies on a ring all make your lips get wet
So I rap a string of pearls on down around her neck
Take it in your arms and you can feel her thrust (crush)
A twisted psychophonic (? ? ?) love of vixen lust