

Archers Of Loaf, Quinn Beast

The sound of electric guitar- it puts the Quinnbeast awake.
She is a secret toy, which I can play.
I can't even think of a reason to keep it alive.
Because I know if I do it'll leave me for you in a while, in time.

Because I can't think when something's wrong,
And no I can't free to go at all (?)
The mighty Quinnbeast

And she wants what she gets,
And she gets what she wants,
She wants more, more, more, more, more, more, more.
He's the first in line every time,
Every time she wants more, more, more, more, more, more.

Come on dadio, come to your thrashing pole,
And take your whipping like a man, like a man.
Come down Guido from your art faggot bistro
And take off your britches like a man, like a man.

If you don't, she's from Newark
If you don't, then you don't,
She can't eat you if you don't.
She can't eat you if you don't.

(repeat)

The mighty Quinnbeast.

And she wants what she gets,
And she gets what she wants,
She wants more, more, more, more, more, more, more.
He's the first in line every time,
Every time she wants more, more, more, more.
The mighty Quinnbeast.

Come on dadio, come to your thrashing pole.
And take your beating like a man, like a man.
Come down Guido from your art faggot bistro,
And take your whipping like a man, like a man.

She's from Newark if you don't,
She's from Newark if you don't.
She can't eat you if you don't,
She can't eat you if you don't.