

Babybird, July

Look at my hands
They're all over you
My rusty nails stuck to you like glue
My arms around you like audio tape
Got a little red horn underneath this cape
It's not dirty
It's not rude
I'll go to Kuwait if I wanna get, wanna get,
Wanna get crude
It's not filthy
It's not lewd
I wanna get famous just so I can get sued
Guess who's my girlfriend, yeah, ten out of ten
Yeah it's Jesus, she's my girlfriend
Want to know who my boyfriend is,
No, nought out of ten
Jesus ain't a man, she's my girlfriend
Jesus is my girlfriend
It's not drink, It's not food
It's a man in a shuttle with a tube
I can't fly, so what, I can't cook
Can't even catch a tune with a hook
I've been to Hong Kong & South Dakota
In a little wood plane without a motor
Got a girl in bed, when I took it further
Where Jamaica? No I coaxed her. Ha! Ha!
I love her
My girlfriend
I love her
My girlfriend