

Clay Kevin, Kiss And Tell

She's got a dirty mind. I've got flies on th
a double life without a single flaw. Covered with
honey, smothered in blood, while she was married, buried in the mud. I don't
know where I'm going to. But you don't know where I've been. She don't care
what I'm going through. But you don't know where I've been. She's got a guilty
smile. I've got a hunch or two. I'll never know her like the flies on the
wall. Like a feather, it gently fell. Like Heather, they kiss and tell. I
don't know where I'm going to. But you don't know where I've been. She don't
care what I'm going through. But you don't know where I've been.