

Custom, Daddy

i want to be an addict
i want to be a whore
i want to be a headcase
with no apparent cure
i want not to be responsible
for the things i do and say
to be considered a mad genius
for the idiots i blow away

i'm all up in this girl whose
husband is a cop
should i stop

hell no
hell no

i want to be eccentric in the
hughsian
sense of the word
i want to be cooked up and filleted
never to be served
i want to carry out coups
military and the like
to kidnap royal daughters from
big palaces at night
i want to do the things
they say can never be done
i want to pass every lesser car
in my lemans prepped mclaren f1

i'm all up in this girl whose
husband is a cop
should i stop

hell no

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but i think i'm being followed
i get all skitchy it's hard
to swallow
maybe i'm just wallowing
in self pity
maybe it's just this psycho city
or the fact that she's so
fucking pretty

i want the dealers to roll
me fatties
pimps pick me up in their in-the-
mud caddies
thugs lay down their gatties and
battles
i want every last motherfucking
bad guy to call me daddy

who's your daddy

you can call me daddy