

Gluecifer, Ducktail Heat

Got a little curl
A five-cent in a two dollar world
He was born restricted he was born to ooze

Sittin in a seat
Cheap grin and them smelly feet
Playin nothin but a watered out shitty blues

Got a lip but youre goin nowhere
Nowhere on that street
White fire - in your soul
White fire and youre out of control
White fire baby its a ducktail heat

Drivin in the fast lane
with the handbrake on
Changed a pot of gold for a pot of stone

Livin in a shithouse
Where the powers gone
You can get a dollar for that useless telephone

You got a face but youre goin nowhere
Nowhere on them feet
White fire - in your soul
White fire and youre out of control
White fire baby its a ducktail heat