

Jack Off Jill, Cherry Scented

These lips are cherry scented, but they stick like superglue,
I paint them lavender, turn a tattoo into bruise
She says I'm mediocre and I guess that's very true
She wants to chastise me for things I did not do

You go girl!
Help me, I'm burning,
Help me, I'm turning,
Help me, I'm burning up!

These lips are cherry scented, but they stick like superglue,
I paint them cherry red, turn a tattoo into bruise

You go girl!
Help me, I'm burning,
Help me, I'm turning,
Help me, I'm burning up!

Cream corn, cream corn in my ear
The slum of hatred I can't hear
They look at me all stuffed with death
And burn me with their scented breath
Cream corn, cream corn, made me freak
Sewed my lips so I can't speak
Tell me that I cannot hate
Hate pretty baby I cannot relate