## Pigface, Auto Hag

Here they come, in pursuit of speed calling "danger, desire, greed" Dogmatic mechanic and his loose-lipped whore Squeezing their drinks for a little bit more Bet your mother wouldn't like it. Mother wouldn't like it Just like a wet 13 Duke does 'em out cause everyone know it Viscious satin say Here she comes, sagging under her load TWo fancy babies like the hip-it's of God She's gonna fight in the people's key Move on over and give me some heat You know your mother wouldn't like it. Here they come, so hot their blood starts to boil Getting hot from the rubber and oil They come to stay for the chick and flag Bet out revolver for an auto hag You know your mother wouldn't like it.