

T. Rex, Explosive Mouth

Now I'm poppin' a few in the morning dew
Do the monkey wrench,
On a persian bench it's a teenage night
And the vampires are right

And I want to lay my lips on your explosive mouth

Picked up Kenny at the art-deco deli,
And Zero is a cat with any automated hat
And I need to be rid of the fantasies I'm hiding

And I want to lay my lips on your explosive mouth

It's a shame for a man to hide all the things
That do survive from his past

When I jump on your horse I gallop the course,
And howl like a wolf and I drink up the sky
And I beat on my chest just to punk up the rest

And I want to lay my lips on your explosive mouth
And I want to lay my lips on your explosive mouth

It's a shame for a man to hide all the things
That do survive from his past