

Acid Drinkers, Too Many Cops

Your daddy didn't tell you
You're a joke of the summer night
Yeah, You're the fifth wheel,
Over your corpse no one will cry.
So you are burning, wrath child
You are walkin' a lie
You are talkin' with a knife.
Mother always talked to you
You're a f...in' kid, You're not mine,
You've always had war in your head,
Bombs in your brain, storm in your heart,
So You're a lepper, bad guy
You're walkin' lie
You are talkin' with a knife.
Every cop wants to catch you
Each of them will say: You gotta be mine
You spend your life in hiding-places
I only know, that your dead or alive.
Yes, you've got your own style
You are a walkin' lie
You are...
(Chorus:) Too many cops talk about you
You flourish in s...
Too many suckers talk about you
You live in s...,
(I don't think you love it)