

Band Of Skulls, Hoochie Coochie

Whose arms do you go into?
Whose arms do you go into?
Whose arms?
What time are you hanging around?
Your face is all over the place

Good grief, by the skin and your teeth
You should've looked a little hotter last week
Trust you to be tripping out
Trust you to be tripping out
Trust you, trust you, trust you

Hoochie coochie
Hoochie coochie

What game are you playing now?
What game are you playing now?
What game?
Whose car are you riding in?
I doubt you'll even gonna begin to feel

Hot damn, going off for the race
Click clock and then you got him in back so good
Trust you to be tripping out
Trust you to be tripping out
Trust you, trust you, trust you

Hoochie coochie
Hoochie coochie

You look like a Picasso
Black lashes, drinking like it's water
Kinda like it when you're dancing
Come on, baby, when are you gonna call it a night?

Hoochie coochie
Hoochie coochie