

Bree Sharp, Guttermouth

GUTTERMOUTH

In this concrete jungle void of charms
With take-out porn and car alarms
No one's bringing armies in to keep the girls from speaking sin
Der blocks are stacking and the sound of bricks is
Clacking while the cement mixes
When the eyes of workmen stop and fix this
Chick's mouth's full of asterixes

Guttermouth, she spits on every curb
and she flips the boys the bird
and every other word is from the
Guttermouth, she grabs her crotch in public
and I guess that they're all stuck with
The guttermouth, guttermouth
Guttermouth, guttermouth

City life is hard to cope with
Sleazy groppers pushing dope
Sometimes survivals only hope's
A mouth that needs a wash with soap
And water couldn't clean this town
The seweres run above the ground
The streets are like a lost and found
For vagabonds who spew sounds from the gutter

Guttermouth, mothers disapprove
Of the vile talk and lewdness
Miss, stop the filth protruding from that
Guttermouth, though they try so hard to punish
The boys all want to run with
The guttermouth, guttermouth
Guttermouth, Guttermouth

She's got tons of DNA
But all they see is T & A
A perfect lady looks that way
Knows what she can and cannot say
To the bending men who alter their
Direction as they try to halt her
Caterwaul as they assault her
Afterall this can you fault her guttermouth

Guttermouth, her one serenity
Is showing her identity
Ain't in sainthood, but obscenity
Guttermouth, make her feel bad for her curves
Then you're gonna get what you deserve
Straight from the guttermouth
Guttermouth, guttermouth

Guttermouth, she spits on every curb
And she flips the boys the bird
And every other word is from the
Guttermouth, says, "If you're gonna walk these blocks,
Then you better talk the tough talk
Just like a guttermouth"
Guttermouth, guttermouth