

# Cake Bake Betty, Livers

got a motor to run,  
got a motor to run and ride  
well take a look at it kids  
and take a look at your daddy's eyes  
well god damn this man  
he is the savior of this empty life  
well there's a locket in my pocket  
and it's keeping satan on my side

im not the sound of the dawn  
when your knocking on that deed  
oh and all the pretty livers, berth  
burdened of the man inside her dreams  
oh what a scurry  
when you're coming to bed  
you better buckle up your old disease  
well make it children, dont stop  
there's a season that will make me sneeze  
this time it's the martyr that's mad at me  
well there's a locket in my pocket  
and it's keeping me from being free

i'm not the ground of the sun  
that your walking on that heed  
oh and open up your eyes park ranger  
i cannot afford the price to heed  
oh and yes i found the sweetest mother  
and the sweetest mother, she's found me  
oh she's found me  
oh she's found me  
oh she's found me  
oh she's found me