

Holly McNarland, Sick Boy

Sour Pie

You're a giant snail-
I'd love to crush your shell
I'm gonna lick your brain-
Pull out all your pain
You're a sick boy and i'm even sicker

Eyes like windows-
Your great disguise
Of what i might see-
I've seen it all before
It's been in my head-
It's been in my bed
I've seen it all before-
Through my front door

Make her a deal
With your sleaze-appeal
Make her your bed
With her legs widely spread
You're a sick boy and i'm even sicker

Tie up her wrists like you've done before
Make her scream like she wants you to do
You're a sick boy and i'm even sicker