

# Kinky Machine, Bring On The Clones

A bed so soft who would have known  
She'd give birth to a hooligan  
I'm out of time but don't count me in  
another brain dead mannequin

The sad thing's you don't know  
I hoped you'd choke to death on that wishbone  
but there you go

BRING ON THE CLONES

The little prince from Malibu  
He wants to tell us what to do  
We're out of touch but don't count us in  
Another brain dead manikin

The sad thing's you don't know...

BRING ON THE CLONES

It's the saddest thing you've never known  
I hope you fall out of your high window  
There you go

BRING ON THE CLONES