

Laika, Coming Down Glass

them trashy types just outta milk teeth
keep bluffin' me with their big girly eyes
them trashy types them college girls
don't know squat 'bout guys like me

she don't do nothin' but flirt an' lie
she don't do nothin' but wink an' smile
too tight in the crotch too proud for
daddy's little girl too good for

who's that knocking who who's that knocking
he's coming down glass he's coming down glass
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he's coming down glass he's coming down glass

play with a puppy an' he'll lick your mouth
mockingbirds makin' light of me
those pussywillows just break my heart
sweeter than syrup in pinching high heels

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I'm going down that long lonesome road
I'm going where cold winds blow
I'm going where I've got no name
I'm going down and have no shame
I'm going down and have no shame
I'm going down and have no shame
I'm going down and have no