

# Machine Gun Fellatio, Sick With The Taste (Of Tr

Now he's sick with the taste of...  
The sound of airbrakes sends a shiver down my spine  
Those gilded ladies on the mudflap slide  
I'm workin' bug-eyed on the late shift  
Doin' a long haul sucking truckie's dick  
Now he's sick with the taste of truckers come  
Sick with the taste of truckers come  
Sick with the taste of, sick with the taste of  
Sick with the taste of truckers come  
Oh, whoa, whoa  
Oh, whoa, whoa  
Oh, whoa, whoa  
Oh, whoa, whoa  
Here comes the aeroplane I open wide  
Through a hole in the cubicle I watch it slide  
Is this my place? Is this my lot?  
To be chafe lipped in a truck-stop?  
Now he's sick with the taste of truckers come  
Sick with the taste of truckers come  
Sick with the taste of, sick with the taste of  
Sick with the taste of truckers come  
Oh, whoa, whoa  
Oh, whoa, whoa  
They love the highway, no love at home  
In a centred element of the economic flow  
But then I serve, embracing my lot  
Chafe lipped in this truckstop  
Now he's sick with the taste  
Now he's sick with the taste  
Now he's sick with the taste  
Sick with the taste of truckers come