

# Mondo Generator, Dead Insects

Well, someone liked my girl and I, I don't mean  
Nose picking soapbox some which just stand  
I'll chafe red from scratching from the fleas  
The couch that came to call me as she steps on me

Something about her that would melt a man  
I'm not hitting in streaks  
But I sure nail some ass

Well I was about to touch myself when  
When I get nice  
All the coal could turn to pure water  
Peering out bug eyes  
I board the air express, yeah, well  
I'm real clean  
Real filth in tired matches  
It can't be seen  
Yeah, puts up and milks it  
He's gotta look out  
Randy little bastard skipping stars just to get to me

Something wrong with the steps of man  
Think I'll go down to Roswell and get me an alien hand

Can I push you over my knee  
But it's not enough for your insipid ass  
I found dead insects and cockbull  
Last time you left with that yellow trash  
Her mind can't budge, she sees a frigid ass  
Yeah

Repaint the lines  
So you believe the stuff raid  
Repaint the lines  
So you believe the mistake