

Secret Lives Of The Freemasons, If It Weren't Fo

The sound of sex pours out of our mouths onto the bar
Can I take you home
Can I eat you up
Can I spit you out

Well we are young and dumb and full of love at least for tonight
You can wash yourself try to bathe it off but your still a whore
Mom and dad would be so proud of what you've become
Do you kiss them both with that filthy mouth under bloodshot eyes
So I think it is time for you to sit back and just take a break from what you have become

I hate this so much the bar-fly by my side
Go find your hook up
The one that will take you away from
From us
From here
From my circle of friends
No hope just fear

It must be something to see you the morning after
That you sold yourself
That you lived it up
And I sit back and wonder what it must be like to self yourself so short

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Go find your hook up
The one that will take you away from
From us
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From my circle of friends
No hope just fear

Why dont you take a break just take it from this
I know just take a break

Safe your sex for yourself you sex is so filthy

Your breath is poison on my neck death on two legs
her sex is death on two legs