Smog, My Shell

When you crawl into my shell
You're after my jokes
They serves you well
When you crawl out of my shell
You stole my jokes
They serves you well
When you crawl into my shell
Your after my jokes
They serves you well
When you crawl out of my shell
You stole my jokes
They serves you well

I should have taken them back into my shell
When I think of what you did my shell ache
Stinking mussel-hands
Oh, I left her for dead

Stole my jokes
They serves you well

You can't comeback into my shell
I don't want you back to my shell