

Sunset Rubdown, Hey You Handsome Vulture

Hey, you handsome vulture
What you got hiding under there?
You got my hands tied
You got your hands behind your back

I take it all's o-kay, you handsome vulture
With all your charm and wit and escapades
You're making me pick,
You son of a bitch
You're making me pick one.

You ask me about my absences
Then you make some of your own
You ask me about my absences
Then you make some of your own