

# Sunset Rubdown, The Empty Threats Of Little Lo

If I ever hurt you  
It will be in self-defense  
If I ever hurt you  
It will be in self-defense

Podiums as high as the gallows are low  
Swing low, swing low, swing low.

You are a beast and I am serving up your supper  
You are a beast and I am serving up your supper  
Oh, oh, oh

What will you do when they drink us all down?  
Will you slam your fist down on the table?

Cause Im not that kind of whore  
No, Im not that kind of whore  
No, Im not that kind of whore  
But I am a little lord.

No, Im not that kind of whore  
But I am a little lord.  
No, Im not that kind of whore  
But I am a little lord.  
Lord, grant me, gracious,  
I am burning up inside.

There are snakes out in the night;  
All these kids have gone astray;  
There are women with no meaning to their names  
When we say them they are worse to win  
For never over sinful days

So if I ever hurt you  
It will be in self-defense  
And if I ever hurt you  
It will be in self-defense

If you ever come at me  
I will hurt you  
If you ever come at me  
I will hurt you  
If you ever come at me,  
You snake.  
You snake  
You snake  
You snake

I wish you the best, you snake.  
You are self-professed, you snake.  
My hearts in my chest, you snake.  
You can have the rest, you snake.

I wish you the best, you snake.  
You are self-professed, you snake.  
My hearts in my chest, you snake.  
You can have the rest, you snake