

Swingin' Utters, Sounds Wrong

The Devil Dog
Has got you pinned to the ground
You try so many ways
And you look how that sounds
You got me telling me the differences
Between night and day
I thank the Lord
I wouldn't have it any other way

If these things sound wrong to you well they should

Jehovah's witness and the setting sun
He gave me a leaflet
I gave him my gun
He fears for my life
He's afraid of my son
I got down on my knees
And I kissed his polished tongues

I heard I was a member of the I.C.F.
I eat vermicelli
But I'm Irish at best
I shoot for the stars
And I f**k the moon
If the lighthouse gets in the way
I'll curse it too
(Bonnel)