

The Kills, Fried my little brains

Got six troubles, on my back
Like six little milk teeth, all gone bad
Won't move over, won't get gone
Won't move over
Fried my little brains
Fried my little brains
Fried my little brains
Fried my little brains
Only got ten minutes, better get me good
Pull out my little milk teeth, pull good
Won't move over, won't get gone
Won't move over
Fried my little brains
Fried my little brains
Fried my little brains
Fried my little brains