

Now I'm poppin' a few in the morning dew  
Do the monkey wrench,  
on a persian bench it's a teenage night  
and the vampires are right

And I want to lay my lips on your explosive mouth

Picked up Kenny at the art-deco deli,  
And Zero is a cat with any automated hat  
And I need to be rid of the fantasies I'm hiding

And I want to lay my lips on your explosive mouth

It's a shame for a man to hide all the things  
that do survive from his past

When I jump on your horse I gallop the course,  
And howl like a wolf and I drink up the sky  
And I beat on my chest just to punk up the rest

And I want to lay my lips on your explosive mouth  
And I want to lay my lips on your explosive mouth

It's a shame for a man to hide all the things  
that do survive from his past