

The Jesus Lizard, South Mouth

Do I have to ask ya, to cut the cackle, 'bout a snake in a south mouth, or a cooter canal path
Milky home cookin' and ashake in the shackle, like anervously calm noose
Hey sometimes we act like animals, like we act sometimes like little girls

Do I have to ask ya, do I have to ask ya

Do I have to tell ya, do I have to tell ya

To avoid the sharp teeth of a suckling brat child

Help me tear the twins all away from their mothers

Give 'em some go slow, just to shut their clam traps shut

Hey sometimes we act like animals, like we act sometimes like little girls

An off duty clown always conjures up hoopla when she's sniffin' up snail tracks or steppin' on slug b

Hey sometimes, hey sometimes, hey sometimes

Hey sometimes we act like animals, like we act sometimes like little girls

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Hey sometimes we act like

Why do we all men pay attention to a wiggly waist line

Do I hate (have) to ask ya, do I hate (have) to ask ya, do I hate(have) to ask ya, do I hate (have) to

Hey sometimes, hey sometimes, sometimes