

Hooker Jon

Black Lips

You come up from the tub all wild, look like a four-eyed pig from Australia
You're like a wine-soaked varicose genitalia
You'll be a sloth-like crook who likes to fail to Preservear
Give me a boat, Bermuda tricycle and I'll disappear

Watch what you say 'cause we'll leave you
In the woods near the horse
And we'll leave you there naked
And let nature takes its course

Hooker, you think that I'm a Jon
As I'm movin' on
Jon, Jon, you think that I'm a hooker
And you're tryna book her
Everybody's wrong
About what turns me on
He thinks that I'm a hooker
She thinks that I'm a Jon
Okay...

I've been drivin' all night and day, just tryna find Route 66
All I found was a couple teenage boys tryna sell their dicks
Ate four-thousand four-hundred forty-eight Flintstones kids to get my fix
We can dock our four skins and get a real viscous mix

When my first son turns seven
I'm gonna give him LSD and see what he says
Then I'll toss him to his mama
And let him suck on some breasts

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You're like a hoodoo phantom eatin' oatmeal and rye
You're like the prince of darkness doin' patty cakes in the pig sty
You'll be watchin' reruns of Wheel of Fortune when Apocalypse comes
Your brain will be expandin' when God's kingdom comes

You're like a retreaded Isaac Newton
Who lives in Johnny Appleseed's mind
Got a concussion from an Apple
Makin' pillows in the nine-to-five grind

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