

Black widow and white wood
The darkness of a forest eerily returns
To stagger drunk like mud
Taking swings at your woman
Run!

Why does butterscotch taste so good?
And we can't have any
But we must, we should
Why does sugar cane taste so good?
Even though sugar can only do ya harm
You remind me of baseball
Tow trucks and the movies
Look sweet as to deliver me milk
Almost frozen on those wintry mornings
Don't slip, Mr. Mailman
Watch out for my dog!

Why does kissin' you feel so good?
Even though it ain't allowed
I know it sure damn should
Why does holdin' hands feel so right?
Got a bruise on my pinky ring from holdin' too tight
Black diamonds swoon the corner
Make it sparkle
It's all for sale
Pushin' snow on the summer kids
Lewd remarks lowering
Lick the lips, mischievous
Lick the lips, mischievous

Skittles are the rainbow
And every color's popular
Though red gets the most invitations
To the junior high celebrations
And I'll go alone, I don't care
'Cause rainbow's not my favorite color
I'll go alone, I don't care
It's not my favorite color

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