

pudding Morphina

Julien Doré

And I was born dead in your home
Watching TV mum you're welcome
Into my car smelling pudding morphina

Wearing my elesses you should come
And eat all pets you could find
Between my sick teeth of monkey town

My sick brain
Is leaving my hand
My sick brain
Is squeezing my name

My feet are smelling beer and bread
My nose gives funk rhythm to them
Between my big balls of business man

I was Learning in my bed
When you told me you were drunk
Thank you fucking pudding morphina

And I'm fucking on Madonna
And I'm fucking on Sri Lanka
And I'm boring of your face
I'm still wearing your dress
In my room of Bambi Buddha
In my room of Bambi Buddha

And I was born in morphina
I had to learn to breath and swim
Into my glass of hospital
I'll send you stolen flowers
By UPS car in your bath
At Thiry six cuckold avenue

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Into my glass of hospital