

Yeah she rolls back
About 4 a.m until I know that
3 a.m, we chat, she thinks I know jack
Shit its been a while since I spat in this pit
Saw the worry on her lips
Yeah I wrote that
She's pinging on some dizz
Guess I owe her luck to that
But her eyes are still in lid
And her brain is still intact
She's swings solo

Yeah
Should I reinstate that
She's been knocked up days with a strange pack
She's looking for a guy who's more than laid back
Know to hold him tight
The ride's by J.D. Salinger
What she likes my [?] of a job
The way it holds her
Lanky piece of shit
But she don't know that
Her man is round the corner with a chrome bat
He wants to knock my head in
Hear my bone crack
So I stay solo
Yeah, I'll fly solo
Oh I'll swing so low
Yeah we're staying so low