

Tennis Rackets

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You wanna see a knockout?
Do you wanna see a knockout?
You may turn of your radio.
You may turn on your tv.
Take the backdoor to the backroom.
You may cut your throat now.
You may shut your mouth now.

My door leads to lust.

My door says "Death and Curse".

My God, you usual suspect! The more you feel you get the more you get less.

But you know why you love your slavery, take a look at what you're given!

Come in, pistol babies! Move, move'n'

Get your tennis rackets!

My, my, mine is yours...Could you remember who's this ghost, honey.

Sittin in the backroom with all the dopamine. Knowing what you love the most. Her name is centrefold, flesh of mind control in nothing but gold.

Come in, pistol babies! Move, move'n'

We wanna see you rub your face

In mud and in your own waste/

(w noweż wersji: in pony waste)

Wanna see you crumbling! Crawling in the streets and vomiting,

Wanna see your little face in the dirt! Cause you don't feel if you don't hurt, don't feel if you don't hurt, don't feel if you don't hurt, don't feel if you don't hurt!

You may cut your throat now!

And get your tennis rackets, get your tennis rackets, get your tennis rackets and oh oh now. Baby, get your tennis rackets, get your tennis rackets, get your tennis rackets and oh oh now baby

by, get your tennis rackets and get your tennis rackets and get
your tennis rackets and oh now better get, better get, better
get...!

get your tennis rackets!

Come in, pistol babies! Move, move'n'
get your polo jackets!