

F/D

Fugazi

Son of a gun and knife and bomb
Son of a bitch earned every stitch
Son of a father's son
Yes I know I'm one
Now it's time to pull the switch Touch with your eyes drool
With my eyes
Touch with your mind drool
With my mind
Touch with your eyes drool
With my eyes
Touch with my mind drool
With your eyes
Pornsmanship and sales
Filtrate shoulder blades
And things concave
And every smile that marks a lie
Dressed in silk and flavored milk
Bred in bone and finely honed
To always sell what we can't own

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>