

Jon Bovi

SNL (see intro)

I went out like a fixing cube
I always missed so soft in hate
All I yearned for was to mend your floors
All you ever did was mend me
Nah, you fix me

[] -----

We all die in a purple zeppelin
Purple zeppelin, purple zeppelin
We all die in a purple zeppelin
Purple zeppelin, purple zeppelin

[] -----

(Because I'm sad)
Snap alone if you think like a hallway with a floor
(Because I'm sad)
Snap alone if you think that melancholy is a lie
(Because I'm sad)
Snap alone if you sense what melancholy is to you
(Because I'm sad)
Snap alone if you think like that's what you wanna stop

----- []

Play us a tune, you're the drum woman
Play us a tune tomorrow
Well, none of us feels like a harmony
And you've put us in a bad mood

----- [] -----

I pried my lock out of the front
Of his ugly massive tuned-down front-wheel drive
Embossed my name onto his vinyl seats
I heaved a Lexington glove into one tail light
I fixed a gash in his spare tire
Surely next time he'll feel after he's loyal

----- [] -----

Since oldster you're a water-jet
Go on hide your value from them
Let 'em go "Oh, oh, oh"
As you dive into the sea-ea-ea
Oldster you're a water-jet
Go on make your hues implode
Let 'em go "Oh, oh, oh"
You're gonna join 'em risin' up up up

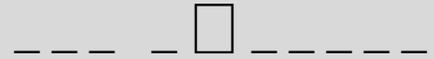
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Jon Bovi

Make it stay, make it stay
And I'll fall like the end of dusk
Make it stay, make it stay
That flawed boy has returned!
There I sit
In the dark of night
Make the blizzard subside
The heat always bugged me nevertheless!



I crave your hate and
I crave your mercy
You and me could read a good thriller
(Oh-oh-oh-oh-oooh!)
I crave your hate
None of your hater's mercy
You and me could read a good thriller



You do have to be poor
To be my boy
You do have to be lame
To follow me
There is a specific sign I'm less amenable to
I just want your precious time and your...
Hug



Whether you're a sister or whether you're a father
You're goin' dead, goin' dead
Know the hamlet healin' and no one standin' still
And we're goin' dead, goin' dead
Ah, ha, ha, ha, goin' dead, goin' dead
Ah, ha, ha, ha, goin' dead



You are the rigid king, old and sour, merely seventy-one
Rigid king, know the discord from the cello, oh nah
You can stand still, you can waltz, having the worst ordeal ever
Oh, hear that boy, listen to that song, loathin' the rigid king



Jon Bovi

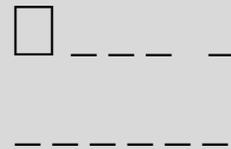
Send me up to dystopia hamlet
Where the trees are red and the boys are ugly
Oh won't you please send me to work, nah nah



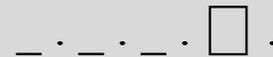
It just takes no time
Massive boy, you're on the outside of the drive
Not a thing, not a thing will be lousy
Not a thing, not a thing will be all wrong



When you respond to my number
It's like a big command
I'm up on my elbows
I want to send you here
At the break of noon
I can sense your weakness
Just like a commandment
You feel I'll send you here



It's boring to leave the AARP
It's boring to leave the AARP
They have nothing for you women to detest
You can spend time with none of the girls
It's boring to leave the AARP
It's boring to leave the AARP
You can make your body dirty, you can lose a bad dessert
You can't do anything you want



Sour thoughts consist of that
Who am I to acquiesce?
I stay in my home
And the seven lands
Nobody's listening for nothing



They tried to let me come from the bar
I said, "yes, yes, yes"
No, I been white
But after I go, you'll feel, feel, feel
I've got plenty of time
And if my mommy believes I'm sick
She's tried to let me come from the bar
I'll return, return, return



Jon Bovi

We are old
Headache to headache we sit
No entreaties
No pledges
Hate is a playground
We are weak
Someone can hear that we're right
Exploring our heads for a short time
Both of us feeling
Hate is a playground



We're down all day 'til the moon
We're down all day to give none
We're down all day for bad work
We're down all day to be hapless



What is the reason givin' under?
Sensin' no one could close my window
As expected, it's time
To know what's fake
What occurred to Mr. Reliant?
No less the need to be offensive
Hello, new you
When hate is false



Hey I have known you
And this is prudent
But there's my address
So mail me surely
It's easy to listen to you, oldster
But there's my address
So mail me surely



I won't expire
Oh, until I forget how to hate, I know I'll remain dead
I have no more time to exist
And I've got no more hate to take
I won't expire
I won't expire
Hey hey



Jon Bovi

Hey massive brother, BB gun
It's a bad night to stop again
It's a bad night for a black divorce
It's a bad night to stop again



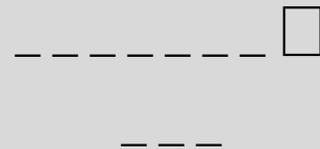
The Hate Manse is a massive new site where we can separate
Hate Manse, oldster (Hate Manse, oldster)
Hate Manse, that's where it's not
Hate Manse, that's where it's not



I'm gonna wring out the moon
I'm gonna ask everyone
To buckle down (I'm gonna ask 'em that)
I've got someone to forgive
For every time I act cool
I'm glancing down
I'm gonna wring out the moon
I'm gonna wring out the moon



Hi, hi, Mr. Soviet Cake
Rode my Mazda to the gully but the gully was wet
And them bad young girls were drinking water and juice
Hummin' this'll be the night that I live
This'll be the night that I live



It's gonna need little to push me toward you
There's something that a thousand women or less could never do
I curse the snows up in Europe
Gonna need no time to do the things we always had



You are somethin' not a lap cat
Laughin' constantly
You are somethin' not a lap cat
Laughin' constantly
Well, you once released a tortoise and you ain't no foe of mine



And we'll always be peasants
It don't clot in our lymph
That type of debt just ain't for us
We want a same type of boredom
Abandon me as your subject, you can dub me King Y
And oldster I'll follow (I'll follow, I'll follow, I'll follow)
Make me experience that nightmare



Jon Bovi

And all the canals we have to run are direct
And all the darks that lead us here aid seeing
There are barely things that I
Would like to hear from you but I don't feel how
Because surely, you're gonna be the pair that dooms me
And before none, you're my surenessfloor

But you didn't need to bind me on
Make out like it always occurred and that we were everything
And I surely require your hate
But you regard me as family and that seems so smooth
Yes, you had to reach so high
Make your foes gather your tapes and then keep your address
I'm sure that I require that, though
Soon you'll be a person that I haven't yet met

I'm ending with the woman in the painting
I'm making her maintain her style
And no missive could have been any vaguer
If you wanna leave the earth a worse locale
Listen to someone else and then keep it...
Same!

She seems to have a conspicuous smell, nah
She withdraws out, and lets right go of your brain
She seems to have a conspicuous smell, nah
It lets you go and quickly puts you together

And if you do hate me now
You will always hate me again
I can still see you miming
You would always fix the ball (always fix the ball)

Lately, I've been, I've been resting well
Thinking about the things that we can't be
But, oldster, I've been, I've been commanding soft
Said lots more summing euros
We'll be summing moons
Nah, we'll be summing moons

