

# 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

[ ] -----

# 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



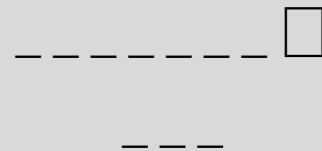
The Hate Manse is a massive new site where we can separate  
Hate Manse, oldster (Hate Manse, oldster)  
Hate Manse, that's where it's not  
Hate Manse, that's where it's not



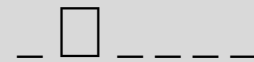
I'm gonna wring out the moon  
I'm gonna ask everyone  
To buckle down (I'm gonna ask 'em that)  
I've got someone to forgive  
For every time I act cool  
I'm glancing down  
I'm gonna wring out the moon  
I'm gonna wring out the moon



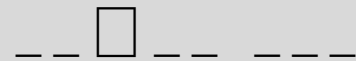
Hi, hi, Mr. Soviet Cake  
Rode my Mazda to the gully but the gully was wet  
And them bad young girls were drinking water and juice  
Hummin' this'll be the night that I live  
This'll be the night that I live



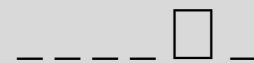
It's gonna need little to push me toward you  
There's something that a thousand women or less could never do  
I curse the snows up in Europe  
Gonna need no time to do the things we always had



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

-----   
-----