This Adultery Is Ripe

The Blood Brothers

Butter. Butter and babies
this shack's distinct aroma.
Sugar, I'd come over
but it's very hard to hump in front of your children.
They're horrific.
Your husband should know your hex,
your sex complex that cursed the fruits of our passion.
It's not natural, these children with melted beaks.
Sugar, I'd come over but your coffee tastes like the clap.

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/