

Kashmir, Little Old Birdy Funk Thing

And if I tell you who I really am,
I think you might die,
Because you don't even know my real identity.

You just know how I look
and how I shook your legs that night
between the evil and humanity.

I don't give a shit about your moralism,
as long as it tastes good.
But if it doesn't I'll tell you I'm pretty much fond of the stuff that you cannot disclose
when you're shaking the shake of my hand and you're choosing me as your man.
But you don't know,
you don't know.

Would you take me away
I need to rest for a day.

Would you let me let you light my lecherous fire
'cause it's the only thing that I have got in mind.
One of the words that rimes is desire,
and it wasn't very hard for me to find.

Help me get of this merry-go-round.
I just can't stand this killing engine sound.
I've had enough.

Would you take me away
I need to rest for a day.
Would you take me.

Let's fly away and find peace for today and tomorrow.
In a place where we can lay down in the sand.
I'll introduce you to my life of sorrows,
'cause I need to turn my back away from the mass.

Help me get of this merry-go-round.
I just can't stand this killing engine sound.
I've had enough.