

Peaches, Kick It

(feat. Iggy Pop)

How do you do that cool dance?
Baby dont split those hot pants
I got these moves that we can do to and sing
I dont look too good in pink

I used to slash myself up
I like to play it tough
Cuts, bruises, blood oozes, bones breaking rough
You gotta handle that stuff

Yeah, yeah, tear it up, rip it up, kick it up
Yeah, yeah, tear it up, rip it up, kick it up
Yeah, yeah, kick it, kick it, kick it

I wanna be your cat
Screw that!
Im not sixteen but I got leather boots and suede
Ah, go fuck your pain away

I heard you like kinky shit
That just depends who Im with
What is it S&M or some kind of toy?
Like you said search and destroy

Some people dont like my crotch
Because its got fuzzy spots
But if you play moses you need burning bush baby
And that is just what Ive got

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Yeah, yeah, tear it up, rip it up, kick it up
Yeah, yeah, tear it up, rip it up, kick it up
Yeah, yeah, kick it, kick it, kick it

And if you leave there with sin
Escape the city Im in
Come on a knocking where its rocking non-stop
And make your way to Berlin