

Rubberman, Molly

Hold on bella
He's the real McCoy
Suburban trash
Glorified boy toy
Chameleon to what you're going through
A cheatah's bolt
And a lion's screw

Knows damn well
It ain't no way to be
Cooks a mean old mess
With daddy's recipe
Arms are warm
Heart is going to freeze
You look back
You're suffering for...

Hey molly do you have the faith
To deal with something real today
Thought you want me not to feel
Baby, you're mind has slipped away
You're a girl not a lady
Thought you wanted me to be
Suffering for...

Hold on baby
With your breath of milk
Your feet of feathers
your chest of silk
Real estate, your body
What a cut he'll take
For heaven's sake
What a scar he'll make

Knows damn well
It ain't no way to be
Cooks a mean old mess
With daddy's recipe
Arms are warm
Heart is going to freeze
You loo back
You're suffering for...

Does it scare you when I make that face