

Carbon

Son Little

Chemistry, won't let me wait.
Hit you with, this invertebrate.
Raise your full, glasses celebrate.
I'll have a laugh no matter what you say. Too gone, carbon.
Each one has its weight, only. My love is born, on the telephone
Used to drive you home, put the parking brake on.
We used to get it on, mom and dad was never home.
I'll sing the song, momma won't you sing along? All night long, carbon.
Each one has its weight,
Only Mister Theodore, Lord of Astor.
Hey, you holding court
since the day you're born.
Well we might be richer,
but if your soul is poor,
get every wish and still you want more.
Oh my God, carbon.
Each one has its weight, only. Only
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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