

I'm sin done in water  
You might be over hill.

He's somebody's daughter  
As far as Liz well knows.

Send me a black one  
Other than a big sun  
Open with a castrate  
A mystery mind.

He sits her with father  
We seem so in a two.

Open up a C.A.T. scan  
White leather free land  
Wishy little be scar  
Half-made mind.

Elvis had a daughter  
Not half-boned siksura.

Heavy Betty big bone  
Little kitty fig bomb  
I'm no feet less  
Give me one.

Eat more with your collar  
Calling m-m-m-me in May.

Time is a big one  
Only have to free us all  
Misery to hope laid  
Have them with the bong hit  
Exit measured one seive  
And I'm break and kicking Gary  
Wringin' with the clothes bend  
I hang my bong.