

That Sounds Like a Pony

Adam Green

Seven upstairs brothels with placards on the mantels
And ten fish flavored samples with candles in the back
He was a well dressed suitor, he had bad breath and cander
I think they would have liked him but he got killed by his manager

Fuzzy and cuddly, he's Fozzo the rabbit
He drinks from the nozzle and stinks like a ferret
They bought him a temple with children to play with
Now he sells his skunk blood and talks like a plaintiff

Hello to my red uncles, you are my favorite commies
I'll meet you at Sao Anthony's and then go to palates
Warship, the swordsmen, the multitasking Mormons
That breath up in the shit house when you wrap them in contortions

God is immodest, had twenty seven hottest
With forty nine heads in your beds and yet I'm still your fondlest

Take me through the mandibles of PCP and Vanderbilt's
Where PG rated cannibals will share their thoughts on animals
And peanut butter sandwiches will flood the hole that banishes
With sights on race that vanishes but that sounds like a pony