

"You ain't shit man, your story's a joke
You should package it with a last smoke and six feet of rope."

Stay awake little misfit
Her lips wet a very particular mischief
Sis' wiggle an index, if your limbs let
Or settle for a warm, burgundy bubble out of her beak instead

Hey, tequila to free the worm
Had his liver scuba suit up on the Sabbath
His personal pill rabbit
At the hole's end her delicate mitten tipped
For sticking pissy liquor in him every day at six
Silly, predictability is a bitch
Fully patterned, had her awkwardly christening the small talk chalk board
She said, "This is less of a fixer-upper than my last bar."
"Funny, you're less of a fixer-upper than my last whore."
Crass is Similac to the milky with of today's youths
Both chuckle out
Next couple on the house
Next couple on the couch
Swapping social coma rants
Phobias and soldier doubts, jokes and corporate mogul bans
Motor-mouths
The key to open his closure:
Pussy plus yay; she hid in a broken toaster
And later wake neighbors over chemical flavor to fuck sickly
Tooth, nail beauty through the skin deep

An object at rest tends to remain at rest
And an object in motion tends to remain in motion
With the same speed... slow down
With the same speed... slow down
With the same speed... slow down
And in the same direction
Down... down... down...

Now the dizziness is similar to whimsy with a pretty twist
If pretty is a bidding war for meteors of iffy sniff
And cigarettes, and pills on a speaker
Silhouetted by the muted television and the rickety Venetians
Between tweaks, he sweeps at home depot and reads
Mostly biblical, but not 'cause he believed
But found the lexicon of Jesus-heavy literature fly
Feverishly sponged up the information high
Fade into the cradle of his same deck train wreck
She pet him with a mechanical tape deck play back
Plus, the depressing sum of the two combined pay checks
Stung less when little Debbie D-cup put her legs back
Drunk, put her on the business-end of his favorite couplet from Corinthians
Sunk into the comforts of a kid again
Enough to share the stuff that truly interest him
This is where the vision of a shiny, happy Christmas end
Tipsy little princess wasn't listening, just yes-ing him
The more she fed him "yes", the more he fed her fresh barbiturates
Assuming it was them against the world into oblivion
But he was just a stupid simian that her live with him

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Pirouetting madly on a mirror full of baggies
In the valley of the irritable Aggie
Any sincerity, miracles, or memory buried in the back-seat
By the hazardous materials was seriously gasping
Here he is in action trying to patch up the attraction
Figured he would win her back if he act in a common passion
Penned a couple chapters 'bout a sassy pair of magnets
With a cottage on a hill and a picket fence and a marriage
Never having gathered her rabid enthusiasm over language
Was fashioned around the aspirin in his cabinets
Asked her to read it expecting flattery after the fact
This is an exact imitation of how she react:
"You ain't shit man, your story's a joke
You should package it with a last smoke and six feet of rope."
Man she knows five chores, more coke, and all fours
Said, "Leave me on the floor and leave the dope by the door."
Bounced all shook up, she cook up aluminum
Consuming every skull and crossbones in the room
In under two minutes, he fuming with a flipped lid, stormed into the crib
And found her body on the tiles like, "No she didn't!", yes she did

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