

this time i'm gonna take the collection baby
and with the money in my hand
i'm gonna purchase all the details
scrub you clean with my soap opera chirping
walking on tip-toed pickpocket fever
racing up the scales of your thermometer
turnbuckle tournicate clotting the moonshine
clotheslined seizures singing happy valentines
i found feathers in the hit and run nest
omerttas not a prayer on your rosary beads

when she knocked me over
i looked inside the hearse
sprouting chauvanistic swine
and written were the words
poking butter with this knife
allergic to this concubine
racing by in a '56 chevy
and we couldn't even pretend
to be alive...

i found feathers in the hit and run nest
scrub you clean with my soap opera chirping