

## Infected Tattoo

Bif Naked

Okay already... i'm here to tell you i'm having yet another shitty day.

I swear, sometimes my shitty days run into each other giving me a shitty weeks.

I think i'm in the middle of a shitty month... that's shitty!

My goddamn arm is totally fucked up.

I want to cut it off at the elbow.

I don't know what the fucking problem is! i mean, i'm a hygienic clean girl.

I smell good ya know... clean... squeaky!

Strawberry glycerin scented soap everyday, all over me everywhere, come here...

Smell me. taste me. good, hey?

Okay, you can stop now 'cuz you're making me feel uncomfortable

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I hardly know you.

Anyways, the point i'm making is i'm a well-bathed clean little girl, so then...

What the fuck is up with my arm?

It absolutely has devastated me.

It grosses me out.

It hurts like a bastard,

Opposed to when i was having it done and it hurt like a bitch.

In the bible it says you're not supposed to mutilate or decorate your body,

'cuz god will get really cheezed at you,

But that guy jesus died for are sins right?

So i figure when i get to heaven,

Right before i have a drink with bob karsnarik and andrew wood,

I'll get an appointment with god and explain to him,

"i could wear long sleeve shirts and no one would see them!"

I hope he goes for it.

I bet krishna and those dudes would let me hang out at their pad if god was too bummed at me.

Or i could just wait at the gates for my mom,

'cuz she'll outlive me, and then she could go talk to him about me,

Kinda like she did when i got suspended in grade

10 for smoking in the boys' washroom and she had to schmooze the principal.

Uhhhhhhhhhhhhh, yet another shitty day.

Sometimes i swear my shitty days run into each other,

Giving me a shitty weeks.

I think i'm in the middle of a shitty month... that's... shitty

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