

Bruises colors
reminding my fist of the spring
screaming to try to convince you
That you couldn't sing
Well I know you don't like it
But I know for sure you won't tell
These two daddy charges
They sure are the hardest to sell

Tell me what did I do?
What makes me so clumsy
When I show my deep love for you
Is it brutal or oral
I'm shooting always the wrong dove
Well I know it doesn't rhyme
Tied to my birthtown stove
Well I hate the things I do

Morning regrets by the one
Who forgets what he's done
Mental attacks by the priest
With a stick church to run
You could call it expressive
But at least I ain't using no gun
I thrive on the sound of a slowly torn
up dress

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