

Gar Forgets His Insulin

Hot Snakes

Dry your tears
We did everything we could
It's all done now
Struck down in his prime

Gar Wood
Gar Wood
Gar Wood
Gar wouldn't listen

He's in an airlock
He's in an iron lung
He's on a gurney
He was warned
He's in a drawer
He's in a bag
He's on a Lazy Susan
He's on the slab