

Great Crap

Kimya Dawson

great crap! i stuck my nose in his mouth to smell what he was saying and his words were hooked on chocolate strawberry vanilla isophonic charles in charge cards like neopolitan dianetics loaded with implosives and ready to self deconstruct his aftermath was mustached in the iron cupboard with the rest of the michael groceries

he is in the air he is everywhere
he is running in place in space and he is smiling
he is a dream that came to me
nothing can erase or replace that face

and so i asked him what i was doing in my mind
and he told me not to waste my time
what happens to the finder once you've found the find
we'll play with ourselves til we go blind
he is in my head his chair's on bread
he is right said fred and brice beckham at the same time
he's the recipe for the perfect friend for me
axl rosehips and richard persimmons in a soothing pot of craigt
gunner half nelson

and so i told him i was losing my mind
he said we're in this together now i lose mine all the time
the feelings steal the findings if the founders are too kind
we'll play with ourselves til we go blind

i see you and me and we are sad as sad could ever be
the past is a corpse and the future is a lie and we cry and we
cry and then we die
laffing

some people that i meet defeat the bounds of space and time
i will be a golden girl and you will be a golden guy
and if i threw a party and invited everyone i knew
i will see the biggest gift will be from you

we'll reverse all of the peepholes and look the mirror in the eye
then we'll snip and cut brian bonsall and turn him into jasmine
guy
and we'll look up in time to see amy grant sir mix-a-lot the sky
and we'll play with ourselves til we go blind

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