

# The Gusher

Lambchop

These are stains upon your genes  
You play me  
Fresh  
And new  
Twenty lashes in the drain  
Collecting  
Soapy  
Residue  
The water in the sink, turns brown  
Power to be clear, swishing it around  
Youscrape  
The skin  
With a  
Razor blade  
Not the end it's supposed to be  
Display me  
Boxed  
Re-viewed  
All the tears in Tennessee  
For the positive  
Lover  
Or freak  
Passing with the speed of sound  
Hours to be here buried in the ground  
Soon to touch  
The ass  
Of god's  
Gusher