

I Like Being A Millionaire. You Will Too Believe Me

Look Mexico

So you'd think that if I grew out my hair,
I'd have a bigger place to live in.
Without rooms to separate us.
Without our brains shutting down.

To be open is to be irrelevant.
And warmth is just potential.

Streaming into tired comments, and out a hoarse mouth.

Recount the day, and I'll give you a dollar.

Give me the juice and I'll squeeze the fruit.