

Take her to the room, Find out what's  
wrong,  
But there's nothing wrong with her.  
It's the reel, of only one venture,  
Taking me back to a stainless closure,  
Pull apart the little girl strapped on  
that  
X-ray,  
Pull apart the little churl, so she can't  
Get away,  
Epic trouble, In slumberland,  
Forgot,  
The Dreams that I had,  
Because,  
Of the trouble in my hand,  
Septic colons spur the lift of the man.  
We write, with a doubt in our hand.  
Take her to the room, find out what's  
Wrong,  
There's nothing wrong with  
Her,  
Filthy sand is all I had, With  
dreams of trouble, All I had  
Was  
One Woman.