

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.