

I'm sin done in water
You might be over hill.

He's somebody's daughter
As far as Liz well knows.

Send me a black one
Other than a big sun
Open with a castrate
A mystery mind.

He sits her with father
We seem so in a two.

Open up a C.A.T. scan
White leather free land
Wishy little be scar
Half-made mind.

Elvis had a daughter
Not half-boned siksura.

Heavy Betty big bone
Little kitty fig bomb
I'm no feet less
Give me one.

Eat more with your collar
Calling m-m-m-me in May.

Time is a big one
Only have to free us all
Misery to hope laid
Have them with the bong hit
Exit measured one seive
And I'm break and kicking Gary
Wringin' with the clothes bend
I hang my bong.