

One Hundred Percent Good

Piebald

you won't tell anyone you're lousy with secret
spoke my eye out I'll lost me left side you can
flip me over like a record or a turtle which ever
you prefer one way I'll keep spinning the other
I'll die in the sun her sad crush to an ugly boy
like me when you run I just walk fast you can be
the big shot just don't shoot yourself let me put
this away and I'll come complain with you I
remember them standing in the circle.