

## Rules For Mules

Piebald

I've got to clean my mouth out with soap  
I've got to stop swearing  
I've got to clean my eyes out with dirt  
I've got to stop staring  
English was made to be rhymed  
Or made to be destroyed  
Organized organism  
Don't ruffle the feathers  
Don't touch a thing  
Call shotgun babe and we can bust out of this popsicle stand  
Everything good comes to an end  
The saddest and happiest day you will miss that eventually  
This white christmas is too much for me  
It's not what you look like  
It's who you look like  
If silence is a crime then everything is guilty  
Wish that I'd met her sooner  
Wish that I could consume her  
Mistress of luna  
Take care of yourself.