

Monster Man

Soul Coughing

Stop hitching with the monster man, it was a bad plan, but I had to get to town. Unbitten, but the way I found it was a hand came down and pow! I got illuminated.

That's why I have got my mind in my own.

Hand over the wave. Hand over the water. The realest of the real.

It's like the burnout said: phenomenon.

To the ruder bar in a Buddha-plump van. It was a stamped can. It was a clamor understanding, and all you people jumping but we raised the bar. You're dumber than a box of rocks. Give up, star.

The inscrutable. The irrefutable. The undisputed.

Makes me go on a dig.