

Screwing Yer Courage

Team Dresch

it's summer the hairs grown in on my upper thigh just
like so much corn in late july but is it summer i'm
shaking and my feet are bitter cold i need some fries to
go with that shake i need to grease back my hair or let
it whip in my face let it whip my face i love you baby i
love you we'll stock up on canned goods and move to the
woods we'll find a piece of land and quit this fucking
band i love you baby i love you