

## Bitter Thoughts

WHY?

Keep your producer guessing  
When you're in the booth confessing  
And say it was mostly fiction  
If they ever come to get you  
Better bet your bottom dollar  
On the spirit, son, and father  
That I'll spit and shit and holler, yeah  
Cause I'm my mother's daughter  
Be warned, my temper burns  
Like a ginger-blow pugilist  
Unconcerned, I never learned to swing elbows  
Or use my fist  
Trying to live and let live and focus  
Invest in problem markets  
But killer's on a road trip  
His text says not with carcass

From the backs of tent flyers in pen  
The guilt-racked liar pretends to confess

When I was a little fat kid  
I'd throw fits and punch doors  
My frame is the same  
I've just thinned; I want more  
Down pinned on the floor  
Trading places with my shadow  
A pallid sallow corpse for a rising hell to swallow  
Fully unarmed or armed under the robes with a staff only  
Or unarmed fully under the robes  
Through the ribs and inner but  
But for a bulging lung of poison  
Poised to voice it's cuts  
And what's worse, of course  
The sick and bile-y guts

From the backs of tent flyers in pen  
The guilt-racked liar pretends to confess

They asked him whether he was sane  
And if he'll ever kill again  
Take half a clever lawyer's brain  
To link the weapon to the man  
Bitter thoughts, liver spots  
Or bash your skull on river rocks  
Love you lots, signed mom with hearts  
OXOX on a Hallmark card

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The guilt-racked liar pretends to confess