

Warsaw or the First Breath You Take After You Give

Them Crooked Vultures

Can't afford to lose my head.
Can't afford to lose my cool.
You'll blow them all in king dumbcum.
Can't afford to lose my tease,
I just aim to please. Feel like a no-tell motel painting,
out of place or ignored.
It's all medals and trophy's, trophy's and medal
and all before the race has been run.
Oh,
take off your mask,
is
it too much to ask??
Go on
Und give it a try
Or kiss
Your ass goodbye. Autobiographical anonymous.
A cotillion of friction on my jurisdiction.
It's a lovely disguise with the wandering eyes.
I get high,
now you've got something to look up to. Trouble's a mangy stray dog,
play with it once, then it follows you home.
It's all "have nots,
have none,
hey can I have some's?"
Until I've had enough
Yet I've had none.
Oh,
take off your mask,
lose
it into the trash...
Go on
und give it a try
or kiss
your ass goodbye. Suddenly it gets easy.
The sun goes down.
The long arm of important things
disappears in her gown.
You finally drop
the knife,

forget you ever h....
It's such a good
night,
ain't forever.
It feels so good to give up, give in...
her arms.I know it hurts.
It hurts to be young.
Metamorphosis is pain, I know.
I said it hurts to be young.
Gotta learn every goddamn thing.
You gotta hack your way through,
and realize...it's almost entirely lies.
But then you'll begin to smile.
Smile for me, real.
Wide.
Then you accept what you are.
The transforming is done.
You've become...absorbed into, and you know.
I think I know what to do.

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