

Mr. Superlove

Ass Ponys

the storm was blowing from the south
the blood was running from your mouth
i recall the music playing
couldn't hear what you were saying
the cat was howling, yowling, wanting out you may not believe me
baby, when i tell you
that i am mr. superlove the glass was shattered on the floor
a hundred pieces maybe more
i remember you were crying
just before you sent it flying
the sirens sounding
the pounding on the door you may not believe me
baby, when i tell you
that i am mr. superlove your clothes were lying on the chair
your face was hidden by your hair
and all that i could think of then
was what it must have felt like when
you were flying naked
headlong down the stairs you may not believe me
baby, when i tell you
that i am mr. superlove

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