I Don't Give A Shit About Wood, I'm Not A Chemist

Daughters

they shaved off fourteen points for ugly.
they dumbed down the structure like some amputee.
a broken bible salesman going door to door selling mouthfulls of shit.
flowers spread across his teeth.
bloody imprisoned in his slacks.
shouting at size ten and a half feet.
remember when we were young?
(ohh)
well we're just like them now
(ohh)
these choppers won't chew no more
(ohh)
these knees won't bend no more
(ohh)this face can't sell the words for sure.
there are a million other birds from sidewalk to ceiling to the cats
who called the shots while i dipped in the fingertip sleep.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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