

Slippershell

Throwing Muses

You soft soap
The soft-shelled
The porous
Morons like me
And you're not sorry
Piece of cake
To shake off
Principles
Hard-won scruples
And pretty virtue
Crushed into the bottom of mud-yellow sand
Like a slippershell
Chrome, like phosphorescent teeth in mud-yellow skin
You're a slippershell
And you can go to hell
Hard water
Down your throat
Down your back
Hard to say it's hard luck when you're so happy
Hard to say it's hard luck when we had it coming
Crushed into the bottom of mud-yellow sand
Like a slippershell
Chrome, like phosphorescent teeth in mud-yellow skin
You're a slippershell
And you can go to hell
Maybe see me there
Can't you see it's a white-out made of chrome?
Can't you see the white-out?
It's why I piss and moan
It's why I can't go home
Wallet full of fat
Belly full of milk
You're touchingly, deeply fulfilled
You're very old
You're very new
You're touchingly, deeply confused
Can't you see it's a white-out made of chrome?
Can't you see the white-out?
It's why I piss and moan

It's why I can't go home
Can't you see the white-out?
Can't you see the white-out?
Can't you see the white-out?

No

I guess you don't
I guess you don't
I guess you don't
I guess you don't
I guess you don't
I guess you don't
I guess you don't

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

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