# A Sick Cult

## Some Girls

I'm sipping cold and slow while careful to keep my legs closed
The sun's not solid gold, but no one knows
The doors are deadlocked but the whores aren't wedlocked
A wish list of marital bliss in an answerless Los Angeles
Back home they think I'm queer, but no one's yet to notice here
The doors are deadlocked but the whores aren't wedlocked
Free love in this city
A sick cult of synchronicity
Oh shut up, it's the best habit I've held in years

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