

Rules for Mules

Piebald

I've got to clean my mouth out with soap
I've got to stop swearing
I've got to clean my eyes out with dirt
I've got to stop staring
English was made to be rhymed
Or made to be destroyed, organized organism
Don't ruffle the feathers, don't touch a thing
Call shotgun, babe and we can bust out of this Popsicle stand
Everything good comes to an end
The saddest and happiest day you will miss that eventually
This white Christmas is too much for me
It's not what you look like, it's who you look like
If silence is a crime then everything is guilty
Wish that I'd met her sooner
Wish that I could consume her
Mistress of Luna, take care of yourself

Songwriters

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