Fuck You, Ms. Rochelle

Dillinger Four

HE WAS PREACHING AT THE BUS STOP, HE WAS DRUNK,
DRUNK ON MOUTHWASH, TALK SHIT
HE A FOR A CIGARETTE I GAVE HIM A MINT
A LADY ASKED WILL THE SIX SOON
HE ASKED HER IF SHED LIKE TO TAKE A TRIP TO THE MOON
HIS SARCASM REEKED OF LONELINESSAND I KNOW I HATED HIM THROUGH THE SNOW I COULD SEE A REFLECTION
FRAGILE IS THE HELL WE MAKE FOR OURSELVES WHEN WE ACKNOWLEDGE THAT THE SPOTLIGHT' ON.HE WAS GETTING MORE OBNOXIOUS AND HE WOULDN QUIT
EVEN THOUGH OUR FACES READ YOUE FULL OF SHIT
AND THEN SHE SPLIT FOR ANOTHER STOP
HE WAS ASKING FOR A SMOKE AND HE WAS PISSED I SAID NO
HE MADE A FIST SO I PULLED OUT MY DICK RY SMOKING THIS?
SO SIMILAR IT WAS KILLING ME, SO FULL OF SHIT AT ONLY 15.FRAGILE IS THE HELL WE MAKE FOR OURSELVES WHEN WE ACKNOWLEDGE THAT THE SPOTLIGHT' ON.
HE WAS ME IN HIGH SCHOOL, A STEREO-TYPE, A WELL-TRAINED TOOL
BUT SINCE THEN IE LEARNED THAT ALL CLOWNS AREN FOOLS

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

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