

# Patriarch On A Vespa

## Metric

Promiscuous makes an entrance  
Her mouth is full of questions  
"Are we all brides to be?"  
"Are we all designed to be confined?"  
Buy ourselves chastity belts and lock them  
Organize our lives and lose the key  
Our faces all resemble dying roses  
From trying to fix it, trying to fix it, trying to fix it  
When instead we should break it  
We've got to break it before it breaks us  
Fear of pretty houses and their porches  
Fear of biological wrist watches  
Fear of comparison shopping  
Dogs on leashes behind fences barking  
Pretty little pillows on floral couches  
Until our faces all resemble dying roses  
Stop trying to fix it  
Patriarch on a Vespa  
Runs a red and ends up  
Crushed under the wheel

Lyrics provided by

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