

Sex Sells and (Unfortunately) I'm Buying

Piebald

I don't mean this like it sounds.
I can't stand up and can't sit down.
I'm only half as fast as I was yesterday.
The tighter the shirt the better it is.
A carrot and stick type of thing.
I have already got my hands in the pig farm. Cut the kid some slack.
Cut the kid some cake.
There was nothing to feel, nothing to hold - yeah. Nasty habits rule this place.
And of course the walk of shame.
It's something that you may or may not understand.
All out at once clean and compact.
Flipping through the stations.
I heard some rapper once say there's a message in everything. It's just like liquor stores, mailboxes and pay phones.
Whenever you need them they are impossible to find.
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