FFT

The Huntingtons

Sitting in my room
The thoughts are flying through my head
[Unverified] inside my brain is tart
The contract's on my bedSmell the smell of cigar smoke
And I know who it is
Ideas are dumb, the doors are shut
The messages are hisMy buddy Al drove off a cliff
And ran into a nail
He licks his wounds and wonders
How the tooth drove him to failHe hates to park his car
Downtown on 16th Avenue
Sometimes her eyes are green
And other times I think they're blueMy sister is a mother
And my mother is a chore
My brother is a junkie
For the C.O. music boardsI knew this guy who was so lazy
And he was so dumb
He slept all day and lost his job
And now he is a bum

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