Fish Biscuit

Splatterheads

Sweet little pretty ran away from the trouble, we saw it all through the peephole.
She carried her belongings in a purple pair of stockings and her head in a fish bowl.
I caught her walking backwards with a dead bunch of flowers and a feather in her waistband, talking to the birds about the places she was gong in the ads on the news stand.Saw lost pretty gone, pretty gone yeah yeah yeah, lost pretty gone, pretty gone yeah yeah yeah, lost pretty gone.All her free movie passes burned up in housefire that no one could have started.
Well they fired up the incubator, almost an incinerator, laughing about the wall climb.
Swinging round the tree house, singing like a loud trout, it's donuts for the last time.
Sign says back later, protoplasm gladiator, see you on the jelly rack.
Couldn't really miss it with the number on the biscuit, I'll be there when the eggs hatch.Lost pretty gone, pretty gone, pretty gone yeah yeah yeah, pretty gone. Got pretty gone, pretty gone yeah yeah yeah, pretty gone.When all of a sudden said the stripper with the rotor button waiting for the big bang.
Brown suit hot flush, married to a toilet brush that's doing up a condo.
A world famous monkey told me how to knit a bridge across a river that don't flow.
Strange thing piece of string, waiting for a wedding ring that brought a weasel meat hall.
And the lone kipper I saw naked in the tub went and moved into a pinball.I'm pretty gone, pretty gone yeah yeah yeah, well I'm pretty gone, pretty gone pretty gone yeah yeah yeah, I'm really gone.And a little birdy told me all the insects in the world are gonna decorate my conscience yeah

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