Biscuits For Smut

Helmet

Served up in the backyard
Cooked too long on high
Flying out the window
Even dogs have passed them by
Didn't know she was tied up
Better fed than forced
Time to meet the protagonist, boy
He never showed remorseChoking on the one thing
His tongue had gotten too fat
A barely walking dead man
Seemed to know where he was at
Drive himself to the airport
Getting out of here
Overworking the small town
The law couldn't get too nearCome on smut
You might've stayed

Songwriters
HAMILTON, PAGE NYEPublished by
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