Generator ^ Second Floor

Freelance Whales

And I could never tell as a kid
What that window door went to
Only told to stay away
I almost had an accident at age 6
When I found the key in the atticAnd now the smell of these wood frames
Is the only sense I've left
So as you pull me from the bed
Tell me I look stunning and cadaverousAnd since you are my friend
I would ask that you lower me down slow
And tell the man in the black cloak
He doesn't need to trouble his good soul
With those Latin conjugationsAnd if it's all the same to them
You should tell your gathering friends
Please not to purse their faces grim
On such a lovely Sunday

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