

Fully Retractable

Soul Coughing

Shooed out like a housefly
This house was half my mind
I don't dispute the doubts you've outlined
But it's my right to waste your time And these things, it stands to reason
These things won't kill me
Your feelings, the spattering
It bores me, don't tell me Burned in on the eighth of May
She was spectacular
I walked a half-moon by the bus stop
Sliding 'cross the street to her Three stings, sequentially
Three strings won't kill me
Your spieling, gracelessly
Is my grief, please tell me And half-masted, bass-boosted
Slingbacked, fully retractable
Half-masted, bass-boosted
Slingbacked, fully retractable Half-masted, bass-boosted
Slingbacked, fully retractable
Half-masted, bass-boosted
Slingbacked, fully retractable Throw out the la-la by the bus load
Match the photo to the description
I do indeed and shall continue
Dispatch the shiftless man to points beyond And these things, it stands to reason
These things, please tell me
Your spieling, gracelessly
It bores me, don't tell me And half-masted, bass-boosted
Slingbacked, fully retractable
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