

## Miss Octubre

Twenty five the season dark  
Three sheets to the wind like a close line rope  
    He's a spider on the web  
    She was a tiny woman , he could sense  
    Her developing body was just the beginning  
    She said, "Is anybody out there?"  
    She was bruised like a cherry  
        Ripe as a peach  
How could he have known that she was only 15  
    And she came to him like a tick on the noose  
    Little blue eyed soul for his black and blues  
        (????) for the likes of me  
    Our skin is like grass let's smoke it real fast

    Is anybody out there?  
    He was deep like a graveyard  
        Wired like TV  
And how could he have known that she'd be down for almost anything  
    But she was only only only 15  
        My oh my you pretty thing  
    It's about that time for us to meet  
    Does your Daddy have a shotgun?  
    He was deep like a graveyard  
        She was ripe as a peach  
And how could he have known she was only 15  
    She was only only only 15  
        She was only only only 15

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