

Used Cars

Hail Mary Mallon

Used coats, usurped thrones
FUBAR crews out New York homes
Students of a cruel world mutate room noise
Illustrate Man as a food shaped chew toy Dwarf mode, shoes don't fit
Wire cut grumpy, honey moon clothespin
Fire bug, tummy bloody, blue-nosed pit
I got ninety-nine problems, twenty-two is (oh shit) Yo I never don't trip, codenamed (oh shit)
Cold brains in the bowl, got the game show rigged
Oh sugar, the butcher and his readily unsettling
Fury are impervious to conventional weaponry Undead Kennedy as heathen's hammer
Stakes through the heart of the teens and campers
Who came for the trees and the cheesy banter
And they pray to the cross in between your antlers
Oh Shit Used cars, glue loose parts
Snake eyes take high noon too far
Agent of darkness, arm of a banned surgeon
Cellophane miracle, fish in his hand burning Sport coats with dough in both chins
Rose colored hand on a lamb with Logan
Heavy metal trench on the bench of his home gym
With some green tea leaves and leaning like (oh shit) Coyotes in the crows nest, homie (oh shit)
Toast petrified rowers on a bloated ghost ship
Going rogue, in robes that double as mobile homes
Wax in his stash and puzzling coat of arms A Bonaparte overcompensating
When you're not saying nothing like an Amish station
Tell God I said hi and to drop some Amens
For the nicest MCs at the tapas tasting
Oh Shit Used names, chew through chains
Reptiles, crock pots, new Kool-Aids
Uncool, but sooner haul his mission to the furnace
Than casually evolve into the visage of a serpent Left home and acquired a slow twitch
From working all night by the light of an old fridge
Might be the lone kid that sold you the toll bridge
For three grand flat, how's that for an (oh shit) Mary Mallon get dough shit, smoking (oh shit)
Where the No King keepers individually Go Fish
House in a tree trunk, steampunk goggles
Pink hearts, yellow moons, green [?] waffles Steal out the box, leaving the store open
Begging for forgiveness and needing a small role in
Competing with all omens for a nifty prize
Of a "Number 1" ribbon and a "Kick Me" sign Oh Shit

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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