Devotion

Smog

There are some terrible gossips in this town
There are some terrible gossips in this town
With jaws like vices
And eyes like drainsThere are some little weasels in this town
Scampering around loose
With yellow teeth
And the beady eyesWe should set a standard amount of words
That I am to say to these
We should set a standard type of look
That you are to give to me
When you wanna leaveThere are some terrible gossips in this town
With jaws like vices
And eyes like drainsI won't tell what they say about you
I won't flourish the shit
You are my dearest friend
And I will protect you
Until the endWith a will like vices
Complete as a drain

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