

Bottoms Up

Kate Pierson

Matchstick lies hypnotise
silk pinned eyes and oral fixations
Letters home while you roam
clutch the past, taste the sedation Throw to the wind your addiction to friction and fiction
Ride through the night, risk your life Bottoms up with the top down
hit the skids and you rebound
count the points as you run down all your friends one by one
bottoms up with your sweets out
when the drive is a test
while you beat your chest all your friends have the (elft)
Na na na na na, Na na na na na, Na na na na na, oh oh ohour pipe dreams to delete
incomplete
regretting cremation
I've high hopes, hide the rope,
flush the dope, or my liberation Throw to the wind your addiction to friction and fiction
Ride through the night, risk your life Bottoms up with the top down
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bottoms up with your sweets out
when the drive is a test
while you beat your chest all your friends have the (elft)
Na na na na na, Na na na na na, Na na na na na, oh oh oh

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