

Suzieju

Lambchop

Chest of drawers and I ignore
Is this feeling for impossible season
Evaluate, appropriate, another well done steak
Be mindful of suspicionAnd I have seen with my eyes of green
The curving of your face
It's not a prize, you know I realize
Still it's haunting this psychotic erectionShe really purrs, in the wee hours
Without hearts and flowers
Give up on the pretext
You sympathize and much to my surpriseYou soon realize that you're not so omnipotent
But have a heart and stop the bitchy part, the meaning of excess
Have some wine and feed me a lie
Suzieju, is Jesus said backwardsYou work all day, no matter what you say
Please don't give it away, those sweet aspirations
Get civilized, don't take your eyes off the prize
Of those greasy little fries that you get from the crystalHave sympathy, just don't agree with me
Truth rises from dissent
Carry on with your lips half calm
You could be human but I honestly doubt itYour shirt is brown, in a world of sound
My name is a noun, it's gotten pro form, it's seasoned
You recollect , then you genuflect
You're just a human wreck at the start of the weekendAnd scrap your dreams, of loss, you're obscene
The call will have to wait
Our time will mend our love, my little friend
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