

Prince Squid

These Arms Are Snakes

He wants to be the big shot in your eyes.
"But he's in flux memorandum!"
Caught behind two fuck fearing awful bloodshot eyes.
"Oh god he's coming closer!"
He's Mr. Best, center of everyone's conversation,
and repelled by his wince.
We'd like him best to be strung up
Just like a constellation.
At least he'd finally be a star.
Bring in Mr. Turkey and have him sing along,
"I got the stories to tell ya!"
Wrap him up in rat skin and rock him until his sleeps.
And push him on down stream!
Light up the whole place and have him dance for us.
He's got a past of obsessions!
Write up a story and have him read out loud.
The voice rings of apparitions!
Now this one wants to sit in the back and complain
And draw attention to everyone of his pains,
He eats that shit, to feed the shit in his veins.
Like this one is different when it's all the same. He's Mr. Best. Center of everyone's conversation,
Repelled by his wince,
We'd like him best to be cut open in the console cavern,
At least he'd make history.
He walks through the tavern just like a squid.
Dripping salt water discharge!
Flops on the bar and proceeds to slither right on in.
Envelopes bottles like he does ships!
Very quick. I know that you want to be or be square.
You want to be there, to be there, to be there.
You want this to be fair, to be fair, to be fair.
He wants to be there, to be there, to be there.
He came down by the hole. Jumped right on in.
He had no lungs so he didn't bother to swim.
Take all the women. Take all kids.
Throw the dirt in and show him we're still friends.

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

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