

# Great Crap

[Kimya Dawson](#)

great crap! i stuck my nose in his mouth to smell what he was saying and his words were hooked on chocolate  
strawberry vanilla isophonic charles in charge cards like neopolitan dianetics loaded with implosives and ready  
to self deconstruct his aftermath was mustached in the l ron cupboard with the rest of the michael grocerieshe is

in the air he is everywhere

he is running in place in space and he is smiling

he is a dream that came to me

nothing can erase or replace that faceand so i asked him what i was doing in my mind

and he told me not to waste my time

what happens to the finder once you've found the find

we'll play with ourselves til we go blind

he is in my head his chair's on bread

he is right said fred and brice beckham at the same time

he's the recipe for the perfect friend for me

axl rosehips and richard persimmons in a soothing pot of craig t

gunner half nelsonand so i told him i was losing my mind

he said we're in this together now i lose mine all the time

the feelings steal the findings if the founders are too kind

we'll play with ourselves til we go blindi see you and me and we are sad as sad could ever be

the past is a corpse and the future is a lie and we cry and we cry and then we die

laffingsome people that i meet defeat the bounds of space and time

i will be a golden girl and you will be a golden guy

and if i threw a party and invited everyone i knew

i will see the biggest gift will be from youwe'll reverse all of the peepholes and look the mirror in the eye

then we'll snip and cut brian bonsall and turn him into jasmine guy

and we'll look up in time to see amy grant sir mix-a-lot the sky

and we'll play with ourselves til we go blindhe is in the air he is everywhere

he is running in place in space and he is smiling

he is a dream that came to me

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