

Get In or Get Out

Hot Hot Heat

He never thought that he would leave so soon.
Passed out in May, but then woke up June hanging over July.
Security! Security!
Beware: the cost of living is a one way fare.
I'm pulling the alarm, so get in or get out.
His polyester sticks out in the crowd.
It's true, there is such a thing as too loud -but I won't let him know.
White lipstick smeared upon my bathroom mirror.
He stuck me with the bill -but I don't care.
Ugly or pretty, it's still my city.
Make up your mind and get in or get out!
Say what you will, but get in or get out!
We never thought that he would leave this town.
We always that he would hang around getting old with the rest.
Jean jackets folded on his closet shelf.
The weather begs for leather coats... Ah well.

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