

Kiln

Hail Mary Mallon

MA-LL-ON

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From the tree house, you can now see the silhouette
Greasy, poor, needy boy speeding off in a limo stretch
Seedy talk, slow and low tow a comb through his widow's edge
Sheepy dog lying for science dying and pillow pet
Creepy still leaning on tire iron and lobby glass
Forty-four, door to door, order more of them body bags
Posse packed, corduroy, water toys and karate class
I'll be back, Play dough with Beowolf in a Chachi mask (Copy That)
Roger this, minor twist on a running theme
Minus Dean, nominate pocket change for the other team
Gutters cleaned, chimney swept, giving death for a colour scheme
Egg shell over plain white, van dyke over hunter green
What it means, forward ho, courts close to the watching eye
Tears that's tenured and rendered for when his father died
Anchored to his angled and tangled for when his pocket's lined
Golden goose, holding two bowling shoes for his Columbine
Hop a ride, tag along, add a song to your mini-mix
Mega man, (meguavere?) razor set to his chinny chins
Sixty-six, route down, moving down to the Dixie chick
This monkey brought a weapon and heaven give him a pixie stick
Is he sick, if so, make him hurl all the stuff he drank
Hold his hand behind his back, get his hat and his money, thanks
Once he blanks, stand him up, hand him some of the onion rings
Tell him that he's good, get him Bush Tonic, Cutty Ranks

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MarySide winders wind through fried wires
In a room of hired primates climbing on typewriters
Trying desperately to organize an alphabet in prose
That would render them in drastically exaggerated roles
I know I shouldn't care and I'm too old to play the dozens
But admittedly I visualize some ultimate comeuppance with
Heads on pikes and pikes on walls and hell bound knights who deny all involvement, it's awful

Off on a tough blue huffy
Got a bucktooth youth from an uncool cubby
Who step inside the club like a statue crying blood
Dance floor scattered, staff asking why I'd come
Man... shamefully whichever way you cut it
I was trying to impress some people I can't even stomach
You'd like to think you're cool enough to not care if you're cool
But the spirit gets distracted, the flesh is fucking cruel
They drag you to the tempest extend you to the wolves
This would be the time if you had any cool signature moves
Escape artist careful not to spook the horses
From zero to a symphony of molecules in orbit
I never had a gold chain, never had a cold beer
Had a codename and a moral code he hold dear
Guts pecked out pigs snout gross beard
A B C fingers stuck in both ears

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

Lyrics provided by

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