Dry Clothes

Annuals

There's A knapsack Rally for the stranger who told of a spider, and a purple toad
The things I heard were wretched and slurred, Oh my ears would be cut off at mention
But you don't have to cut it off
Just give it some time. Your baby boy, he only naps
So mother bug don't you bite your tongue because there's nothing else to do for your son
He rose the dead. He's been sharing his bed with the only one he never loved
So why should you cry for the licence plate of a colder state?
Should you talk of the son on the run, your tongue will be ripped out by ducklings
Oh, you don't have to cut it off
Just give it some time. Your baby boy, he only naps
I only feel like living when I fell like I'm dying. Your baby boy, he only naps
Well Missy, sure you can look through my drawers. I've got nothing to hide. So, crying soul don't you tally the toll because where's the love in counting?
Dry clothes

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