

# The Temp

## Mourning Widows

She's my baby. She is a Raygun  
Kissing my spaceship. Kill me for fun fun  
She is my sunshine. My only sunshine  
Painting my bluesky. Yellow with jaundice.  
She's temp, she's temp  
She got a special place for you  
She's temp, She's temp  
Underneath her favorite pair of shoes  
Suicides are fed, modern love rises like bread  
Playing catch with living skulls  
Hurry up, somebody's dead, we're still alive  
She my baby, she got the big gulp  
Devour my soul food over and over  
Trouble breathing, my world is strangling  
Lovely gorilla, she strictly hands on  
She's temp, She's temp  
She's into nucleo and nucliete  
She's temp, She's temp  
She makes me feel like I'm hovering  
580 meters over Hiroshima  
Just a piece of sun  
On your skin I burn a home  
Lying lotion soothes the pain  
Peel me off before I fall  
She's to blame, she seems a bit insane  
She likes it when it rains all day long  
Happiness is knockin', but she cries  
Then turning out the light she runs at night

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