

Weekend at the Fire Academy

Orchid

How quaint you can spit farther than me
Your life straight from a movie scene
Now on a movie screen
Sliver skies and black eyes
I want a peice of cake
Get your hands off my presents
Kiss on the face
Slap on the cheek. I'll be the one who takes my chances
Sort of sad, isn't it
It's hard to forget the friend who makes the scene on T.V.
My baby makes the scene on T.V.
She makes the scene on T.V.
Who's like that anyway

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