The Perfect Remedy

Gob

if i paint a picture of the days gone by i could tell a story minus the truth,
it's the only way i couldn't walk a meter in your shoes you'll see,
never be the same pent up in me,
and they are just like weights i could help you choose a name,
when you see they're soaked i left them out in the rain
first thing that i saw today make the best of new conditions,
or just chew it pent upin you,
tied up in your room you got the best cut of deal you lay down,
tied up in my room i found the perfect remedy spit you out,
were a thousand years old, had a million boyfriends,
with the newest i though about you in my bed last night you
i have a rubber stopper to prevent the worst happening mark
with all my mightiness band it back all the way this one it'll never break
the troubled spot within and press
make the best of old ideas never be the same

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