Crackers

Lambchop

Crackers spoil
In the California sun
Autumn leaves
But she never said where she was going
In your heart
Your mind grow dumb
You feign surprise to learn that
That's where babies come from

Remove your grace and ease
Try to avoid even the casual relationship to cheese
Girl I'm on my knees

There's a righteous piece of cheese

This twenty minutes
Doesn't seem that long
Still there's a tendency
To always get the words wrong
And here we sit
Out this tropical storm
Burning pages from your note book
Just to keep your hands warm

In or out of bed
This sergeant shaved my head
Your outrageous guess

Cover them with roses and affliction
Be the one that hardly speaks of fiction anymore
To leave when you're on top
And your team gets robbed
Overcasted funny faces
Hardly reminiscent of the truth

In the barracks
By the army cot
There's a feller who's just cut his face shaving
And as he bleeds
On his pillow in the dark

Waiting for the morning
when he gets to go online to you

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