

Puffer

Speedy Ortiz

You want a blue sky, how provincial
Focus the dead eye upon the guard of the liars
Kinetoscoping not to fear a thing
Not anacondas under the cover of liars Poseying in prose again, Mount Toby friends are make pretend
Never offered cover model jobs outside of Factory Hollow
So I'm the god of the liars A truss construction never fears a thing
Look through the onion skin under the guard of the liars New position minus friction, X-game starlet earns the
mention
No-way ticket trained in consent, kissing cousins' train's a-coming
Puff puff

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