The Petrified Florist

Lambchop

A goofy Libra a drafty car
I do believe, I've stepped on my guitar
A borrowed bender a liver ends
Until you've seen it, it's really just pretendA coward's trade a careful foray
Against the blade a patent
Answer can't wait
To get my hands on herThe closing of the coor
The blistered buttered roar, oh
Callous even hand
In the village of the damnedA broken glass, the broken table
The spitting image if I was able
A frightened bird the written word
Our daily logic has become absurdAnd when you see her smile
You live the fever for a little
While you'll never ever leave her
My crippled friend

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