Chrissie Sally

Cold Cave

Here is a list of things i wish to forget
Kissy Chrissie Christ on the cocaine coast of Maine
Naked in the street washing the pain away with rain
Love, i stole your wallet while you were in bed with him
So you paid for my hookers on my first fuck-fest binge
Sally, i took pictures from underneath the bleachers
And threw my cum at you when i needed attention
Boy, i stole your girl just to see what you'd be missing
And did everything i could in every last position
I would call you up while she went down on me
And listen to you cry in between screams of ecstasy

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