

Flavor Ice

Bigwig

It was a warm summer day, Watching TV with a flavor ice melting in my hand, Watching Endless Summer fifty times or more, With my girlfriend and the band. We walked down the beach to watch the sun come up. Drinking a coke she let out a burp, So I refilled her cup. It's 3am, all I hear is my air conditioning, Getting bored I feel so lame. I'll go piss in her coffee cup again. She said she's coming back, But I know that she's never coming back again.

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