

Picture Day

Hail Mary Mallon

Here's a little something for the lost and found
If the mallon ain't on, then we're walking out
What you talking 'bout? You can't be serious
Cause we don't even know what year it is

2000 and 1985, on New Year's Eve or the day we die
In a Ryder truck, with the trailer open

Protocol overall is lederhosenTell me, tell me, tell me, what you been doingSoldering an organ from the '70's

Other hand harvesting the organs of my enemies

If in pursuit of feeder fish, he forgo any pleasantries

Bonfires eating into ornamental effigies

At a odd orbit, not a part of the public

Part of a mob forged in worn carnival justice

Trust, that's what a playboy be on

One quarter straight, no save point respawnTell me, tell me, tell me, what you been doing
Gettin' Ziggy with it

Biting the hand that feeds Lenny and Squiggy with it

Lord of the flies with more eyes on his pinky digit

I am Bobby Freedom, and this is 60 minutes

Tar boil, coil with hood spread

Gargoyle then foil the good bets

Part spoiled and loyally book bed

And char broil the soil with oily footsteps

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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