Spin

Kind of Like Spitting

Bird swings, sing blue, my Paris fling
Out the screen door, off and old cassette
My mind was tight and ran like a engine,
When you showed up it was the darkest of dark nights
The saddest of sad sights
I hung on through unsteady drugs.Cat cartoons on the sleeve of me
They never leave me
A billion broken band Joes rule
The sun is setting on the life I'm leaving,
The bill collector ca'nt understand the heavy metal kid's agenda,
Tell me, Brenda, is there more to this I need to see?My mind was loose and ran like an demon,
If you don't mind I'd rather fuck up my own life,
Bore into sad nights
Please don't expect a birthday card.
Tell me, what's expected? what is owed?Do you really want to fix it even though it's made of snow?
Tell me, Brenda, I can't really remember
Cause I'm swinging from my family tree
Is this real, innate, or just a fucking screen?
Is this real or is it all just words to sing?

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