

Carolina

Adam Green

Carolina, she's from Texas
Red bricks drop from her vagina
Oh, her lips taste just like sunk ships
But her breasts taste just like breakfast
There's her hand now on the cock sock
Filled with white tears from the thrift store
She's an eyesore in her red dress
I'm the ghost of her deceased when she said

Give us back our lives
Leave him, Carolina
Everything's just fine
Refill my prescription
Until next time
I get so lost inside the rooms inside my mind

California presidente
Cogi mucho estoy cansado
Dostoevsky, Fab Moretti
Antiseptic, complimentary
There's her hand now on the cock sock
Filled with white tears from the thrift store
She's an eyesore in her red dress
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Goodnight Sweetheart
Flying high on birth control
She knows the pregnancy will show
That she smells nice when you look twice
Who's your boyfriend, Carolina?
And it's goodnight sweetheart
Flying high on birth control
She knows rejections in her bones

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