

this time i'm gonna take the collection baby  
and with the money in my hand  
i'm gonna purchase all the details  
scrub you clean with my soap opera chirping  
walking on tip-toed pickpocket fever  
racing up the scales of your thermometer  
turnbuckle tournicate clotting the moonshine  
clotheslined seizures singing happy valentines  
i found feathers in the hit and run nest  
omerttas not a prayer on your rosary beads

when she knocked me over  
i looked inside the hearse  
sprouting chauvanistic swine  
and written were the words  
poking butter with this knife  
allergic to this concubine  
racing by in a '56 chevy  
and we couldn't even pretend  
to be alive...

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