

Please That Bitch Will Outlive Us All

Heavy Heavy Low Low

Why are we still sneaking behind the backs of people we don't love anymore'
We don't love 'em anymore.
Because I am so sick of living in a bone dry marriage,
I don't even know what the f**k I'm even thing anymore,
My kids a f**king pervert he smears cum on the computer desk.
My husband, a money grubbing pill eating cheat,
But I can't say I don't pop 'em too though.
When I feel f**kin sick.
I feel f**kin sick.
Now that my gardens dried up,
What do I have to life for?
Where is the man of my dreams?
Where's the cornucopia feast?
And cherry red convertible.
I won't ride the wings of my cockroach mother,
I'm too young to die inside