

Tell Shannon Her Crafts Are Ready

Heavy Heavy Low Low

You would make the prettiest of brides
(Oh baby I got you workin from the nine to five)
You would make the prettiest rape victim
(Oh baby I got you workin from the nine to five)
Goddamn I hope I overdose
Your mouth is open and better suits a bottle opener
Than to talk my pathetic fucking ears off
I'd jab an ice pick in my eardrums if I could someday regain my
hearing
I envision (more more more) snapping your neck
(More more more)
Tilt back your head and fucking take it
Milligram count: you've gone too far
Diagnosis: finally gone