

Dry Clothes

Annuals

There's A knapsack Rally for the stranger who told of a spider,
and a purple toad.

The things I heard were wretched and slurred. Oh my ears would
be cut off at mention,

But you don't have to cut it off.
Just give it some time. Your baby boy, he only naps.

So mother bug don't you bite your tounge because there's nothin
g else to do for your son.

He rose the dead. He's been sharing his bed with the only one h
e never loved.

So why should you cry for the licence plate of a colder state?

Should you talk of the son on the run, your tongue will be ripp
ed out by ducklings.

Oh, you don't have to cut it off.
Just give it some time. Your baby boy, he only naps.

I only feel like living when I fell like I'm dying. Your baby b
oy, he only naps.

Well Missy, sure you can look through my drawers. I've got noth
ing to hide. So, crying soul don't you tally the toll because w
here's the love in counting?

Dry clothes