Maybe like a polecat like a cannon you'll be praying for days like the nuts and bolts like the uniforms that they wore in the civil war and scratching your cat claws at the pavement see you coming across the room like a walking weight like a cannon that's been fired.

Hey there operator don't you know you're trading cash for crows hey there operator don't you know there's water on the bow

I do declare said the governor let's get these people moving fa ster

I do declare said the father to his son we're not hurting anyon e at all

on the beach in the garden on the playground when you started i  $t\ up$ 

Change your life into a postcard version of white snow or so the story goes and the horse that you rode in on will be the horse that's taking you home