Nagging Nimbus

Busdriver

In finger painting with children
I find the simplest thing in life gratifying

She looks just like a dad
In the side of my [?]
Or, pictures of her memories in wallet size
With radios and baby clothes that [?]
[?] performance in a turquoise brass

Under a cotton candy cloud
And a syndicate time
She knows exactly how to make daddy proud
Her simulated fun

There's no happy forever after when your daddy's forever a bachelor
And mommy's [?]
Switch the channel, with a remote control
Just may travel, and mommy smokes a bowl
And there's a nuclear family with the splitting of an atom and its piddle-paddle that's like a mom and dad fight

Under a cotton candy cloud
And a syndicate time
She hasn't forgotten how to make daddy proud
Her simulated fun

By the third trimester she was at curbside check-in
Trying to leave me a breath of words of my lecture

Arguments were broadcast in the neighborhood watcher

Under a cotton candy cloud
And a syndicate time
She hasn't forgotten how to make daddy proud
Her simulated fun

Single parenting in custody babbles
Moss sweeping examples of weekend visitation

From an interr
And her little girl is on the receiving end of this shitty situation
I know it's not that easy to listen [?] favorite song with the CD skipping
But I just wanna check it to the pediatrician
Take it to my mother's and my father's house
All out the emotional water drought
That's something you probably haven't thought about
But I love you as well
Still heavily under your casted spell

Under a cotton candy cloud
And a syndicate time
She hasn't forgotten how to make daddy proud
Her simulated fun

Under a cotton candy cloud
And a syndicate time

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