

The Ghost With The Most

Daughters

We held down miles of my own vomit just to get my rocket in the pocket of every pretty lady in town.

(maybe no one hugged me enough as a child, or maybe someone did to much)

complain to the scissors, bite the shirt sleeve. let's see the look on your face when I make it work. if every woman was a continent, I would be napoleon. yeah your body's the sea for me to navigate. I want to be the superb qualities to your three pronounced fingertips. I'll be the ashtray to love's unfiltered cigarettes, the k-9 nose in your crotch. I want to watch you undress through the key hole. you make me cum like never before.

blah blah blah blah