

# 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 pronged 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