New Slang

Fences

Gold teeth and a curse for this town were all in my mouth
Only I don't know how they got out, dear
Turn me back into the pet I was when we met
I was happier then with no mind-set

And if you'd'a took to me like a gull takes to the wind
Well, I'd'a jumped from my high trees
And I'd'a danced like the king of the eyesores
The rest of our lives would'a fared well

New slang when you notice the stripes, the dirt in your fries
Hope it's right when you die, old and bony
Dawn breaks like a bull through the hall, never should have cal
led
But my head's to the wall and I'm lonely

And if you'd'a took to me like a gull takes to the wind
I'd'a jumped from my high trees
And I'd'a danced like the king of the eyesores
The rest of our lives would'a fared well

God speed all the bakers at dawn
May they all cut their thumbs
And bleed into their buns 'til they melt away
I'm looking in on the good life I might be doomed never to find
Without a trust or flaming fields am I too dumb to refine?

And if you'd'a took to me like
I'd'a danced like the queen of the eyesores
The rest of our lives would'a fared well

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