

A Swamp Dog's Tale

Goat Girl

You can never dream to be like this
I've seen your kind around
Scoring with the background boys begging to be found
But nobody is looking
Perfect time to bask in the residue
That is haunting the very core of my existing bliss
You can never dream to be like this

Gunshots fill your head
Your mother says you're better off than dead
What's the matter, misdemeanouring old flatter?
Has the final state of conversing pitter patter
Laughed too hard at that missed kiss
You can never dream to be like this
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Insisting attention at every utter
Perhaps it's time to relax the insistent grip
At the poor live cow's weakly used tit

You could never dream to be like this