

Nurses Run

Hotel Books

Nurses run the ER like a pound drome on a popsicle stick and run their mouths like rabid animals begging for a liquor medicating human nature until it nurtures the future schtick running cuts through core doors of instruments and IV drips
IVY league kids trading financial aid for cocktails and midnight hyperbolic remedies of cartoons from the nineties and naked night
And make 3k from a payday like Andre being cast out and an outcast
I have a reason to be quiet than a reason to be loud
'Cause the music is the reason my life is positively changed
We've been granted the freedom of high speed internet and confirmation bias it's a riot once you warm up to the boys
We have loud instruments and even louder toys instrumentals and the prowls of power lifters noise making packs fill the railroad to land at the summit to the valley's joys and the wave of the guns
Guns are 21 salute fire back to the fallen and retired junk drawer in the glove compartment of the Cadillac calling back and remove the mansion
From the child all you have left is the canal buried in a route
But I often find myself trying to find myself choking on the bleachers, soaking on the beacher, hoping I'm a pitcher, joking for a breach I'll abandon the abdomen when I feel I've laughed too hard to breath
I'm not entitled to your respect but I'll accept your generosity cause the price tag is so close to funding my funny vengeance
But centuries have sensually centred the accessible century celibacy create a monster religion can demolish sensibly so sentence me
Cuff and all tough and sprawl the law of the land demands I get one phone call
So I'll order around the drinks for everyone involved
Cuff my wrists make a quick list to make sure each little fraction of a faction of my heart's demise is resolved
So buy the bleach with down so I can smell the scent of warm laundry when you bury me alive
I love the way you take notes when I talk but you keep them bottled up inside in life when I am gaining is far better than when I'm losing then
I'm not losing anything but how badly you want something doesn't dictate how much you deserve
It surviving I have one last song to sing don't give me the Beatles it's a little too generic
I will be drown out in the noise and I can't feel like I earned it give me gran funk railroader
Something in between keep my head frozen in a box behind Disney

land to give the oceans the keys please
Whatever you do just understand that when I'm gone you will sti
ll accept the truth
That you are loved completely