

Diet Gum

John Grant

I manipulate, that is what I do
I manipulate, that's what I'm doing to you
That smirk on your face was designed by me
I fucking curated it, like magically
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You don't like what I've become?
What did you expect to happen?
You come around with your lips flapping
All hopped up on diet gum
And everything you say is supposed to make me come

Like, I should feel grateful you are in my life
But I'd rather dig out my own spleen with a butter knife
Hey, I've got some Gaines-Burgers you can have if you want 'em
You might as well, you've clearly hit rock bottom

You probably hang out at Times Square with in your pocket
And around your neck is your grandmother's locket
With a picture inside of what you might have been

Sound familiar? Do you even know where that cheese is made? It's from Iowa,
you dullard. Ever heard of it?

I knew this guy from Ames, Ames, Iowa, Patrick
He was so not to be into, in the most extreme way

By the way, your bedside manner is reminiscent of a chuckle of hyenas, except, yes, it is a chuckle of hyenas, Dr. Turdface
It's a collective noun; do you even know what a collective noun is, Stupidzilla?

Hmm... let's see, I think your group would be called a misery, or, no, a patheticness of fuckwits
Oh, oh right, pardon me, your doofusness, a patheticness of baristas

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You know, being with you was like a cross between Cannibal Apocalypse and La
ssie 9, except nowhere near as both of those movies were
It's still a personal conundrum of mine, how anyone can have such few of self awareness

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I manipulate, that's why you just took a poo
In those slacks you're wearing, is that a leisure suit?
Did you make that yourself? That's a rhetorical question

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I manipulate, it's rather easy with you
You're sort of begging for it with your stupid face

You're like Daffy Duck about to be erased

Did you really think you could seduce me in a leisure suit?
Well, I, yeah, okay, fair enough but that was like three weeks ago
I'd like to see you try that now

Uh, I'm not staring at your crotch, you maynard, I'm not!
Well, it's hard not to, you practically dislocated your own hips thrusting it at me
You're like that neon sign that keeps Kramer up all night
Yeah, I guess you did keep me up all night a few times

Really? 463? How could you know that?
We only went out for a year
What? I don't know, I was just gonna order out, I'm gonna
Well, sure, I guess so

Hey, um, I'm sorry I snapped at you a few minutes ago
It's nothing personal, I hope you know that

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