

I've Got Problems Man

John Maus

I want to ride a woman's bones,
Into the radiation of the sunset,
Leather reins hanging from her stubbly jaws,
'Cause I've got problems man.

I want to shoot pistols into faces at point blank,
Reach into the sinus so they smell and then can taste,
I want to run the weak down with the smoking grill of car,
'Cause I've got problems man, oh yeah.

'Cause I've got problems man, oh yeah,
I want to snap my legs and scrape along the boiling tar,
I want to have wings burst out of the shells of my arms,
I want to be a dancing puppet with sparkly meat.

'Cause I've got problems man, oh oh.

I want to ride a woman's bones,
Into the radiation of the sunset,
Leather reigns hanging from her stubbly jaws.