

Corduroy

Karate

The fire is already ut
when the raine comes.
The nucleus of stress
chooses dust
in the end.
Like aerosol evils
in a rush towards the sun,

it's an oasis inside out,
and fire is the trend.
an oasis inside out,
and fire...
fire is the trend.

--

Do you see what's on on your plate,
as you sterilize the tine?
Have lessons on earth
left you the will
of a boy?
Are you just getting by,
or do you taste the wine?

What's left for us this spring
besides grass-stained
corduroy?
What's left for us this spring
besides stratched-out
corduroy?

--

Like it or not,
the locusts come
from spring.
All your plans are shot,
and that stock's not worth
a thing.
Like it or not,
the neighbors
yell when we sing
together.

--

Like it or not,
the locusts come
from spring.
All your plans are shot,
and that stock's not worth
a thing.
Like it or not,
the neighbors
yell when we sing

I like pissing you..

pissing you off.
To get some kind of rise,
I don't mind to suffer the sting
of the cold from your eye.
But suddenly
Suddenly I see that I can see
when you're blind
to the weather,
the spring,
and the simplest things
that bring us
together.
together.