

Doak's Need

Lambchop

Every boy is Atlas
Every boy eats apples
Every boy is an asshole
So why do you need them

In a t-shirt blue
Did he feel so cruel
But he's so far from it
To feel like such a fool
[?] makes a sound
The leaves that she [?]

The sun takes away
Like the army that's in ourselves
Every time you walk
It makes a [?] sight
Every time when you breathe
This is my foundry plight