

Straw Hat

Microwave

Straw sun hat
In a pair of Sean john boxer briefs
Sipping the sweet taste of relief
Not tortured like we used to be

I love you
Because of the things you do for me
This is a meritocracy
No one is responsible for anyones feelings

I know that you're trying to parry your doubts
That you want to trust me
I know that you're spying on me now
Through the dog camera

But everything that I do
I would do in front of you
And I don't really mind what you do
No one owns you

Tax my gig
I pity every asshole now
If you treat people like that
I know that's how you treat yourself

It feels good to kill
We did all of this advertently
Yeah, we got all the luck we need
No shame
No fear
No guilt
No, everything that I do
I would do in front of you
And I don't really mind what you do
No one owns you