

Pissy Transmissions

Open Mike Eagle

How are things for you?
I been writing pretty lyrics
But missing someone to sing 'em to
Have the people you've been meeting been affable?
I've been faxing you messages
Errors syntactical
If there's an actual opening in your space time
Erase my voicemail messages from your dateline
I taped mine under a false pretense
A temporary lapse in cunning and lost street sense
In the spring and summer
It's all peaches
Now a full court press
But I'm running the wrong defense
Grief stricken
Cause she's Witches of Eastwickin'
My cauldron's cold
Cause the heat's missing
Hope your pretty kitty keeps on pissing on all your documents
Your kitchen smells of Polish sausages
We're polar opposites
A known common sense
I've recently grown cognizant of:
There's no point in polishing mud

In the state of conflict, the refs will have quirks
The ushers have flashlights, and I got works
For the ways that you treat me with all and stalls
And the things said discretely
Let it go on, let it go on
Lurch like a world spinning off its axis
Cause the cat pissed on your faxes
Sharpen up the axes
We'll teach that kitty to piss on important transmissions

I'm done with ass kissing
Starting it was the hard part
You're like a magician
Fingers quick as a card shark
I been a fan since then
Loaning you an enlarged heart
I sent you transmissions
You were thinking of car parts
Bought you an aardvark instead of an anteater
And you pleasure yourself with electrical ass tweezers
That's either a sadness or a sickness
Giving a whole new meaning to being on her "shit list"
I've been rescued
Like Jews on Schindler's
I'm still representing for the coupon spenders
I hear your new dude has a Yukon with spinners
I got some fresh fruit and a new Braun blender

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I could never be a simple brother
Cause the world ain't black and white
Some of this shit's magenta colored
There's different other shades of periwinkle
When Mary tinkles
It resembles berry sprinkles
A crotchety thin old hairy wrinkled man
Carries tingles
Not to mention dingleberries
How long has it been since there were people caring?
An old monument cinched on uneven bearings
Directing filthy poetry at his three canaries
He finds Jesus very comforting in his old age
Just left church
Cussin' at people
Road rage