

# 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