

Pervert

Pile

He can't sleep because he daydream a few thing at once
That won't add up
He's a mailman at an ever rotating circus
With nothing to bring
He could blame math
He could blame whatever he can get
That won't talk back

I cursed the crab, now I know I'm one of its friends
Must've been the crab that bit off my tongue
Then the dream ends

But I swallowed it down, I can feel it move
Maybe move it back up and staple it on

Oh look at her
Oh what is she trying to do
Trying to get me
Don't get to me

Man gets shot into the rudder at a decent speed
And mangles his arm and took the mush and put it in a sling
Around his neck where all of the parts were there
He couldn't write or work or even jerk off
He still didn't know if he wanted to get back in the boat