

Uncle Jill

Pile

Staring out on escape routes
As things as I knew show up and leave
If they won't go they get shoved out
I'm packing light with what I need

Not bad enough
To not be that good

Uncle Jill please don't judge me
Or I will kill you for it
I'm normal man who does normal things

Don't know what I've been using
Don't know what I've been losing
Somewabefupanudin'
I hate all the things I want
I hate all the things I bought
I hate all the air in my room

I'm the only one I know
I'm not ashamed or proud of it
May 13 was a new moon
New moon