

Some Kind Of Cowgirl

Slothrust

Hate the words inside my head
Spat them out into a cup
Lock me up, just lock me up
Faces change and naturally yours is melting off your bones
It is falling to the floor

I think bad things
I host bad thoughts

I'm only kind of sorry
But if you took me to the zoo
I'd be some kind of cowgirl
Some kind of cowgirl

I am crawling underground
Wish that you could meet me there
Sick and foaming at the mouth
Sometimes I disgust myself
But man, you look so much like me
You look like everybody else

I'm sorry for my jokes about dying
I said that I'm not afraid, but I'm lying
And now I feel lonelier than I did before

Do you want to hack me up?
Sometimes I so wish you would
I am not scared of your blade
I will bite down on your hand
And you can lead me around town
You are not scared of my teeth

I eat bad things
Cough up bad thoughts
I'm never very sorry
But if you left me in the sky
I'd be some kind of cowgirl
Some kind of cowgirl
Some kind of cowgirl
Some kind of cowgirl