

Screwing Yer Courage

Team Dresch

it's summer the hairs grown in on my upper thigh just like so much corn in late july but is it summer i'm shaking and my feet are bitter cold i need some fries to go with that shake i need to grease back my hair or let it whip in my face let it whip my face i love you baby i love you we'll stock up on canned goods and move to the woods we'll find a piece of land and quit this fucking band i love you baby i love you