

God Ain't Got No Use for No 180lb. Bag of Sugar

The Tony Danza Tapdance Extravaganza

Days wake up,
Where lives are loaded,
Into chambers that threaten,
Often wonder presents mine over,
Body's breathless,
Spirit has grown from,
Scars crept up from stairs to ground,
No strip club, no handcuffs...
We've allowed this touch,
Expect judgement and reflect,
From across the fence...
These mirrors,
Broke show, show times,
In us still.....