

Sin Imperial

WHY?

I may not be high fashion
But I'm fetching in faded denim
And sing with a passion
I may not live in a mansion
But I got chat like your Nani
And I fill out my man skin

So I throw my hat in the ring worm trap and pass go
It's a thing you chew and chew but never swallow
It's narrow and shallow

At home I live with a question
But I'm bold as the ocean
When I'm out on a mission
Tension, release and tension
Endless Arkanoid
A life devoid of dimension

But six week stretches of lecherous glances
Have led much wiser ones than me to plunge once in the sea
Of any stranger who passes

Oh, it ain't what I need at all
But you said not to call
And in my grief
It feels like relief until tomorrow
No, it ain't what I need at all
It's leading my clearness on
To move improperly
It's throwing my forces off

I may not be high fashion
But I showered at the Sheraton
My socks are matching
Gum gut gizzards of the man of the actions
In the club trying to talk
Over the music that's blasting

Get your best local dish, already finished the rations
Imbiss of the penis, man, the damage is lasting
You're better for fasting

Yeah, it ain't what I need at all
But you said please don't call
And in my grief
It feels like relief until tomorrow
No, it ain't what I need at all
It's leading the clearness on
To act so carelessly
It's throwing my forces off

Mile tall wall
Sin imperial

I may not be high fashion
But I'm disarming in horn rim
And I sing with a passion

I may not be Ted Danson
But feel free to keep drinking
While the tickets are lasting

Born in a tenement, and perish no pension
Under many penny weight of my own expansion (Damn son!)
Is that better than the premise you planned on?

It ain't what I need at all
But you told me not to call
And in my grief
It feels like relief until tomorrow
No, it ain't what I need at all
It's leading my clearness on
To push up randomly
It's throwing my forces off

I built this wall
Sin imperial