

Annuals, Dry Clothes

There's A knapsack Rally for the stranger who told of a spider, and a purple toad.

The things I heard were wretched and slurred. Oh my ears would be cut off at mention,

But you don't have to cut it off.
Just give it some time. Your baby boy, he only naps.

So mother bug don't you bite your tounge because there's nothing else to do

He rose the dead. He's been sharing his bed with the only one he never loved.

So why should you cry for the licence plate of a colder state?

Should you talk of the son on the run, your tongue will be ripped out by ducklings.

Oh, you don't have to cut it off.
Just give it some time. Your baby boy, he only naps.

I only feel like living when I fell like I'm dying. Your baby boy, he only naps.

Well Missy, sure you can look through my drawers. I've got nothing to hide. So, crying s

Dry clothes