Foo Fighters, Milk

if I share powdered milk with you
I glue a picture to the chair
spit and butter from the plate that broke a week ago
Gather Round'
Gather Round'
Gather Round'
a father scolds his little boy
for trading secrets with a girl
he turns and kicks the neighbors dog into the other yard
Gather Round'
Gather Round'
Gather Round'
for Marys homeless people in the cardboard church
beneath the ramp fire is left for anyone to blame until.....
Gather Round'
Gather Round'
Gather Round'