

Gals Panic, Fuentes

She had a banana tree
Got Cds in the mail for free
She'd bruise so easily
My April fresh
And I can remember what my biology professor said
Said
About the praying mantis who found his love
But lost his head
I told you all about surgery
How there's metal where my back should be
And now the pain and I are at constant odds
Since I became a walking lightning rod

I bit off more than I could chew

I saw you in the computer lab
And felt as if my heart was stabbed
But a heart is not the badge of love
It's just a twisted boxing glove
And to think that we get so intense
Trying to analyze a coincidence
When it's bad timing that
That's responsible for most events
I told you all about surgery
How there's metal where my back should be
And now the pain and I are at constant odds
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