Kingmaker, Two Headed, Yellow Bellied Hole Dig

She stumbles down most every place she goes Don't blame me if she can't see in front 'her nose The cold Summer steams up her rosy glasses Just like a run through her growing grasses

When we walk she runs just to keep up It would help if she got up off from her knees And when we stand in an open field She claims she can't see the sun for trees Soon she'll be inspired

She complains about my second skin It's just too dirty for her to see through And she whines when you invite her in It's just too low for her to steep to Soon she'll be inspired

I say it " I've seen the face, I've had the taste The Queen of Debauchery's had the taste" Soon she'll be inspired