

Kingmaker, Two Headed, Yellow Bellied Hole Digger

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