

# Nuts Can Surf, Hurricane Kisses

Hurricane kisses, lollipop wishes.

Running with the scissors, as the soda pop fizzes.

Talking table swimming, bicycle rimming.

Get no women, when I'm skimming.

Porno infested, not digested.

Mucas embedded, looking pathetic.

Low self-esteem, sniffing Mr. Clean.

Watching Charlie Sheen, get down on the screen with you.

The hurricane kisses.

The hand of God shaking, the rocket breeze is blowing.

As the radioactive cakes fall down on the ceiling.

And I'm crying as I'm dealing the crystal erection, leopard's attention.

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