

Squirtgun, Without A Ticket

Strong as Penicillin
You're falling in trouble
Sailing ocean liner-like
Loving on a battleship

You've got to tell me redder
Are you the fisher of the hook
Kingdom comer with one lines
I think I wrote you in a book

Sad as Nancy Drew her
And so remote unfixed
Puffing on a firecracker
Fainting on a drainage lip

You've gotta tell me razor
Are you the fishead or the rook
Bansaw-petulant one line
I think I read you in a book

No crook no nook
You shook without a ticket