

# Ass Ponys, Lake Brenda

The grass needs mowin'  
It's thick and overgrown  
The weeds grow tall  
Around Lake Brenda

I hit the juice  
Puts gravel in my goose  
And helps me fall  
Into Lake Brenda  
I don't know if I miss it  
More than I miss you  
It's hard to differentiate  
Between the two  
I don't know how the hell  
A life could go so wrong

A fish jumps from the water  
Arcs and then it's gone

It's getting late  
I have to cut some bait  
And sacrifice it  
To Lake Brenda

I must be cursed  
I guess it could be worse  
I could be drowning  
On Lake Brenda