

Ass Ponys, Shoe Money

This hole it has a bottom
Of that I have no doubt
If I could only smarten up
And figure my way out
But what would I do then?
Probably find I hate it there
And want to crawl back in

Well I swear upon my mother
And I believe with all my heart
That I could rule the world
If I could get my car to start
But what would I do then?
With the tires around the flower beds
We'll have to ride the rims

That would be funny
We'll take everything we have
The shoe money
And the birds
Will gather around our heads
And they'll peck at our corn-like teeth

The wall around the graveyard
Says that SATIN LIVES IN HELL
Though they may love the devil
His disciples sure can't spell
So what do I do then?
I guess I'll put the A in there
And show em how to sin

That would be funny
We'll take everything we have
The shoe money
And the birds
Will gather around our heads
And they'll peck at our corn-like teeth