

Citizen King, Salt Bag Spill

you got the sideways grip i'm about to flip your backdrop dizzy spell puttin'
dents in the padlock cold defying the laws of slingshot a white picket fence
to separate the stones you stand on before the tide comes in on the early dawn
the light bulb spins on the horn rims you blister in the sun you're just a
salt bag spill another salt bag spill cause it's a green jean battle from the
we're the cream of the crop and you're the cream of the corn crash collide and
burlap i break your ribs and it's full contact vagabonds you start a war but
no good comeback flash in the pan like a burnt short stack but we've got the

splinters pepper in the jar gettin' served that dinner slam you like a screen
i'm pitching my fork in mr. rourke you get the trap door with sawdust
door keepin' out the terminal condition you get the oatmeal bath you're out of
butter to let your mud slide you're slippin' on down for the test of time so
in a bucket that's ringing with laughter commission you're tarred and feathered and covered in lacq