

eels, Jungle Telegraph

Mama had a epidural
hoping I would be a girl.
The night was black, the sky was blue
the darker clouds are showing noon
I heard screaming, the doctor shouts,
Didn't give in,
I came out.

And here I am.

I found my way, down the street.
Chicken Hawks, filled with meat.
The man was big, the gun was loaded,
she had cash, but never showed it,
I heard screamin', bleeding throat
and baby I got on that boat.

And here I am.

Now im up here in the trees
shaking off the bugs and fleas
the days are long, the sun is beatin'
He says (It says) I don't die with you

Send me some lovin'
Send me some lovin'
Send it now

Send it by giraffe, on jungle telegraph