

Gourds, My Time, Yer Time

Folds and folds of hurling whirling words come spilling out yer hole
Dont intellectualize yer eloquent vomit when you rise
Now peter had paul don't have it I have it have it said i
In this rolling glowing growing stolen place that don't belong to me

It ain't funny you say ok I had it up to here with you
This giddy little lifetime yer time my time don't agree with you
Some temper axes in the fire some sharpen knives upon a stone
Some chop up veggies in the hobart some use the bloody robo coup