

# Kind Of Like Spitting, March 25th, 1998

What's your interpretation of the course of events  
that swings from a line on the outside of the fence.

I got in a fight at the Team Dresh show and always fighting, me, it came off macho.

And I am a lion roaring out loud.

In my dreams I'm angry I never touch the ground.

I feel like I'm flying somewhere underneath the sheets.

I took your bracelet from the bathroom I've had it ever since we met.

check your lipstick in the mirror, you sway and swing your hips.

You head out to the New Bad Things show at the end of Burnside at the oh hell used to be the x-ra  
with the history of this town, only been here for a short while, and you knew it.

Say you're sick of all the narrow eyes and all the lies and the actors feeding on our hearts.

Bleed this one dry, don't talk, don't lie.

Everyone is on call for a job that they hate.

Check the mirror, check the bathroom, check the toilet, Sweep me up with broom. Broom that you r