

Lambchop, Suzieju

Chest of drawers
And i ignore
Is this feeling for
An impossible season
Evaluate
Appropriate
Another well done steak
Be mindful of suspicion
And i have seen
With my eyes of green
The curving of your face
It's not a prize
You know i realize
Still it's haunting
This psychotic erection
She really purs
In the wee hours
Without hearts and flowers
Give up on the pretext
You sympathize
Much ot my surprise
You soon realize
That's you're not so omnipotent
Have a heart
Stop the bitchy part
The meaning of excess
Have some wine
Feed me a lime
Suzieju
Is jesus said backwards

You work all day
No matter what you say
Please don't give it away
Those sweet aspirations
Get civilized
Don't take your eyes off the prize
Those greasy little fries
That you get from the krystal
Have sympathy
Just don't agree with me
Truth rises from dissent
Carry on
With your lips half calm
You could be human
But i honestly doubt it
You shirt is brown
In a world of sound
My name is a noun
It's gotten pro form
It's seasoned
You recollect
Then you genuflect
You're just a human wreck
At the start of the weekend
Scrap your dreams
Of loss- you're obscene
The call will have to wait
Our time will mend our love
My little friend
Suzieju
Is jesus said backwards