

Liars, Loose Nuts On The Velandrome

Last night you and I we gathered berries with a flashlight
Wide-eyed journeyed into scriptures giving me the insight
All of the persons to be breeded never had a skateboard
Or even a red light
We are needles in the karma greedy with the insight
Now we're hiding in your bedroom listening for dark spots
(Really really loud)

Little little crippled devil everybody makes of of him when he's in The stop light
Kool-aid you can stop pretending accidental washing always play
Your face to the right
fast tricks tripping down a kayak sequence into the fast night,
One more time,
You are poor