

Metric, Partriach On A Vespa

Promiscuous makes an entrance
Her mouth is full of questions
Are we all brides to be
Are we all designed to be confined
Buy ourselves chastity belts and lock them
Organize our lives and lose the key
Our faces all resemble dying roses
From trying to fix it
When instead we should break it
We've got to break it before it breaks us

Fear of pretty houses and their porches

Fear of biological wrist watches
Fear of comparison shopping
Dogs on leashes behind fences barking
Pretty little pillows on floral couches
Until our faces all resemble dying roses
Stop trying to fix it

Patriarch on a Vespa
Runs a red and ends up
Crushed under the wheel