

Nedelle, Tell Me A Story

My little dog, she licked my salty hands.
Cried for the day before the sun began.
My neighborhood became our own domain.
Oh how I'd run when she called my name
Tell me a story that lasts for hours
I don't want to think of her
That little nose was either on the ground or in the air when the sirens sound
Your pinkest skin is no match for her teeth.
Only the best moans(?) are out of reach.
Tell me a story that lasts for hours.
I don't want to think of her.