

Pedro The Lion, The Devil Is Beating His Wife

a white ghost
making his way up the west coast
trying to focus his high hopes
on a vagina or two
he's taking his chances

meanwhile
back in his living room
bright smiles
are watching his toddler run speed trials
over his grandmothers rug
and nature advances

up the interstate
he's been awake
and pretty drunk for three whole days
no one wants to stop
until they get to where they're going

i'll get to where i'm going
pretty soon

so he takes another drink
cause watching the scenery bleed
into each similar scene
it isn't as sweet
as it had been in his dreams

it's faster
to buy cigarettes and some cold bear
if you don't rattle the cashier
by asking her back to your room

she's calling security

a cars on fire in the parking lot
and nobody wants it to rain
but god isn't listening
so all the windshields glisten

the water and oil mix
causing the fire to spread
to five or six
innocent automobiles
sitting in the nearby spots

oh what a cruel god we've got

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