

Piebald, Rich People Can't Breed

People to see places to go. And then I ended up in Babylon.

"At the risk of sounding rude," she asked, "Do you have any nice clothes?"

And me so smart I said something good. "I got a suit and I wear it well."

I am still wandering around the place you call your home.

I am still wondering about the things you call your own.

Too hot for the hot tub and too young to realize what is going on.

I wonder if you grow up here, are you stuck here for the rest of your life?

I can't believe the creatures that I see here,

they better look out for strange men like me.

If you can't look ugly what can you look. Or better yet who can you look at.

No imperfections around here.

What makes it possible for there to be babes of Babylon.

Please don't become what you own.

I can't wait to see you when you're dreaming of this place.

Rich people can breed, not a lie. Makes a good ending to the story.