

# Squirtgun, Butterbean

Yelling poems, and some record roars  
But I keep hearing your voice  
Hearing you blare through the noise  
I don't know if I told you  
But I don't like having a war  
I don't know if I told you  
But I don't want Mars anymore

It's just neves and street scenes  
Garbled talk and beat queens  
Spill my heart, by butterbean's

Disappointed I will ever be  
So I called sheep all over  
Sheep all over sheering me  
I don't know if you'll take it  
But I don't feel cold anymore  
I don't know if you'll save it  
But I don't break apart anymore

I'm just nerves and styrene  
Polyglum if I seem  
Too wound down. O Butterbean.