

Wrens, Per Second Second

I had this dream again Ann shot me....
Per second second faster from the winner's line
And the lord pulled up yea-high
We drove on
Throw coal to fire try to make Short Hills
Lordy gathered kills - two from France and one from Avalon
Kill's kitchen lazy-Susan spinning down
A sure sign he's left town
Kill can't hide
Not for long
God's button-down silk-blended shirt by Ralph Rauren (\$65)
Pants by House of Men (\$95)
Hair by Xi of Fort Lee
He had a _____ and the slickest DA cut
A dueling scar of what
It's so him
Soooo A.D.
I gave as sexy as I got
In every vacant lot

The lord taught me a lot
SBS
CCD
8-track of crimson & clover
Drove playing it over and over
Shot rock-splitter to god: carry me home
We picked up Hope who fell down faith and pulled up stakes
Staking odds on bigger breaks
Bottle spins (kiss)
Win I spy
I spy sex becomes our crappy sad reward
For another day endured
Leg on dash
Hand on thigh
She said, 'you're on my hair!
You're on my hair! Press hard I'm almost there. Driver, yes! Spill the wine!
Homecomings all reveal
Shortcomings and old devil's deal
I'm shot