

Zita Swoon, Stamina

I argued with a wounded man
He saying so
And me saying: "Oh man,
Why can't the beer in my glass
Stop to fizz
The insane hiss"
He said:
"Drink up boy,
It takes a whole lot a lot
when you're up to your neck in this"
Now there are demons all around me
Saying I should get a taste of
what freedom really is
And that I shouldn't resist
The wealth
Of this oblivion

I used to play with toyguns and toyknives
But my daddy
He never thought me how to kill
He told me how to take the blame
But my daddy
He didn't teach me how to kill
I was told to be discreet
And to be able to take an insult
But I was so discreet
nobody noticed me mamma

I was told to fear
And fear alone
Would help me what to choose
I dreamed myself to solitude
And I left behind my family and my kin

I pack my bags
And I go slide back to my mother
To hide in her shack
From this a
Fighting and fussin'

I was raised on meat and alcohol
It don't do any good at all
I went clips
Eclipse
But I ain't did no
I ain't had no
I ain't coming back

It's amazing how only a little faith
Can point someone in one peculiar direction
But how much it takes for people to admit
They were wrong
And to renegotiate their intentions
Or how quickly they irritate
If you only mention
That only 2-3-5 changes
To their daily ways
Could make a whole lotta difference
In the chain of days
In time and space

I hope I won't get busted
Cause I done no wrong
But of course

You never know
What change might come
In morality
Or economy
Ecology
Sexuality
Or any