

Rogue Wave, Postage stamp world

Ever since mom walked out,
sis and I can get no sleep.
since then dad's brought home 13 redheads,
a blond, a brunette, and a sheep
I pray to god, oh, can you help us?
save us from this revelry.
shotgun westward,
I blew away Alice
buried her in the deep.
of this postage stamp world
you get what you want.
in this postage stamp world
you can all get in line
and lick my behind.
'cause I won't be living with you this time.
there she was, silky starlit
pressed up to the screen.
captivated by social retards
she'd drink and drink and drink.
lipstick would burn her eyes out
and melt upon her waist
embracing the dying lover
her heart could feel no pain.
in this postage stamp world
you get what you want.
in this postage stamp world,
you can get in line
and lick my behind.
'cause a I come in 1's not 2's this time.
in this postage stamp world
you get what you want.
in this postage stamp world,
you can get in line
and lick my behind.
'cause my brains been split open for too long.
I decline