

# Kind Of Like Spitting, Spin

Bird swings, sing blue, my Paris fling  
Out the screen door, off and old cassette  
My mind was tight and ran like a demon,  
When you showed up it was the darkest of dark nights  
The saddest of sad sights  
I hung on through unsteady drugs.

Cat cartoons on the sleeve of me  
They never leave me  
A billion broken band Joes rule  
The sun is setting on the life I'm leaving,  
The bill collector ca'nt understand the heavy metal kid's agenda,  
Tell me, Brenda, is there more to this I need to see?

My mind was tight and ran like an engine,  
If you don't mind I'd rather fuck up my own life,  
Bore into sad nights  
Please don't expect a birthday card.  
Tell me, what's expected? what is owed?

Do you really want to fix it even though it's made of snow?  
Tell me, Brenda, I can't really remember  
Cause I'm swinging from my family tree  
Is this real, innate, or just a fucking screen?  
Is this real or is it all just words to sing?