

A Wilhelm Scream "1957"

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About 2 minutes past the river where the sinners spent their lonely nights, there lied a dirt road waiting for us, hidden were the broken street signs. There were sweet smells in the air along with the stench of fuck, lies, and Marianne. "Please take me home..." Ever get that feeling that you should have kept your clothes on? Ever get that feeling that they're calling you on? And did you really think I thought of giving a fuck? I left you as I met you in the back of my truck. But I don't regret. You were pulling on my pant leg. Those drunken fucks were growing up to me. Don't call me back. Don't throw up on me. .

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