Suicide Machines, The "Little Home"

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White picket fence and yeah thats me i've got a nice mowed lawn and a family i make a little money, got a dog with a bone cause i have a little mind and a nice little home

the milkman's here, wonder what he'll bring the kids and beaver cleaver on the tire swing the wife's in the kitchen cookin' a roast i like my little mind and my little home

eat the rich and kill the poor, that's good for me i've got a rusted yellow bucket and a case of V.D i've got no money and i have no home so step the fuck back and just leave me alone

The purple hearts here, wonder what they'll bring the wife's in the bedroom having a fling i think i'll drop it all and head to the coast i used to have a little mind and a nice little house

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