

Bitch

"33 Zen Lane"

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I'll have a big back yard to run in
And a big oak tree for climbing
And a wrap around porch
To sip homemade iced tea
That brewed in the sun
While i watched it

I'll whisper my secrets
To the wind
Their dollars to me
Won't mean nothing
Except maybe to keep
The weeds down
In my vegetable garden

My mail will come to
33 zen lane
In a county called rushing river
That's it's native name

My family will be my friends
My friends will be my home
You can't call me
You'll just have to come
Because i won't have a phone

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