

Blue Collar Special "Unlucky (poem)"

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Can you dig it?
Can you DIG it?
True Goo by Free Paul Simon Magoo
Fame confront truths stink glory one
Your itchy doo
Angry spoo just grew and grew
Till the drops were few
As I look the windo shutters
Flap! Hark!
Yonder my sweep, in willowing flocks
Star brave one,
Sewer brave one, Sewer pipe stretch throught the city
Twist, turn, FEEEL
Grow!!! Zoom Zoom
For burn ash in the epitamy of life
Pesimism, Prision, Bisim, Bossom, of epitism illusion
TWIST
Pancake batter splatters, campas boredom, preppy
basket!?
Nail the sink cupboard, spaces enempt
Ice too cold, almost warm FREEZE

As the goo is harvested, magic scorches, sight is born
A wave is broken
Need Need Need Need... BARK!
Confusion state of country
Plastic metal needed pass at the hand
WOAH the river WOAAH
The concrete, can we? Shelter...
Fuck the pigs
Middle finger grows and grows
Bash the wack, tear dehydrated, my sweet pack your
danger growth
Twist melt please pace the week
One that might break or snap
For since we are one compound compound
Serhan Serhan we rest
Embalm me!!! Ahhhh pleasure! Life is born!!!
Thank you

Heh heh heh

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