

## **Heavy Heavy Low Low "Please, That Bitch Will Outlive Us All"**

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Why are we still sneaking behind the backs of people  
we don't love anymore'  
We don't love 'em anymore.  
Because I am so sick of living in a bone dry marriage,  
I don't even know what the fuck I'm even thing  
anymore,  
My kids a fucking pervert he smears cum on the  
computer desk.  
My husband, a money grubbing pill eating cheat,  
But I can't say I don't pop 'em too though.  
When I feel fuckin sick.  
I feel fuckin sick.  
Now that my gardens dried up,  
What do I have to life for?  
Where is the man of my dreams?  
Where's the cornucopia feast?  
And cherry red convertible.  
I won't ride the wings of my cockroach mother,  
I'm too young to die inside

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