

Helmet

"Biscuits For Smut"

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Served up in the backyard
Cooked too long on high
Flying out the window
Even dogs have passed them by

Didn't know she was tied up
Better fed than forced
Time to meet the protagonist
Boy, he never showed remorse

Choking on the one thing
His tongue had gotten too fat
A barely walking dead man
Seemed to know where he was at

Drive himself to the airport
Getting out of here
Overworking the small town
The law couldn't get too near

Come on smut
You might've stayed
You might've stayed
You might've stayed
You might've stayed
Come on

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