

# Look Mexico

## "You Ever Get Punched In The Face For Talking Too Much"

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Wait for it come. You'll know when it's begun.  
So just wait for it to come.

Young hands fist and ringe, waiting to get out.  
While caterpillars curl and squirm inside the belly.

As your eyes turn green, your stomach does as well.  
While a heart that once was gold, now looks of silver.

Wait for it to come.

An old man smacks his child in the face.

He says, "Calm your blood down son.  
We've all worked hard to reach our special places.  
It all worked out, we just had to wait for it to come."

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