

## **Loud Family**

# **"Rise Of The Chokehold Princess"**

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Fairly slow she'd moved in world wrestling spectacle  
League surrender, weak gender, stage name  
Shoulders bare mean nothing audience-wise  
And they want that shoulder down  
Royal gown, nylon inner-seam  
Abrasive to the skin no real princess wears  
I was unprepared, I didn't know the feeling  
What it was there, all I was, in you, ringing true

Now she shines in column-inches on the page  
It's a perfect rage, it's a perfect rage  
They can fire their warning shots across her bow  
They can't show her how, they can't touch her now  
Me, I left the league last year, and the time was right  
Rating point scam, TV-cam low-res  
She lets it's own static, right-there audacity  
Be the glamour here  
Pixel smear  
I was unprepared, I didn't know the freedom  
None had quite seen, I was not the same  
I simply couldn't be there, touch what's not me  
See what seen eyes see, without me

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