

Louis Logic "Dust To Dust"

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A lonely shadow filled the frame of a 6th floor window
A tenement resemblin' a 5th ward shit hole
A tortured soul type of agoraphobe
Who sported robes and made sure his door was closed
Ever since his brief intro to this freak nympho
He had his first time with her in a lime green pinto
He kept the cheap bimbo
But he was unaware that any cat who come prepared
Got up in her underwear
He was an unsure kid, somewhat scared in the first
place
Before his 20th birthday, he married his first lay
A careless, young airhead, who shared sex in her bed
spread
Anywhere she found a spare bed
Who would dare wed such a slut?
Savage and sultry
To the last days of their marriage, she practiced
adultry
When she finally bounced on the boy, he drank by the
gallon and quarts
And shouted at the lord til he went out of his core
Instead of crazy, he had thoughts of going Kevin
Spacey in Se7en, maybe
He wanted to behead his lady
And any shady kid who laid his mitts on his baby's tits
His faith was stripped like an atheist
Maybe it's that God lies, he was tortured by the thought
of
How many odd guys probably knew his wife's bra size
His thought process was counter-clockwise
Envisionin' guns and bloody butcher shop knives

[sample from movie]:

Man #1: What the fuck are you doing??

Woman: What the fuck does it look like I'm doing?

Man #2: Can you close the door?

Man #1: Will I close the door? Will I close the door?!

That's my wife, you

ASSHOLE!

gun shot

Ambulance & EMT arrive

The super opened the tenant's door and found a
corpse instead
The rookie cop was like "Are you sure he's dead?"
Then the coroner said, "You mean aside from how his
forehead's spread?
The empty quarter-keg and the skipping record by
Portis Head?
I would say it's a safe bet that he took a 38's best taste
test and ate lead
He's more or less dead
Tag him and bag him, then ziplock the smokin'
magnum
Round up the neighbors from the ground up and ask
them
'Who, what, where, when and why?'
Anything that would make such a friendly guy wanna
end his life
It's all probably, to be revealed in the autopsy"
The semi-warm body rolled through the first floor lobby
Growing cold and lifeless, journey on the journey to
the meat wagon
Packed in with the medical devices
Firmly wrapped tight in a sheet of white
While the preacher type prays for heaven's blessing
beggin' "Jesus Christ"
The DT was like, "See his right hand? it's a wedding
band
Has anybody seen his wife?"
"Well, sir, I heard she was the cheating type who would
sleep with any man
According to the neighbors if I'm readin' right"
"Son, let me help you see the light, and put two and two
together
She got sick of the kid, and ran off with who ever
The guy couldn't take it, he blew open his cake hole
A modern day face lift, suicide, case closed"

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