

Citizen King

"Saltbag Spill"

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you got the sideways grip i'm about to flip your
backdrop dizzy spell puttin'

dents in the padlock cold defying the laws of slingshot
a white picket fence

to separate the stones you stand on before the tide
comes in on the early dawn

the light bulb spins on the horn rims you blister in the
sun you're just a

salt bag spill another salt bag spill cause it's a green
jean battle from the

burlap i break your ribs and it's full contact vagabonds
you start a war but

we're the cream of the crop and you're the cream of
the corn crash collide and

no good comeback flash in the pan like a burnt short
stack but we've got the

butter to let your mud slide you're slippin' on down for
the test of time so

i'm pitching my fork in mr. rourke you get the trap door
with sawdust

splinters pepper in the jar gettin' served that dinner
slam you like a screen

door keepin' out the terminal condition you get the
oatmeal bath you're out of

commission you're tarred and feathered and covered
in lacquer and your head's

in a bucket that's ringing with laughter

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