

Mike Cosa**"Tremendous Brunettes"**

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All them tremendous brunettes around.

Slow down, don't fuck with my high
I want to be left alone here with my monsters, and
Say, now it's time to ride
To see lovely girls and to not put the moves on them

Praise now the baby genius
She skips in the shade of the lonely sour apple tree
While she snaps on her gum
Her gleaming teeth bared and the shine that she shows
to me

All of your ill-gotten gains
That you have whipped up to a rich foamy lather, girl;
Nameless gnaw of my pains
Like 300 trumpets and just one is out of tune.

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