

## Daughters

# "The Ghost With The Most"

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we held down miles of my own vomit  
just to get my rocket in the pocket of every pretty lady  
in town.

(maybe no one hugged me enough as a child,  
or maybe some one did too much)

complain to the scissors, bite the skirt sleeve.  
let's see the look on your face when i make it work.  
if every woman was a continent, i would be napoleon.  
yeah your body's the sea for me to navigate.  
i want to be the superb qualities to your three pronged  
fingertips.  
i'll be the ashtray to love's unfiltered cigarettes,  
like the k-9 nose to your crotch.  
i want to watch you undress through the keyhole.  
you make me cum like never before.

blah blah blah blah.

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