

Saturn's Flea Collar "Splatter Facts"

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Those greasy falanges, 5 digits drawing figures,
Fingerin the way, see how they bend at the end of our
limbs,
Got nailed...a symbol of trust, a sign of respect probing
the places
We'd rather forget, a greeting when meeting, eating,
competing.
I know hwere you put 'em, put 'er there. We'll ignore
that we're
Each other & our secrets are all lies, clasp & grasp and
Put our similarities aside, in the back yard with the
scaper,
In the bathroom with the toilet paper, makin' things all
right
On all those lonely nights, every nook and cranny...
Rubbin' ointment on your granny!

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