

Squirtgun "Butterbean"

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Yelling poems, and some record roars
But I keep hearing your voice
Hearing you blare through the noise
I don't know if I told you
But I don't like having a war
I don't know if I told you
But I don't want Mars anymore

It's just neves and street scenes
Garbled talk and beat queens
Spill my heart, by butterbean's

Disappointed I will ever be
So I called sheep all over
Sheep all over sheering me
I don't know if you'll take it
But I don't feel cold anymore
I don't know if you'll save it
But I don't break apart anymore

I'm just nerves and styrene
Polyglum if I seem
Too wound down. O Butterbean.

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