

The Apers

"Shhh"

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Hope diggita
Shhh... diggita
Last without their (x4)

Hi mom,
Where you lousy
Rightious making pigs
Fill me with forth comings
Successes is the way of the wise
Even when they are left alone
One hands on rye
(I'm last to come...)
(Have to get mine first...)
A thousand rambles in a second
Tiny tip is tired and will not
Tolerate toilet token
Until he is "topsy-turvy"
So stop the torment
You traitors

Oh yea, you said I got a big head
But I don't recall spelling
Anything but hot air
The reasons are simple and straight
The over jealous envy
Of this strange land
I'm sure you'll get sick and better
All in one day
(Perhaps a similar disease...)
(Pass them by, turn the wheels...)
The rush crush will push them out
The grey fluid ran over their mouth

I can take the squeaks
Anymore than I can take you
I'm sure you're sick of me
Well I'm sick of you too
Haven't gone far enough my friend
If you send we'll understand
Enter the choice and avoid the void
Safe with the flag

Local lopsided judges
Lure lunacy over
Lousy loud lumpy loopholes
With lingo that's loathsome and
Shady shameless shamsters
Shake and shape shaggy young people
With sharp teeth
On shelves of
Ship-shaped sharp-eyed, shop-owners
While customers consume large quantities
Of curiously cultivated curtains
Alongside crowds of crude oils
Crossed and crooked
Atop a crushed ice-maker

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Anymore than I can take you
I'm sure you're sick of me
Well I'm sick of you too
Haven't gone far enough my friend
If you send we'll understand
Enter the choice and avoid the void
Safe with the flag (x2)

Hope diggita
Shhh... diggita (x9)
Last without their (x5)
...Last without (x4)

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