

The Blow

"Come On Petunia"

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Every little thing she does is magic.
Every thing she does just turns me on.
Even though my life before was tragic,
Now I know my love for her goes on.
"Come on petunia", you thought in your head,
"It would all be so easy if you could be led
To the cave where I hide you in linens and frames,
And in new combinations I've made of our names.
It's a tiny hole, yeah, but you'd fit if I sliced you up wee
itty bitty,
I'd sliver and splice you and then you could be many,
And I'd be the one who was privy to love you and show
you the fun."
Jamie stood on his stoop,
And he challenged his homies
To go get some girlfriends and locate their yonis.
The waters were parting and times getting heated.
The boys needed friendship, the beat needed meeted.
Unh unh. Her dress was a ship at sail.
Unh. Her knees were the water pail.
This was survival and she was the kit.
You could die of thirst if the girls won't give you sips.
You're all jenny and lindsey and fine
And I'm underwater, shedding my mind.
And I'm pretty sure baby if you'd hold my head
I could live like I've wished for and undo my dread,
Because, I see candygrams up in the ceiling tiles,
Witty postcards sent off from the sandwich isles.
In these towns where vacations will lead us,
I'll hold out my treasures and their wealth will feed us.
But, oh, she does as she wishes,
And no, she won't be your missus.
You kingdom it widens and you're there alone
With all that love, and the void on your throne.

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