

The Holly Springs Disaster "My Pet Monster"

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There are cherries, ripe for picking.
America's losing, meth recipies cooking.
Oh excuse me miss, can I buy you a drink,
Just don't mind the bitter aftertaste.
Oh no, the jokes on you
You're now infected with the dirty south plague.
Fathers grab your daughters, cause the boys are back
in town.
Wake up, lets stop, I just want to go home.
And I've been sick for the pas six months,
12 days been up, just the monster and me.
And I just want you to get some sleep
Wake up Don't Go.
Monster, don't go.

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