

## Stirling Says "Tweezin"

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It's fancy free, this industry of loving and leaving.

Commradery, it's brotherly, it's just what you're  
needing.

Sowing the season, seeds without reason,

Do as you're pleasin', backstab the treason.

Reading and rubbing, bigshots for nothing,

Your's was a nice job, oh just how lovely.

But if you decide, to ride the ride of big time bravado.

Here comes the tide on the starboard side, desperado.

Sowing the season, seeds without reason,

Do as you're pleasin', backstab the treason.

Reading and rubbing, bigshots for nothing,

Your's was a nice job, oh just how lovely.

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