

Yoskar Sarante

"Stray"

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It's irregular and it sure won't pay
But say naught 'til you got something to say
So I live for forty minutes a day
Can I have that?
The biggest kick you ever got
Was paying out on dinosaur rock
And said with every prehistoric thought
You can stain

For every door that's been closed
There's another of your friends you can dose
While your brains seem to speak through your clothes

And for every handshake that'll pay
There's another motherfuck who'll complain
That to keep a legal dose is so lame
Are you stray?

Those born with gold with weary souls
Should eat their young and die

Are you stray?

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