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## The Moldy Peaches "Lucky #9"

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Indie Boys are neurotic. Makes my eyes bleed. Tight black pants exotic. Some loving is what i need.

Hey I'm starting to feel o.k. Lucky number nine. Hurray.

I'm sleepier on the staircase. Mirror in the back of my brain. Makes things, her pants feel great. I used to like to complain.

But.

Hey. I'm starting to feel o.k.
Lucky number nine.
Hurry.
Bloody Mary , mother of god.
grandpas on the hobby horse again.
dampen, broken pants chaffing.
i'm running out of ethnic friends.

But..

Hey. I'm starting to feel o.k. Lucky number nine. Hurray.

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