

The Number Twelve Looks Like You "Operating On A Rerun Episode"

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Pantone seventy one running parallel centered along
the towns miles of perforated lines to stabilize just a
couple more lives it's those tailgators that'll get you
beaver

Kill welcomes you it's exit 122 there is no turn on red
construction lies ahead it's those tailgators that'll get to
you it's green red and yellow but what about blue smell
the morning dew filled with exhaust fumes spin the
defroster put sirens on must.

A summons doubled for the elderly my thermals are
constricting my body there is no flow to the thinking
module when contents are molded to form into rubber.
They are sometimes shaping into brake pedal.

Creating this animated episode with a speed of 65
miles per hour the guardrails begin to create a story of
their own form the accident casualties to the neglected
strays they sure hold their own
everywhere is just not the here just get off were on the
phone.

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