

Jim Stevens

"Jason... The Dragon"

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I'm going home, back where I belong, know what I mean,
I'm right behind you, you smell like fuck, beside yourself,
Worth half as much, ten pounds of shit, in five pound Bags, abandon ship and burn that fucking flag, burn The goddamn flag, mud guts like dirt ball, out by my Truck, dirt road style voodoo, like bagged up junk, fat Like a tick, old toothless hag, abandon ship, and burn That goddamn flag, burn that fucking flag, I stole your Home, it's not where you belong, know what I mean.

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