

Beep Beep

"I Am the Secretary"

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Mothers clad in Coach leather
are swarmed in litigation.
I am the secretary.
I rub their case files
generating heat to release perfume.
I fill their shoes with the lift of hot air.
I burn their bridges on their lunch breaks
faking full schedules.
I dabble in the art of lobby stall.
I am the slow trickle filter
on the tap of rushing divorce force.
I dine on the marriage corpse.
At my desk I generate days of auto pollution
spat out from the scorched patience of fenced fems
on repeat lobby attendance.
Motoring in the grid -
a pressurized wavy-lined road roast.
The lid whistle screams in a chorus of horns.
Their asses red and flustered
from a regimen of cush upholstered smothering.
Their elastic bras bulge in a 12-hour life
grip as the stitched metal fingers
chip enamel from lingerie hoops.
A serum of skin salt/herbal lotion
spackles the strangled wheel
at ten and two o'clock;
pumps pumping breaks in a repetitive rock.
I am the fulcrum where client and counsel meet.
I shift leverage to teetering lawyer leaches that feed
me
with loyalty checks from the tipped scales
of their spouse-dishonored hosts.
I burn them all on the phone
with empathetic friends in similar shitty lives.
We wade daily through the hot grid
to formalize these hustles.

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