

## Soft Boys

# "Wading Through A Ventilator"

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I fix my fish  
I fool my frog  
I fray my feet  
I drag my dog  
I drag my dirt  
Across the wall  
I squash my \_\_\_ just like my grub  
I bang \_\_\_ in a pub  
My girl is right  
In greasy silk  
A split tomato in her mind  
A crumpled heart  
Sagged to the sea  
Tomato heart  
Escaping gas  
I think my girl has rubber skin  
Of all the people that I know  
The ones I like I love the best  
The fishes in the sewer pipes  
The highway man in yellow stripes  
It might not now but it will be later  
Wading through your ventilator  
Huh-huh-huh-huh-huh  
I tang my fag  
You taint your cyst  
The pretty Bob he  
Licks my stamp  
And twists her fang  
She tugs his foot  
We think of better things and laugh  
Her hair's on my marshmallow pout  
My head is rich  
Enough to burst  
Without me struggling in my car  
Fresh ale and flies  
On melon halves  
You wind up living somewhere cheap  
And die upon a compost heap  
Of all the people I don't know  
The ones I do I hate the most  
The twisted father of mankind  
'S enough to drive a poor boy blind

It might not now but it could be later  
Wading through your ventilator  
I wading in and that's a fact  
The meat was cut the meat was packed  
You shredded me with icy strings  
As coiled salami I was led  
Into a holy stocking shed  
My life like antiseptic stings  
A tounge of stalk  
And tender leaves  
And then she'll eat  
Her skull it \_\_\_\_\_ and splits  
And like an egg  
It dribbles down your inside leg  
Don't get me wrong I'm quite okay  
I drank a cat  
I sun a cake  
She throws transistors in my lake  
I threw her head  
Far through the door  
You wonder what I do that for  
They wonder what she think I gots  
Listen baby  
There ain't nothing in here but my own sweet mind  
If it bothers you we can turn it off  
With my antelope cheek and my raven's eye  
And my buffalo heart and a crocodiles hide  
And my salmon head wait on a moose's neck  
A breathing fungus on a hemoraged lawn  
Invented me one summers morn  
I lost you now but I'll catch you later  
Wading through your ventilator

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