

Some Girls

"A Sick Cult"

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I'm sipping cold and slow while careful to keep my legs
closed

The sun's not solid gold, but no one knows

The doors are deadlocked but the whores aren't
wedlocked

A wish list of marital bliss in an answerless Los Angeles

Back home they think I'm queer, but no one's yet to
notice here

The doors are deadlocked but the whores aren't
wedlocked

Free love in this city

A sick cult of synchronicity

Oh shut up, it's the best habit I've held in years

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