

Gay Blades, The "Puppy Mills Presents"

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I've got to brainstorm ways to keep us alive
and i've got millionaire friends sending checks all of
the time
and with a milk box portrait blown up poster size
well i might have found a way to keep some hope in
their eyes

we could pan handle on the side of the street
in hopes of finding money and food for us to eat
i could sell your body and you could sell mine
if only we could find somebody to buy, it's over.

well we could find God and join a seminary
if i was Father Clark then I'd be Father Puppy
After all God pays pretty well,
We could pay off all the kids to show and never tell

We could get a job making \$5.25 or
\$5.15 depending on which side of the
state-line, on which we reside
i've got to brainstorm ways to keep us alive

i was drunk in the moment you left me
and i'm surely still falling down stairs
she says baby don't bother i've fallen for another
and i ain't getting up again
well i've found myself back where i started
and i've found myself one more good line
she says baby don't bother you ain't never been a
father
of an idea worth calling "alright"

ooh la la

remember those guys who lived under the bridge
they were a band once but we all soon forgot
how the Gay Blades fell on hard times and slit wrists
they've got no fucking money, cause they would not
write the hits

