

## Annotations of an Autopsy

### "Dry Clothes"

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There's A knapsack Rally for the stranger  
Who told of a spider, and a purple toad.

The things I heard were wretched and slurred.  
Oh my ears would be cut off at mention,

But you don't have to cut it off.  
Just give it some time. Your baby boy, he only naps.

So mother bug don't you bite your tounge  
Because there's nothing else to do for your son.

He rose the dead.  
He's been sharing his bed  
With the only one he never loved.

So why should you cry for the license plate of a colder  
state?

Should you talk of the son on the run,  
Your tongue will be ripped out by ducklings.

Oh, you don't have to cut it off.  
Just give it some time.  
Your baby boy, he only naps.

I only feel like living  
When I fell like I'm dying.  
Your baby boy, he only naps.

Well Missy, sure you can look through my drawers.  
I've got nothing to hide.  
So, crying soul don't you tally the toll  
Because where's the love in counting?

Dry clothes

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