

Math The Band

"Haircuts And New Shoes For Everyone"

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No one needs our hands drawn on them. No one left;
yeah, we all saw them. We all saw them, saw them off
and we don't need no bag of tricks and we don't need
no breakfast Kix and we don't need a phone, we can
yell real loud. We don't need expensive shoes and we
don't need no one to chose our haircuts for us except
for our dads. I don't have a shoeless. Tie together all of
my discarded feathers baby. I don't like to swim out of
the ocean floor without my suntan lotion. Maybe have
another glimpse out of inside of something circular just
like the weather. I am just a reflection of 18 mirrors
outer space and fake cat clovers. Things are things,
people are people, here's the church and here is the
steeple. I'm wearing black I'm wearing colors I love
colors I love numbers. Alphabet.

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