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A Longsong Never Realized

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A Lovesong Never Realized

Even with Andy's skull and Presley's cock
you never had much luck.
Your sense of the ridiculous,
a piece of the Fabrik
scratching out lyrics
there's little to do
and even less to say.

We broke glass
and got blow jobs in the park
drank too much
and argued the significance of Marx
and Queers and Punks.
I was wrong and you were right
and road trips to the dark.

I helped you steal your children back
Just two weeks ago
You said you hated the little bastards
I thought you were being funny again.
Going to town in your long gray car
I never thought you'd let go.

In the beginning they say was the word
but the sentence I don't know.

Plastic Bottle sand Plastic Mind
I'm having a reaction every time
Melted Plastic Excited Mind
My erections going every time.

We were drunk on passion
Drunk on wine
Drunk on the Blood.
Pissed myself on the way to
the city.
We ruined out clothes in the mud.

In the beginning was the word
and after that who knows what
and after that who knows what.