

Puppy Mills Presents

The Gay Blades

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

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>