

[The squirrely world filled with wheely poppers]

The squirrely world filled with wheely poppers
You sizzle chest you
Squealing tires halted by a milker licker
Because I'm good like that man



[I remember the large stained teeth of a camel]

I remember the large stained teeth of a camel
A boy running head on into manhood
Wanting to know limits of his bravery
Strong feet pounding on the brick
Streets lined with windowless doors
Leading us to floors filled with broken glass
Difficult choices made at the blink of a closed eye
Feeling the cold sweat dragged from the pores of manliness