

*Slab Jive 1*

BEVERLY FRESH

They found me that way, out back

The little tiny sausages started whistling to me

Saying God said it was OK

The neighbor who is a show off has something to say about it.

He got coffee on his neck brace.

Outside the rain made everyone insane.

The local population does not understand my music.

Terrible things have happened but that's private.

See that guy right over there? Hes got the hots for your wife.

And he has them real bad like eeeeeeoouoo eeeeeoouyuppppppyuuuuupyup

When we open the house theres Bryan Lambert

He says

he says

Hes settin up a sale

About to bone a home

Who wants to be an owner?!

Come home to hardness

He's filled with real estate inside his mind

But no matter how hard he tries

He floats from the slab

And does something bad

Here is the whisper thats deep inside his mind

He lays on a bed of despair saying

Bry Bry your gonna do something bad

No ones gonna like it, but do it, make it special

Let a loose noodle lay on the door knob

Or float a fun yun around in the sink

When the guest arrive practice your poetry shit party

Hows that go. Skeeeedy diddy op sump dee omp

Wowowoowhwhhwoowhwowhoahh

Give all the rooms and all the things Nick-names:

Deck hole

Den of Paranoia

Harry Hoove

Sandy Smelt

Family Fire

Christopher Pisshole

Randy Abernathy

Passion Pit

Lawn Jim

Trick Troll Thick Neck

Bummer Dinner

Hall of guilt

Cabinetry of the average

Too Days Danger

And all

Because no one will love you that way

the same

(The end)