

Topin that some gerts count selling cookies ^{my friend in a closet} walk on my door step

in the guy that they say had the ^{spice} that no ones seen in 30 years
some says she's being tortured ^{at that time} done that through the garage door ^{the kitchen}

There's bet's I'd turn your hair white if into my attic you appeared
There's weird smell and odd chords on the organ of course
The Jhovars witnesses talk at the door

There's a paper on the porch that's dated 1954
They say I never even knew about the war ^{Digger} in the basement

trap doors every way which human skin on lamp shades
N19 b
Topin that mother gert scout selling cookies ^{come up to the door}

been blamed for all the poisoned dogs they've been this year
some say that I collect my pup and use it to wash my head

That I cast the curse - on the poor man ^{the nearly} in a house
Callin' lady's and faint in on the phone

Forum juts their who is it ^{to be alone}

I must be inside ^{protruding} bones
must be inside ^{breedin} spiders frostin' ^{into} my eyes
see my hand in a closet

Watin' for some ^{luscious} ^{innocent} ^{precluded} ^{nervous} ^{defenseless}
" " " " " ^{Patience} ^{gulfing} ^{girl} ^{sant}