

Dancing Shoes

Remix by The Bastards

(Atom!)

Elated mummified woman, wearing a bra the size of a dry washcloth, embalmed and wrapped in a simple dress.

(Is she in distress?)

Apparently not.

Cause she approached me: smiling, visibly happy. Ooh!! No... Task! Task! Do I work part-time as a psychic dog?

(Zoom on the specie: actually, that nostalgic blastoschizomyces is an obsolete boring zombified one with rattling bones and a skull that stink! And it seems over the moon...)

Matching the pace to her crutch, handling it like a petiole, the lady zombie and her aluminium sparkling crutch is running the weirdest death! (The weirdest one!) Oops!

Does she think I'm her pet? A cat in a black jacket or a whitey dog named Anubis or somewhat? What does she think she's doing! Me? In a doggy style! A dog, my foot! Boo! I'm no pimp!

There was this almost touching old lady, a sort of cute, wrinkled little apple in a state of ecstasy.

She glanced at me and blushed!

So I told her: nobody's a zombie anymore. Ouch! Then, I look at Molly my giggling chick and made her a smack.

And I blow a kiss to the lady. (A kiss...)

Dressed in plain cloth, she approached me: all smile, bizarrely happy; quite a bit happy. *(No kidding!)*

She kicked me hard and sharply! "What is wrong with you?", she said. "What is so wrong with you, punk!"

*

With my girl, we call her many names.

"Huh?" "Huh!" I didn't hear what you just said. The lady was perplexed, very disoriented.

So we fled, making sure to take her purse with us. (Whizz...) We hopped on my scooter. And we sped off!

Still performing the most peculiar death.

Leaning on her cane, her future turned towards the rearview mirror, the exquisitely elegant lady waved to us with one of her Sichuan pepper-colored dancing shoes in her hand!

Sorry.

That's the whole story. I threw up on it. (Haha haha!) What a boring nightclub, with its outdated dance floor!

John Dees & Lou-Hellen Drought