Teary Eyes On My Moped

(Mellow inhalation.)

Dumb-dumb-dumb! Dumb! Dumb-dumb! Dumb-dumb-dumb! Girls who are only at the protests to get laid!

Dumb-dumb! Dumb-dumb! Dumb-dumb! Dumb-dumb-dumb!
Dumb-dumb! Dumb!
Dumb-dumb! Dumb-dumb!
Dumb-dumb-dumb! Dumb-dumb! Dumb-dumb! Dumb-dumb! (Deep inhalation.)

Heather was so funny, and also very astute! I heard "milkshake" and shot back: "Oh yeah, shake it up for me, baby, shake it good!"

To get back to Mom, the stumbling block, they didn't know. Mom mouth smell death!

At sixty-three, she has only seven teeth left: three on top and four loose ones stranded on her lower jaw. And calling them teeth is an exaggeration—they're nothing but badly damaged stumps. Three teeth, black and decayed down to the gumline, have almost no protective dentin left. Mom-mom-mom! Nah!…
Nah! Nah! Nah-nah! Nah-nah-nah-nah! Mom had claimed a traffic light as her own. She would try to bite anyone brash and bold enough to come there and beg. Ideally situated between an ATM and a bakery at that intersection, the traffic light belonged to her.

In contrast to her cracked lips, she had eyes of a green that would have been stunning in a cinematic close-up—and she knew how to use them mischievously, enhancing their impact with a myriad of tiny crinkles.

Her entire body was of a piece with it—hunched from constantly bending over her inseparable shopping trolley, to the point where the cart had become an organ in its own right. Furthermore, four limb-like appendages protruded from her hump at angles that created a bizarre effect, defying any known anatomy.

"How many exes do you have?" I ask Ashley, my current chick. She is an ex-floozy!

She rolls her large, round eyes—far too heavily made up for my taste—and turns her gaze upward until only the whites show, doing this three times in a row while twirling her tongue insolently as if it were a treat, then pretends to count on her fingers!

Man, she's provoking me and my blood is boiling! And right there, she's staring straight at it, mouthing the vowel "O"!

The way she's just milking me for all I'm worth… (Short inhalation.) Dumb-dumb! Dumb-dumb! Dumb-dumb! Dumb-dumb! Dumb-dumb! Dumb-dumb! Dumb! Dumb-dumb! Dumb-dumb-dumb-dumb-dumb-dumb-dumb!

Dumb-dumb! Dumb-dumb! Dumb! Dumb-dumb! Dumb-dumb! Dumb! Dumb-dumb! Dumb! Dumb-dumb-dumb-dumb-dumb-dumb-dumb!

Lyrics: John Dees & Lou-Hellen Drought.