

\$300

Soul Coughing

Lifting me up like a garage door; I need to feel it when the drug starts coming on. I know you Lord are a jealous lord. I know the tablet is your competition.

And I need for you to be reasonable.

How much? She said, For three hundred dollars, I'll do it.

Beating me down just like a rain storm. I need to feel it when the rain starts coming on. I know the skin is a jealous skin. I know the sky it is its competition.