

D5* (ever dummy got her own legend, begot here) m jinadu

Sitting in red clay mud. Singin an I'm leadin in its call in response. In a make em mutilate em selfs wit a needle in ahh am too – but it aint hurt so bad when we all together in a pass the pipe. In they pass out from the pain in a felt relieved in a get up an go into a barn-shed in sleep comftable in in the morning they still in the mud sleep in the pipe is smokin in ah catches a bus in a know am movin forward to something better – what in how ah aint sure. but I know it better than that which a just leave in the mud in hay.

The boys was on a perch in knocked ma down,
ah drag em on down wit ma in boss em
Im ther choir master. we sang blue
in what not. I dally with em a little
in then ah fly away.

Them boys was in the bird hoose up on the Tree. Tree house dummy,
it were a tree house, dummy. ma bad ah got ma terminology wrong.
Yall was up on the tree in the house, birds. Damnit girl, git out. git
outa here.

Downn ah go. Flat in ma ass in the mud.

Ah drag em down here wit ma pipe. A come on down in smoke It
make ever thing okay – ma ass don't hurt no more.
Sit on down here, dummies, smoke it in sang it wit me. If you wanna
some more, prick yourself. Ah said if you smoke some more, thin
prick yourself, sang after me, hell sang along with me after, yeah
brothers its blue.
Yall passes out. I feel good.