

Songs for the Trumpocalypse

**Computationally generated by Ross Goodwin, President
Donald Trump's Poet Laureate in waiting**

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Watch and study the mosques, because a lot of talk is going on at the mosques.

You know, it doesn't really matter what the media writes as long as you've got a young and beautiful piece of ass.

A well-educated black has a tremendous advantage over a well-educated white in terms of the job market.



A well-educated black has a tremendous advantage over a well-educated white in terms of the job market. The first revision of the book is a poem in the poem and which I can believe. In the one which I have seen in the printed poems of the company of the poem, I think of the poem and the interest of the past and the first time.

A well-educated black has a tremendous advantage over a well-educated white in terms of the job market. The first poster in the chapel of the New York Times came to the back of the lake, and the blanket was still a fire. It was gone. A stone painted over the earth and its streaking of water

in the shadow of a snow-white flashlight.

A well-educated black has a tremendous advantage over a well-educated white in terms of the job market. The event is in the great and stars of the house, and is what is committed to the complexity of the continent here. The play is that the nerves are all our confidence and the end of war.

A well-educated black has a tremendous advantage over a well-educated white in terms of the job market. The distributor of the body is not a refuge or any of these books for minor virtue and promises of self-mentioning transportation and defect in them as so many of us doesn't have transmitted enterprises and killings of the other.

A well-educated black has a tremendous advantage over a well-educated white in terms of the job market. So is the mountain of the Dharma and the State World in an important and supportive figure compelling the medal of the end, of the country figures who enlighten the death of God for years before the tide came out.

All of the women on 'The Apprentice' flirted with me - consciously or unconsciously. That's to be expected.



All of the women on 'The Apprentice' flirted with me - consciously or unconsciously. That's to be expected. I do not know what the man who takes to sell me the last words and come out to remember that his head will be being shot at me. I am the one who will not be so far away. The beauty of the past is a horror of life.

All of the women on 'The Apprentice' flirted with me - consciously or unconsciously. That's to be expected.

All of the women on 'The Apprentice' flirted with me - consciously or unconsciously. That's to be expected. My hands are gone and the body is a

motion picture of a funny land in my poetry. I don't want to go back to my house, but I know how to do a lot of considerable missions.

All of the women on 'The Apprentice' flirted with me - consciously or unconsciously. That's to be expected. Not even some of the poets they can help is still and classical music and the order of the conversation.

All of the women on 'The Apprentice' flirted with me - consciously or unconsciously. That's to be expected. One is ready. Some of the books are not only present for you to have a thousand times before such an extraordinary subject, in such extensive tests; it is called the corridor of something of the second stage.

Ariana Huffington is unattractive both inside and out. I fully understand why her former husband left her for a man. He made a good decision.



Ariana Huffington is unattractive both inside and out. I fully understand why her former husband left her for a man. He made a good decision. She had no money and he was a prisoner of war. He was a funny man, and she was a man of the missing and the last time he got his back.

Ariana Huffington is unattractive both inside and out. I fully understand why her former husband left her for a man. He made a good decision. She had no profession, but only a careful sound of some intense leader, and the poem was that we might not be considered a statement that was the public person in the prose of the poem.

Ariana Huffington is unattractive both inside and out. I fully understand why her former husband left her for a man. He made a good decision. She had one with a heart and her hair, and her face was cut away and closed the door behind her earrings, and her head was still a flower of her soul.

Ariana Huffington is unattractive both inside and out. I fully understand why her former husband left her for a man. He made a good decision. She had one with a heart and her hair, and her face was cut away and believed that her nose was like a speck and a steam growing captive in a tent. And the corner was full of electric hills and rocks.

Ariana Huffington is unattractive both inside and out. I fully understand why her former husband left her for a man. He made a good decision. She had one with a heart and her hair, and her feet that were handsome she would make her dearest mother for Robert the Horrible. But he seemed to want to celebrate her strength and want and the self-last fanciest of someone in some of Stutz Corporation.

As everybody knows, but the haters & losers refuse to acknowledge, I do not wear a "wig." My hair may not be perfect but it's mine.



As everybody knows, but the haters & losers refuse to acknowledge, I do not wear a "wig." My hair may not be perfect but it's mine. I can't help it, and I don't know what to do with my wife.

I am sure that I have been a good soldier in the country in the translation of the Town Hall of The Stone Age of Public Library.

As everybody knows, but the haters & losers refuse to acknowledge, I do not wear a "wig." My hair may not be perfect but it's mine.

As everybody knows, but the haters & losers refuse to acknowledge, I do not wear a "wig." My hair may not be perfect but it's mine.

As everybody knows, but the haters & losers refuse to acknowledge, I do not wear a "wig." My hair may not be perfect but it's mine. I can't help it and people know if it should be different from me and my private family, I hope to give me a few steps and come along and all these people speak to me. Some men have lost all more like the time when I see them behind me.

As everybody knows, but the haters & losers refuse to acknowledge, I do not wear a "wig." My hair may not be perfect but it's mine. I can't help it and since I somehow live, so I feel easy to get into the prison and it's human for the ladies of my own mind.

Bill O'Reilly asked me is there a Muslim problem?
And I said absolutely, yes.



Bill O'Reilly asked me is there a Muslim problem?
And I said absolutely, yes. I had no idea what had
been done in the past. I was being presented in
the present day.

Bill O'Reilly asked me is there a Muslim problem?
And I said absolutely, yes. I had no idea what had
become of me in the most popular issue of Jack
Kerouac in New York.

Bill O'Reilly asked me is there a Muslim problem?
And I said absolutely, yes. I had no idea what had
become of me in real life.

I had an idea of a country on the first floor of the planet and the next time I came back and stopped my ears and said, "I don't believe you should know what you want to do.

Bill O'Reilly asked me is there a Muslim problem? And I said absolutely, yes. My hands resumed it before me. I learned to speak of something I didn't want to be accounted. I started to amount to that. I read the experiments.

I had been doing it to happen to you that you were married.

Bill O'Reilly asked me is there a Muslim problem? And I said absolutely, yes. No. I remember that demand that I deserve to live here anyway. And I am insisting it now. I have known that can be sure that from a steady center our part is the story of some members of a book in post office. The other is the best poem written for.

Get rid of gun free zones.



Get rid of gun free zones. The dog was warming his head in his hands. He was a fighting poet for a long time.

He took a moment as a great deal of money. He had the point of the place in a mirror which did not want to be a real man.

He said, "My dear Mr. Chinaski," and so on.

Get rid of gun free zones. The dog was warming his head like a great sound of smiles; the black beard was his face. The music was still a fire. It was like a drink of blue turbulent eyes and leaves.

Get rid of gun free zones. The contraption of the dead has been so on. The sleeping woman and the violin in the house are disguised as a distinguished person in the meadow.

Get rid of gun free zones. The contraption of the dead has been recognized for filling down the aisles.

Get rid of gun free zones. The contraption of the dead has been recognized for fights, and perhaps most of the money, and it is not enough to stay on the point. I can become warm and condemned and to land here—or say.

He's a war hero 'cause he was captured. I like people that weren't captured, OK?



He's a war hero 'cause he was captured.

He's a war hero 'cause he was captured. I like people that weren't captured, OK? Or maybe they were going to get a care of their points of state of college? What made them be well off? They are really managers.

He's a war hero 'cause he was captured. I like people that weren't captured, OK? Or maybe they were going to get a care of their playground? But the man who was more powerful when he was disappointed to explain his death and their own companionship with his handsome radio.

He's a war hero 'cause he was captured. I like people that weren't captured, OK? Prepared to work and speak to me not to offer me for it. When I made a small man see if the metal lights flew down to the other side, I felt my love in the bottom of the stone and threw the road to the road to the night.

He's a war hero 'cause he was captured. I like people that weren't captured, OK? So in the house a high head in the barn showing the goddess and rain and the night and the clouds of the dead and the moon we were extended by a truck concealed in the world and missile savage blood sparkle of shoes.

Hillary Clinton created ISIS with Obama.



Hillary Clinton created ISIS with Obama. The distinction of the highest period of more than a few years ago by my own invention to my mother, some of her poetry in the present day, and there was a condition of the last of the poems that had been chosen to do so to be a poet.

Hillary Clinton created ISIS with Obama. The contrary of the first and the early poems of the first passage in the review of the present letter was forced to demonstrate that the poet had wanted to know what love is dead.

Hillary Clinton created ISIS with Obama. The contraption of the common space is distributed to the orchestra of the principal of the invention of

democracy. The poet has a great grandmother in some real procession of her power, and the second stage is a hero.

Hillary Clinton created ISIS with Obama.

Hillary Clinton created ISIS with Obama.

Hillary Clinton was the worst Secretary of State in the history of the country. The world came apart under her reign.



Hillary Clinton was the worst Secretary of State in the history of the country. The world came apart under her reign. The energy translated on the production of the dead here where I had been thrown out of the house of the book and the new process of the new life of the man who had been the best proverbial prime of the names of the species.

Hillary Clinton was the worst Secretary of State in the history of the country. The world came apart under her reign. The epithet was left out of

the common people that the church was left to the last of the familiar sections of the state, probably for a moment to walk on the corner of the garden toward the sea.

Hillary Clinton was the worst Secretary of State in the history of the country. The world came apart under her reign. The distinction ran from her mother and mother, the god of the American couple, the first man who looked for God in the past, the best days and the answers he did. She was a beautiful lady and a parent of a single organized boy her mother.

Hillary Clinton was the worst Secretary of State in the history of the country. The world came apart under her reign. The distinction of she had one of the most important manners of mankind.

Hillary Clinton was the worst Secretary of State in the history of the country. The world came apart under her reign. The distinction of pieces and space just continued to be worked in a church where a golden blow of the sorrow had lost its spectre and denied the rubble of books. The intimacy of them had given the force in the direction of entertainment.

I could stand in the middle of 5th Avenue and shoot somebody, and I wouldn't lose any voters.



I could stand in the middle of 5th Avenue and shoot somebody, and I wouldn't lose any voters. Like the ones that kept me sitting at the top of the floor, and sliding into the railings. I would never come back to the other war, that I had nothing to do with the kind of good thing that was said that I was all the time.

I could stand in the middle of 5th Avenue and shoot somebody, and I wouldn't lose any voters. One just like that, and no one there now. The people in the book call me the other day.

I could stand in the middle of 5th Avenue and shoot somebody, and I wouldn't lose any voters. So I sat in the dark on the hill before the sun shining in the air.

I looked at the flowers and the blue eyes of the earth were the stars of the world.

On the corner of the hills they knew all the other sheets that were formed and the gathered dishes.

I could stand in the middle of 5th Avenue and shoot somebody, and I wouldn't lose any voters. So I saw them right for the first time in the morning. I was so happy how to make a good teaching private like this.

I could stand in the middle of 5th Avenue and shoot somebody, and I wouldn't lose any voters. So I sent myself a good leaf on a bar. I had to sleep for some day. I had to listen to the biggest seeming license to interview the standard of their own class, just as the male had wanted a second more than being in the same school machine.

I have a great relationship with the blacks. I've always had a great relationship with the blacks.



I have a great relationship with the blacks. I've always had a great relationship with the blacks. The first time I got to the end of the line, it was a faithful and alien tone of pain, and I told him that I could still be poor and wearing a bowling car and a great door of each other.

I have a great relationship with the blacks. I've always had a great relationship with the blacks. The first time I first met my mother was a lot of money at the Arapahoe. They were both to be with them, and I remember the pictures that seemed to be disappointed.

I have a great relationship with the blacks. I've

always had a great relationship with the blacks. The enemy is dead and the body is bad, and it is just a guy but he doesn't notice anything about it. He makes his process in his car with him, and was headed for the entrance and stay awake in front of the bridge.

I have a great relationship with the blacks. I've always had a great relationship with the blacks. So far as I was talking about, my daughter and I lived in space and never touched her, but because she was cold and thin, looking at the needle on the floor of the lake.

I have a great relationship with the blacks. I've always had a great relationship with the blacks. So he remembers she is dead. Now he is hiding in the field. But he doesn't put it anymore. But he must know that only the other was to be leaving, was he a cop he was going to do these limousines. He said he had to stay home and one night.

I know the Chinese. I've made a lot of money with the Chinese. I understand the Chinese mind.



I know the Chinese. I've made a lot of money with the Chinese. I understand the Chinese mind.

I know the Chinese. I've made a lot of money with the Chinese. I understand the Chinese mind. They have loved their people to come to the start of the world.

I have to throw them on the plane, they say, I don't know where they can go any more that I am afraid of their enemy. We have to go on to the beach to the road. Our lives are out of the world.

I know the Chinese. I've made a lot of money with

the Chinese. I understand the Chinese mind. They know me. Some of them think of their sorrow. I don't know about him. They can get some office on the piece of town. I want to go on living in the desert, and then when I do it over hands and down and disappear into the closet. I lie under the tower.

I know the Chinese. I've made a lot of money with the Chinese. I understand the Chinese mind. They live in my head on the ground and listen to the largest social nature of the big grown man on the spiral floor. I have no idea what is concerning me, and I have just reached the American History of the World.

I know the Chinese. I've made a lot of money with the Chinese. I understand the Chinese mind. They meet in the bank, but they are more grateful than I was to learn to stop myself for that. I have to go off in the limousine. But I can confess.

I love beautiful women, and beautiful women love me. It has to be both ways.



I love beautiful women, and beautiful women love me. It has to be both ways. So I should tell the truth of the day of my own poems, and the best of them, they are loving to me the truth about the poets of the world.

I love beautiful women, and beautiful women love me. It has to be both ways.

I love beautiful women, and beautiful women love me. It has to be both ways. So I should tell the story of the case of the one he had written about the romantic history of his parents, a good training person in a country room in a chapel of

the two horses in which they have come to be done in the shopping mall.

I love beautiful women, and beautiful women love me. It has to be both ways. So I sit here now down for the past time. The people called an American instructor everything was not speaking of the men still seeing him.

And they said it was good to see him for home.

I love beautiful women, and beautiful women love me. It has to be both ways. So I sit here on my ear, barely because its roosts can be, should I feel them like mine? What were they saying, for they did?

The bell is no longer a man because of it. The land is nuclear, my father, I make him sing.

I was just informed, while on the helicopter, that
our president has finally released a birth
certificate.



I was just informed, while on the helicopter, that
our president has finally released a birth
certificate. The first strike of his life is a
demonstration of the father of a community.

I was just informed, while on the helicopter, that
our president has finally released a birth
certificate. The first poem of the poem was set
for the little children of the highest student
before. I have not lost my answer. I have not seen
the poem that was committed to the truth of the
public relations for the authors of the poem.

I was just informed, while on the helicopter, that

our president has finally released a birth certificate. The first poem of the poem was set by the slightest fear which Mary felt there was a new theory of self-mentioning toil, and it was such a destiny when she had been a lover of higher and fairly honest and fastest growth and desire.

I was just informed, while on the helicopter, that our president has finally released a birth certificate. The experience of many millions of clothes is not enough within the language. Now all the hardest things happened to me were like a star near the sugar in its bed.

I was just informed, while on the helicopter, that our president has finally released a birth certificate. The explosion like a pond booms a carpet in the rear, and the land flashes like a big flying pulp on the floor of the left side of the canyon. And warm hearts and thick-stringed golds and paper flames and cats in the middle of a motel man's inner dream.

If Hillary Clinton can't satisfy her husband what makes her think she can satisfy America?



If Hillary Clinton can't satisfy her husband what makes her think she can satisfy America? She has no program on the beach and she plays on her hands and blows a small green chair on the pillow.

If Hillary Clinton can't satisfy her husband what makes her think she can satisfy America? She has one with a hand on her hand and she sits in her eyes like a farmer. The poem is the only one who has a good time in the theater and a tent was a man who is like a pen and a huge parade in his late father's side.

If Hillary Clinton can't satisfy her husband what

makes her think she can satisfy America? She has one with a heart and eye. Her hair is not even better off on a tree where everything is like a star in the woods. She lives on a little room on the beach on a green land of swamps and becomes a real sort of touch of a secret neighborhood.

If Hillary Clinton can't satisfy her husband what makes her think she can satisfy America? She has one with a heart and her hair blown out of her chin.

She finds the sun in her hand.

Paterson, Percy Bysshe Shelley by Mark O'Connor
sent well to a state of Serpentine and cue soft in bed and all her life in the shop.

If Hillary Clinton can't satisfy her husband what makes her think she can satisfy America? She has one with a heart and her hair, and her fingers are set and clear in the night. She does not disperse a little more than that.

If I'm president, you're going to see 'Merry Christmas' in department stores, believe me.



If I'm president, you're going to see 'Merry Christmas' in department stores, believe me. I can't speak to you, my dear, the consequences of the government of my life. I shall not be at the country of my own life, not to be a decent disease.

If I'm president, you're going to see 'Merry Christmas' in department stores, believe me. I can't speak to you, my dear, the biggest one I have done to say that you still have nothing to do with it. And then the problem is that the things happen now and then the land is over.

If I'm president, you're going to see 'Merry Christmas' in department stores, believe me. Like the ones that have been out of the rest of the world. The ancient things may be meant to them.

If I'm president, you're going to see 'Merry Christmas' in department stores, believe me. My heart is where I drink and the day is done. I have come to recall a thousand times and has to do the same as it will be to me.

If I'm president, you're going to see 'Merry Christmas' in department stores, believe me. On the street of a hotel garden before going somewhere beyond the head she's heard from the level of our first glory. Men on the canvas and blue turbulent ecstasy of mercy, games of yards bark. More than a conqueror, one thing and nothing.

If Ivanka weren't my daughter, perhaps I'd be dating her.



If Ivanka weren't my daughter, perhaps I'd be dating her. She is not sure that she is a real boy in the past ten years in charge of the planet for the greatest trial of life. I have not seen the poem that was a man who is made of heart and warmth, and he is dead and it was so much common that I was a famous man.

If Ivanka weren't my daughter, perhaps I'd be dating her. She had something to do with some illusion. She was a famous pharmacist. She was a fine story which formed a Republican near the Captain of the State department of the World, and she and I arrived at the Federal Library of the

American Arts Council.

If Ivanka weren't my daughter, perhaps I'd be dating her. She had something she might have had to recognize her before that particular memorial of the music that she had helped me to compel the delicate toy of my father's landscape.

If Ivanka weren't my daughter, perhaps I'd be dating her. She had read my mail on the floor of the boat, and the devil was a classical music box on each end of the other, and he was refreshed.

If Ivanka weren't my daughter, perhaps I'd be dating her. She had read loud enough harmony in some more poems going on than in Little Songs.

Must be a pretty picture you dropping to your knees.



Must be a pretty picture you dropping to your knees.

Must be a pretty picture you dropping to your knees. The first time I entered the next car, and still in the crowd, I glanced at the picture to be white.

Must be a pretty picture you dropping to your knees. The end of the poem is a family for the physical heart in the land.

Must be a pretty picture you dropping to your knees.

Must be a pretty picture you dropping to your knees.

No more massive injections. Tiny children are not horses—one vaccine at a time, over time.



No more massive injections. Tiny children are not horses—one vaccine at a time, over time. The distinction is in the body of leaves, the simple infinite particular surge of our house and the cool consciousness of the soul in the parking lot, and the clouds belong to the springs of the sea. The characters stand still.

No more massive injections. Tiny children are not horses—one vaccine at a time, over time. The distinction is in the bold parents of the new commandment.

No more massive injections. Tiny children are not horses—one vaccine at a time, over time. The

distinction in the empty night after long miles away with its own eyes, which can be the northern stone of his state. The rest of the really true soul is seen to be strong and spun in the city of the air.

No more massive injections. Tiny children are not horses—one vaccine at a time, over time. The distinction in the empty night after it still exists within the image of his own invitation, but not defeated.

No more massive injections. Tiny children are not horses—one vaccine at a time, over time. The dogs have no choice but to pay any noise. Their god help them make them think about the metaphysics, and I don't know where being accepted. To know how the products of Nature is for their lives.

Part of the beauty of me is that I am very rich.



Part of the beauty of me is that I am very rich. I do not know what should I do to call out the lines of the Professor Stewart Lee.

Part of the beauty of me is that I am very rich. I do not know what is the common people that make me feel, if I have a terrible thing to say, which is the one I met.

Part of the beauty of me is that I am very rich. No matter how much any more than in the past, it is fine with paradise, and the poem is to be with the sort of firearm in the springtime, but therefore it is the story of the classics in a

country of science.

Part of the beauty of me is that I am very rich.
No matter how much climate it is that here is the
first number of one in the hospital! The biggest
self-pity I ever used to make a great infant or
was committed to the truth.

Part of the beauty of me is that I am very rich.
On the street it is disguised in the planet
somewhere else. And in fact, there is a honeymoon
which always goes on to night.

The concept of global warming was created by and for the Chinese in order to make U.S. manufacturing non-competitive.



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The concept of global warming was created by and for the Chinese in order to make U.S. manufacturing non-competitive. The distinction of the final residence of the manner of the United States was in the late 1960s and could not be prosecuted, and in the end it is subject to the

most important persons of all the same manner that we should do long ago.

The concept of global warming was created by and for the Chinese in order to make U.S. manufacturing non-competitive. The contraption of the community laid out the place of a working class which nobody else was in the best for a house, and the poor just began to touch his father.

The concept of global warming was created by and for the Chinese in order to make U.S. manufacturing non-competitive. The contraption of some measure for special profit of decree made of a thousand space houses is hard to imagine their misery, some just as hard for a person who is not too familiar to good art for living and death, so that they are not assured of it.

The fact is all lives matter.



The fact is all lives matter. The first time I entered the post office at the end of the railroad yard, the man was a stone wall of the land of the dead. I was a pretty girl on the floor of a strange train for the first time in my day.

The fact is all lives matter. The first time I entered the next car, I might have been with the last time the poem was that you might inherit the thing that made the discovery to go on eating the law.

The fact is all lives matter. The end of the poem is a family for the planet but the environment has

something to do with this life. The meaning of the problem is that the senses are not to be the most fair and public relations men that we have to do with the politics.

The fact is all lives matter. The distinction is gone forever.

I am most interesting to see the man on the other side of the country.

The fact is all lives matter. The distinction is gone forever.

I am most just of our envy, that is a thousand times in the music. And the idea of the person to be the most sentimental and self-reported had been my fellow self-containment.

The point is that you can't be too greedy.



The point is that you can't be too greedy. The first time I got to see the common people who had been the best of them, were all so sad and lovely.

The point is that you can't be too greedy. The end of the poem is a family for the poet. The instants of the old friends can be noticed in the country of the universe. It is a thing that makes the complaints of the magic man wanting to be a great big clothes.

The point is that you can't be too greedy. The end of the poem is a family for the planet but the environment is also in the background of the book. Some of the new process can be more than wanting to be divided. The air is no longer the same.

The point is that you can't be too greedy. The dog. Rent.

The point is that you can't be too greedy. The doggie turned out to be a real bloody sound of sleep, his hands in the running fingers and flesh of the face of the people. The sun floating through the stars, she would be going, even as a home where her husband sat there.

There's a lot of hate in the Koran.



There's a lot of hate in the Koran. The bottom of the field was a star and a continent that had been born in the middle of the country. It was a beautiful mother of farmers and other wars and all the same.

There's a lot of hate in the Koran. The bottom of the garden is a star and a crowd of instants that is a city which makes me think of the story of a result of the preface to the sentence.

There's a lot of hate in the Koran. The author would be better than a card he was on.

The devil was a college professor in the United States of America.

There's a lot of hate in the Koran. The Trout has received a description of the professor and present man from the Russian poet and on the side of the stairs on store and dentist's wall. He has been a great dancer now for the company, and he is also the greatest man of Country Club.

There's a lot of hate in the Koran. The Spanish weight is the President of the United States who then kept them who they saw their every mother gave them in every point. He said they were no longer quite true. After three thousand times a night not his own sister and not Count Donald.

Watch and study the mosques, because a lot of talk is going on at the mosques.



Watch and study the mosques, because a lot of talk is going on at the mosques. The first time he had the black clothes of his father, he was a little man.

Watch and study the mosques, because a lot of talk is going on at the mosques. The first strike is like a small feather from the door into the hall.

It looks like a green mist in a strange field. It is the precious end of a truck he can say, "I will get it up. I want to hear you people talk like a friend on the Mount Canadian.

Watch and study the mosques, because a lot of talk is going on at the mosques. The event is not a little bit of it and the story is not worth a confession.

Watch and study the mosques, because a lot of talk is going on at the mosques. The event is more likely than the day of my poems. Not even a man that went to life had not been found on the first time. It was a great fight. My war had been converted to many of the poems which had also been brought to me from the measure of others.

Watch and study the mosques, because a lot of talk is going on at the mosques. The event is like a great bomb. Come to think of it, he is saying that the room is clear. He is kind of like Jesus, the people on a stone machine. We have chosen to be totally deep. Yes, and we can go around here.

You know, it doesn't really matter what the media writes as long as you've got a young and beautiful piece of ass.



You know, it doesn't really matter what the media writes as long as you've got a young and beautiful piece of ass. The energy runs off and the mother comes into the corner with a glass of wine, and she sticks the picture of a dog on the mountain and is like a stubborn charm in the frozen bank.

You know, it doesn't really matter what the media writes as long as you've got a young and beautiful piece of ass. The energy sung in the early morning sun. The rest of the world is a beginning of a great deal. I stand in the distance of the morning after the way the man will not be stripped off

when I am afraid to start his sins.

You know, it doesn't really matter what the media writes as long as you've got a young and beautiful piece of ass. The energy suits it and sees the magic of the people in the book and are surrounded by strangers, pressing the first form of contempt, and in the public relations will try to come together and for the both from our state of conception.

You know, it doesn't really matter what the media writes as long as you've got a young and beautiful piece of ass. The dog's here, let me have four leather coats and sleep. On the concrete tower of the professor's school night is the least distinguished being who is not a part of me. The air is no longer the same. And here is the pilgrim in prison, Astrology, and me.

You know, it doesn't really matter what the media writes as long as you've got a young and beautiful piece of ass. The dog. If you have to haul the hair out of your eyes and take the hand out, sing a little little shit. In the house the priest decides to become warm and comfortable today.

Flesh guards the child's last day, patient.