往山跑 Wang Shan Pao

Leave it to beaver

Though he’s not to be believe

Better believe that beaver’s the deceiver

Seek out the silo

Drill down into the fire

Better conspire to sell it solo

Out of sorts out of time

Out of season out of mind

Aging unlike your fine wines.

Fill my

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| Fill my cup, I’m out of gas | Kill my calf and steal my laugh | Let the dead lie historic beneath the grass |
| Hover love, the clouds on fire | Picture perfect, cold desire | Let the season settle down into its filth |
| Hand me lips, hand me ass | Hydro, caffeine, fiber glass | Cancer comes for all in its time |
| Sell me Christ, sell me shit | Battered women, funeral lips | Claw your way back to the middle class |
| Style your future just and good | Oppose the water with your wood | Give as you have gotten in your time |
| Cloud of vapor, hazed and glazed | So settled, certain in your days | Anger at your wake when you’re gone. |
| Politics and pick up sticks | Karma sutra, sewn shut lips | We’ll stage a passion play along the way |
| Lifestyle solutions, pollution call | Wasted walrus in the hall | The campus closed but the shooter slipped away |
| Servant spirit, cannon call | Snake of smoke before the wall | The killer hides behind the betting line |
| Western leaning call to arms | Limped a mile on your charms | Returned a heathen burnt by all your toil |
| Millipedes and cockroach lore | Fresh new face, box office bore | Her candles wax poetic in borrowed flame |
| Lost my mind to find my form | Cancer ridden; war torn | Been dying on the sly since I was born |
| Bored and battered, we know the score | Stay put and shelter, pray to the lord | Robots for the lonely in their homes. |
| Assist in my suicide | Rubix cube, inchoate crime / concrete crime | Settle scores to soothe your writhing mind |
| 80k slipped by mistake | Female flex and wedding cake | Candles wane poetic alive in wine. |
| Buster Keaton before the wall | Bread and butter, ma and pa | Pictures flicker making motion feel so real |
| Doe-eyed villain, bath of ice | Motel organs, virtue, vice | Pocket flame, unreal estate for pa |
| Haze and gravy head up north | Pained and lazy, rich but poor | Caught up in the eddies of your mind… in your time. |
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06/22/2022

Good practice. Sang through lyrics. Still as yet have not put the Chinese lyrics down any where.