



you soft soap   the soft-shelled   the porous   morons like me   and you're not sorry  
piece of cake   to shake off   principles   hard won scruples   and pretty virtue

crushed into the bottom  
of mud-yellow sand  
like a slippershell

chrome

like phosphorescent teeth  
in mud-yellow skin  
you're a slippershell  
and you can go to hell

hard water   down your throat   down your back   hard to say it's hard luck  
when you're so happy  
hard to say it's hard luck   when we had it coming

crushed into the bottom  
of mud-yellow sand  
like a slippershell

chrome

like phosphorescent teeth  
in mud-yellow skin  
you're a slippershell  
and you can go to hell  
maybe see me there

can't you see it's a white-out  
made of chrome?  
can't you see the white-out?  
it's why I piss & moan  
it's why I can't go home

wallet full of fat   belly full of milk   you're touchingly, deeply fulfilled   you're very old  
you're very new   you're touchingly, deeply confused

can't you see the white-out?  
no, I guess you dont

**Slippershell**

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