

Story of a Biblical Cowboy

inside eating dirt and worms

growing heads out of my neck

from my torso sprouts more arms

i'm ticking a list i'll never check

i could deflate or i could do more

flailing my limbs and vibrating at such speed

i've never been looked at so long before

im soaked like a sponge that's filled with greed

healing in a place that created me

and it hurt me worse than i know

the love i have for this city is a fallacy

the hurting dirty west has a beating heart in Reno

strapping into my big ol' boots

and my big pink party dress

i'm going back to my transexual roots

i'm getting bigger and more beautiful but i'm spending less

less time on tree huggers and shoe lickers

more money on me and whatever i want

i don't have time for your batter and bickers

pulled back my shoulders so i can swing and flaunt

i've forgotten most of what i've bought

but you bet when i find it i'll use it often

i'm basking in the fact that ive been caught

carefree in this town from rock i've softened