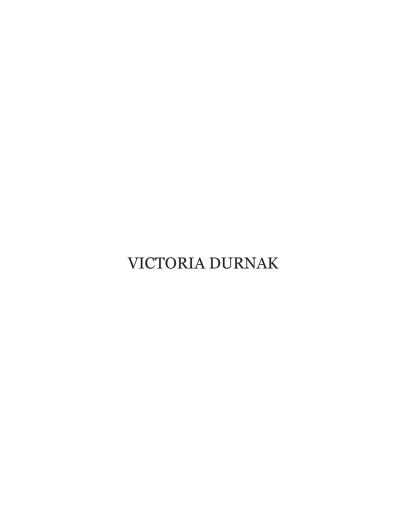
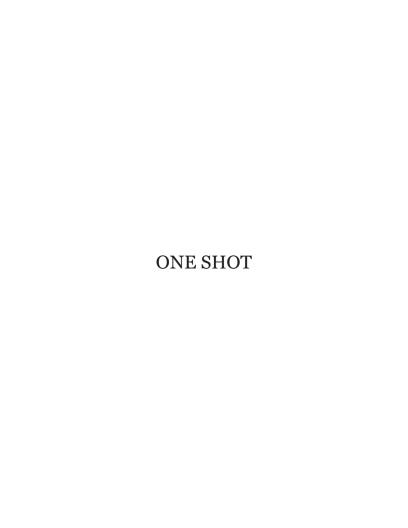
BBQ





just relax that's it a little bit more to the left too much yeah there you go I see you you got it I got you

THE BEASTIE BOYS DID IT WHEN THEY OPENED FOR MADONNA IN THE 1980S

after a week
we walk as much as we did
in the city we lived before
fall asleep immediately
almost every night
but tonight
the neighborhood dads

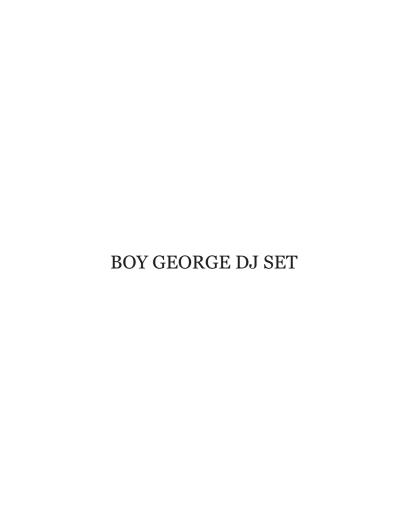
have got the band together

to play their hearts out across the street bitches I whisper get out of bed walk into the kitchen

and bake challa bread for breakfast



we're invited to a party with only painters but stay at home with a sixpack of Mexican beer stream love classics from the iTunes radio



stop releasing tapes and send e-mails with links to where I can buy them I don't like how they look and I don't have a walkman

4TH OF JULY MIGHTY DUCKS MARATHON

let me hold you caress my body you got me going crazy turn me on turn me on



my bleeding heels turned away from you as I rip of my blister band-aids in Central Park but you already know my morning breath that I sometimes throw up while walking and that I smell like curry paste on sunny days



have you found new shorts yet I'm on the GAP webpage now I'm on the GAP webpage now I'm looking up the Levi's Store at Google Maps think it's pretty close to Union Square think we passed it when we bought the mango with hot sauce and salt

METHOD ACTING FOR PART AS JANE FONDA

only listen to one album by a rising R'n'B star try rediscovering what I liked in junior high but couldn't care less about the annoying vocals the uncreative drums must be a bad period must have my period must be another period the roman the jurassic

park 3

at this point I hate music

HOW TO BLEACH YOUR HAIR WITH LEMON JUICE

we move to a huge apartment with four other people we never see sometimes the bathroom door is locked and I cut my toenails in a brown paper bag walking around in my underwear the rooms feel even bigger

TOMATOES WERE NOT A HISTORICAL INGREDIENT

it's getting warmer we stay inside sleep together during the day heroes at night



one day I'm a self built loft you're the subway system and I start crying after yelling at you and randomly blaming women's rights on the L towards Manhattan can't stop until 25th Street, Brooklyn 50 minutes later



we're in bed at four pm again you show no interest in a photo of four old friends of mine relaxing on a sofa in a cabin in the woods all wearing jumpsuits with neck-to-crotch-zippers I don't blame you we have sex instead of talking we're in control of our own space and later when I use the restroom in an exhibition we visit for ten minutes I can still smell it must be what that Laura Marling song **New Romantic** is all about

we got drunk and looked at the Statue of Liberty she was no bigger than a pair of pearl earrings

