

Bad Taste Blues, Pt. I

Ball Park Music

Five and one half, it doesn't mean I don't care
Sick from the guts of another interesting quote
'Bout the time I left you for dead
I have a theory based on nothing
It's absolute crap, it's so compelling
Publish me now, I'm a genius
Face full of fruit, wow

It's making me rage
It's making me feel so bad
For all of the others
Making me feel so bad
So neck your all friends
I'll take you to town, reverend
You're jogging instead, I want you to feel so bad

Fistful of fingers and fishy business
Under the cross, a baby whispers
A whole lot of grub and mirrored windows
Of Europe asleep so sound

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So neck your all friends
I'll take you to town, reverend
You're jogging instead, I want you to feel so bad

Tradition on trial
Tradition on trial
Tradition on trial
Tradition on trial

You're making me rage
I want you to feel so bad
For all of the others
Making me feel so bad
So neck all your friends
I'll take you to town, reverend
You're jogging instead, now I want you to feel so bad
To feel so bad