Bong Song

Butthole Surfers

A strange lie
Awakes in quiet South Station
And balls in my window
That falls from the sky
And walking through fields
Of quiet frustration
While hanging with dishrags
And that makes us fine
When I crawled through a pipe
Without hesitation
To a place where a colour
Went over my eyes
When I got to that place
They reached for my face
They liiiieeeeeddddd

Hahahahahaha...

Disarray cowboys
With weed for our weasels
That were ridin' on horses
That blew on my balls
And I tried to convince them
That I was just leaving
They yanked out my entrails
And sprawled on the wall
And the dreams and their scrotum
And they were believing
When I found myself naked
In the suburban mall
I rolled on my side
And I knew they had lied
So I lied...

A messenger came
With the news from the valley
Of twenty five pimps
who collapsed on the lawn
And strangely enough
The illicit vibrations
Encoded with light rays
That walk through the dawn
And I asked them to tell me
Without meditation
They led me through hillsides
Where all life was gone
When I got to that place
I fell on my face
'Cos they lieeeddddddd...

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