

Cough Syrup

Butthole Surfers

She played for the Angels
I played for the tribe
The summer had been stolen and the bases were all loaded
There was big money on the line
Big my all the time yeah
There was big money on the line
I can't walk so I guess I'm gonna stay at home
They can have my legs just leave my head alone
I was in the kitchen
The year was in the fall
A friend of mine had told me that there were no point in mopin'
No there were no point at all
There was big fire in the hall, yeah
There weren't no points at all
I can't walk so I guess I'm gonna stay at home
They can have my legs just leave my head alone
And I can't talk so I guess I got nothin' to say
I'll keep my eyes just take these tears away
Lock, stock, and barrel all the dogs were gone to feral and the
car ran like a broken perculator
His liver had gone hard and he wouldn't mow the yard
There was big money on the line
And I heard that his brother was a viking
He liked to solve a problem with a gun
If you want to know the facts you gotta teach him how to act
And I hate cough syrup don't you
I'd rather be a sailor than a fighter
I'd like to sail a ship into the sun
If you wanna know the truth you gotta dig up Johnny Booth
And I hate cough syrup don't you
I know that your mother is a martyr
I heard she's got connections with the mob
If you wanna learn the fight you gotta drink up all the light
And I hate cough syrup don't you
I'd rather be a matchstick than a lighter
I like to see the wood curl up and burn
If you wanna touch the sky you must be prepared to die
And I hate cough syrup don't you
I hate cough syrup and I hate the food in Europe
And I hate cough syrup it's true
You wanna know the truth you gotta dig up Johnny Booth
And I hate cough syrup don't you
I hate cough syrup it's true