

Lonesome Bulldog

Butthole Surfers

Get along lonesome bulldog it's turning to spring
Get along lonesome bulldog it's that time again
Though it's raining, stop complaining
There's a long road to bear
Get along lonesome bulldog
Get along over there
Get along lonesome bulldog in spring
[Spoken] Well, Mohatma Ghandi was a little spindly-bottomed
raggedy-headed boy that grew
up In a Western-
Kentucky village called Johnstonville, in Harrison
county, and there he grew
up. His mother was a white woman; His father was a rastafarian
who
refused to buy the family
Seafood on their outings. And there he developed a taste for
convertables, blonde-headed
women, And he had a big old long Indian dick...So get along lit
tle
Mohatma Ghandi, get along
in the Spring. Well, pretty soon little Mohatma Ghandi was goin
g three
hundred miles an hour,
and I'll Tell you what. He was going three hundred miles an hou
r because
his strangely
turbocharged Penis-
head was making him do it that way. Just kidding.
Mohatma Ghandi had a
tremendous Career in high school, in college, and in law school
, and in
the House of
Representatives. There he Found himself as a presidential candid
ate. He
met up with Mary-Jo
Kopechne and across the Chappaquadick bridge they did ride. So
get along
little Mohatma
Ghandi, get along in the Spring.