

March Of The Morons

Damage

Got a mind but you don't want it
You're a cretin and you flaunt it
Wheels and gears without a movement
A head of straw would be an improvement
March of the morons
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You don't read or write too well
Got sh*t for brains, can't stand the smell
Your cranium is lined with fur
And the outside world is just a blur
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You like to dress up like a punk
Fucking, fighting, always drunk
But you've got a saving grace
You'll disappear without a trace
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