

The Wrong Stuff

Gama Bomb

On a frozen night in the countryside
Topless drinking men defended their pride
The concept of a good time taken to extremes
Negligent games with a manly theme
Nudist capers powered by grog
Chainsaw dares, are you man enough to pull the plug?
You have done something to your brain, you have made it high
Why trust one drug above the other, that's politics right?

You got hold of something strong and you put it in your head
You sniffed or drank or shot it up, you ran a mile and shit the bed
You're coming up the helter-skelter, look out above
You never know enough's enough

Escalation, taking a turn for the worse
Self-decapitation, the only way to prove your worth

You can scream and shout,
But you got hold of the wrong stuff, you can't deny
You're on the way out,
Yes, no, maybe you got stupefied

No matter if you're too poor to shite
Get high as the proverbial, every single night
It's a deadly buzz and you can't stop screaming
You're chewing your own head and no, you're not dreaming
Over the falls without ever leaving the room
There's something unpleasant coming soon

Robocop told you winners don't use drugs
But now you've got the munchies for your own face- holy fuck!
You're naked, roaring, drinking hand sanitizer from a boot
Time to face the truth
You've had a trouser accident and you're smearing tonight
Something's just not right

Sadly, you're no longer legit
Hold on, something smells a bit like human shit

You can scream and shout,
But you got hold of the wrong stuff, you can't deny
You're on the way out,
Yes, no, maybe you got stupefied

Look here, everybody does drugs from time to time
But you, sir, have failed to keep this lesson top-of-mind