

Oats

Guttermouth

Welcome to my breakfast table this is what you'll find
A different kind of breakfast food that leaves the real ones far behind

What's the fucking deal, all these brand names all around
They raise the prices, raise my rent, but do not make a sound

Now I'm getting older these changes in my life
It's the Quaker man he's the one I give my hand
He's the one who picks my wife for me
I think that he is God
You know it's true
He's the one who picks my wife for me

Jesus Christ, Holy shit, now what's the fucking deal?
How the Hell should I go on if there's no more sex appeal
I give you flakes
I give you puffs of corn right off the shelf
I know you never thought of that
I know you never thought of it

Stand in line for oats today.