

## P.C.

## Guttermouth

You know what pisses me off more than anything,  
Is all these people who aren't exactly politically correct.  
Like the other day, I was out walking my Siberian-  
American huskies,  
And you know how canines are.  
They like to sniff everything, including each others butts.  
So, some guy walks up and he says,  
"Get your dog's ass out of that other dog's nose!"  
So, I replied, "How dare you call them dogs?  
They're Siberian-American huskies!  
That's like calling an African-American a black.  
Or calling a Mexican-American a Mexican.  
Or calling a homosexual a stupid faggot!"  
It pissed me off so much I got a nose ring,  
Died my hair blue and moved to San Francisco!

My bus is broken down, my spirit's broken too  
My girl's by my side so I don't feel so blue  
Thirty miles more to make it to the city  
Where junk is king and the air smells shitty

What a friendly town, it really suits us well  
It took some getting used to, that fucking hippie smell  
Everyone corrects me every time I speak  
I'm sick and fucking tired of feeling like a stupid L.A. geek

But I like it  
I like it  
I like it  
I like it, like it, like it, yes I do

I say it's not an issue, it doesn't shed much light  
On a global scale, it isn't worth the fight  
The tongue that girl speaks is forked to you and me  
That bitch has got a problem, I think it's called P.C.