

Dumb surfer is giving me his cash
Won a bet for fifty and now I need a slash
Man this band that's playing, is playing fucking trash
Skunk and onion gravy, as my brain's potato mash
He came across the back of a bureaucratic stash
Shot the lot for credit and never got it back
He's mashed, I'm mashed, we're mashed
That cat got slashed in half like that
As venus completes orbit, I'm feeling slightly mashed
The stir fry didn't absorb it, I need another slash
She spoke in English, it was low lit where we sat
Remembering her face but that's the end of that
I'm a step from madness as I puke on pavement slabs
Got a bit embarrassed, need to get back to the lab
In the depths of traffic, I was feeling like we crashed
With a girl from Slovak in a European cab
From a set of habits, I can see momentums mashed
If we were commuting, this train would fucking crash
Now my brain's diluting, I suffer from whiplash
Getting lashed, getting lashed by all of the gods
By all of the gods, by all of the gods

As my brain's diluting, I suffer from whiplash
This girl's now screaming, I think we've gone and crashed
The driver's speaking and the car is still intact
It was only minor, well that's the end of that
Girl, that's the end of that as I know
Girl, some things you don't know

Dumb surfer, don't suffer
Dumb surfer, don't suffer
Dumb surfer, don't suffer
Dumb surfer, don't suffer
Ay, some things won't change for a while
Keep me, keep me as the villain
But my prayer, you don't own