

I met a skinhead named Scrap
He lived in my friend's garage
Everyday he's shaking that spray paint can
And comes out seeing stars
Grab a paper bag like an oxygen mask
Until your mind starts to gel
'Cause the ball in the can has a crazy beat
The funky dying brain cell
So he met some Christian's from hell
Who said, "Let's go to Vegas, man"
So he packed up his leather and his red beret
Into that big, bad Christian van
Use revival meetings like an oxygen tent
Till your mind starts to gel
'Cause the preacher thumps the Bible
With a crazy beat, the funky dying brain cell
Well, he came back to the garage
But the garage, it wasn't there
And he dug metallic gold more than Luke and John
Now he's growing his hair
Grab a paper bag like an oxygen mask
Until your mind starts to gel
'Cause the ball in the can
Has a crazy beat, the funky dying brain cell