

## Plastic Cup

Low

Well you could always count on your friends to get you high  
That's right  
And you could always count on the 'rents to get you by  
You could fly  
And now they make you piss into a plastic cup  
And give it up  
The cup will probably be here long after we're gone  
What's wrong  
They'll probably dig it up a thousand years from now  
And how  
They'll probably wonder what the hell we used it for  
And more  
This must be the cup the king held every night  
As he cried

Well maybe you should go out and write your own damn song  
And move on