

So... we were in Amsterdam, and we were staying at this guy Toss's house, good friend of ours, uhh...

It's kinda in the middle of the city and we were just finished with our second European tour and everything was going pretty good.

Skeeter, he met this girl that lived next door to Toss's, and within a couple of weeks he started living with her, you know?

And I guess she had a lot of money or something, cause she was constantly buying him clothes and getting him lots of stuff and loading him with money, you know?

He was constantly going to the coffee shop always getting the best herb and the best hash, you know?

He was in good shape. She was really good looking, she was really cool.

I, I don't think he'd ever met her before but she had, you know, other boyfriends I suppose.

So I'm sitting on the couch, you know, in Toss's apartment and I'm reading, you know, Maximum Rock and Roll or Flip Side, one of those punk things.

And I heard Skeeter come in, and he came in and he had all these really nice clothes on, she bought him all this stuff. She like bought him cologne, he was really really smelling good, you know? He looked good too.

You know he came in and put his herb on the table and, whatever. I'm just reading my little punk magazine, not really paying attention.

And then he says, uh, he says "Hey Dave", and I look up and he's standing there with his dick in his hand and he's kinda got it like lifted up so he's looking at the head of his dick.

He kinda pointed it at me, I didn't know what to think. He said "does that look like pus to you?"

I said "no, I think it's lint."