

Ashes

NoMeansNo

I smell something burning... it's us
Sausage lips and greasy tips
It's that sweet fried pork
Spitting on the spit, spitting on the spit
You can't stem the blood and fire
By squeezing it in your hand
I've got the desire, I've got the desire
My hair is on fire

Ashes to ashes

My blood is boiling
I've got the stiff stand straight up my ass
Smell the gas, smell the sewer gas
You can't stoke the coals
Without a couple of third degree burns
Her the wheels of industry turn, turn, turn
My ass is burning

Ashes to ashes
Fire burn low, down we go

This little piggy went to the market
This little piggy stayed home
This little piggy had roasted beef
This little piggy had none
Break out the fire arms, let's do some harm
Rake the pit for the remnants, get it all
Back up the truck, we've got to get our ashes hauled

Ashes to ashes
Fire burn low, down we goes