

Everyday I Start To Ooze

NoMeansNo

I guess you heard my head turned brown
I lost several pounds and looked terrible
This marriage of yellow and black never looked good on paper
His mother was a secretary, I think
Her father a rapist
I'm a little pressed for time and facts
But I know
It's those personal acts
Those personal acts
That cut through the crap

I heard they were dimembering people down the street
Those Joneses, you gotta love'm
Various disguises are regrettable but necessary
If you're going to make it through the day
Everyday Everyday
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A bold plan drawn up by assholes to screw morons
News at eleven but first
A long serious look at what's seeping from open sore
Perhaps you should STOP PICKING AT IT
I never felt so alone
I never felt so used
I never felt so excited
It was those personal acts
Those personal acts
That cut up the crap and served it for breakfast
YOU DUMB FUCK

My mom phoned up the police today
Just to say hello, „Hello“
My girlfriend has been missing for two weeks
I guess that's what happens when you alk the streets
with a bag on your head and a sign that says
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Blue, black and blue and red are the colours of everyday

Ok, that's liffe, that's what I was told anyway
And picking your feet till they bleed may be the half of it
If every fourth animal in the world is a beetle
Maybe ervery fourt person is a DUMB FUCK
Listen , listen carefully now here's the answer
It rhymes with axe
Why, it's those personal acts
Those personal acts
Those suicide pacts
Those carelessly stored razorblades in the hands of small children
It's my face smeared on the pavement
It's Everyday
It's Everyday

Unday

Noneday

Useday

Buttugly
Whoreday
Painday
SPLATTERSDAY SPLATTERSDAY

YOU DUMB FUCK