

## Regret Is

Pepper

It started when we were little kids  
Free spirits, but already tormented  
By our own hands  
Given to us by our parents

We got together and wrote on desks  
And slept in laundry rooms near snowy mountains  
And slipped through whatever cracks we could find  
Minds altered, we didn't falter  
We loved the dirty city  
And the journeys away from it

We had not yet been or seen our friends, selves  
Chase tails round and round in downward spirals  
Leaving trail of irretrievable, vital life juice behind  
Still, the brothersbloodcomradespartnerfamilycuzz  
Was impenetrable and we lived inside it  
Laughing with no clothes,  
And everything experimental 'till death was upon us

In our face, mortality  
And lots of things seemed futile then  
But love and music can save us  
And did, while the giant gray monster grew  
More poisoned and volatile around us  
Jaws clamping down and spewing ugly shit around

Nothing is the same  
So we keep moving  
So we keep moving  
Went off and got some hair cuts  
Lookin' wild and got all drugged up

Hopped a train into the night  
Got a ride with a transvestite  
Two boys in San Francisco  
Two boys in San Francisco  
Blasted off in a Bart bathroom

Those coppers woke us up  
The mothersfuckers woke us up  
Two young brothers on a hover craft  
Telepathetic love and bellylaughs

Storm the stage of Universal  
Slim shine talk boy go subversal  
Papa's proud and so he sent us  
Pounding hearts full and relentless

Two boys in London, England  
Two boys in London, England  
Climbing out of hostel windows  
Wearing gear so out but in though

Come on kind and do the no no  
Two young brothers on a hovercraft  
Telepathics love and belly laughs

We went to Fairfax High School

Jumped off buildings into their pools  
We'd sit down and grease at Canters  
Run like hell they can't catch us  
Two boys in L.A. proper  
Two boys in L.A. proper

Stealin' anything that we could  
Gotta sneak into the Starwood  
Gotta peak into the deep good  
I remember  
10 years ago in Hollywood

We did some good  
And we did some real bad stuff  
But the Butthole Surfers said  
It's better to regret something you did  
Than something you didn't do

We were young  
And we were looking  
Looking, looking for that deep kick  
Seen 'em come, seen 'em go  
(And I feel I'm getting close to you)