

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 Canthers
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)