

Bob's Party Time Lounge

Primus

Glad you came, glad you're here
Have some champagne, imported beer

Dig down in your dirt bag
And roll us out a spleef
Been erect here now for thirteen days
And I came to get relief

At Bob's Party Time

Peck my nose with cocaine
Feed my filthy hole
Bust out the dancin' women
I'm prone to lose control
And if by chance I fall down
And bust my head on the floor
Just wrap my wound in a porterhouse steak
And point me towards the shore

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