

## 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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