

Why do we do this C.G. and I?
Every night vegetables,
Minds numbed up by THC.
I've got my pen, C.G. the remote
Laurel and Hardy's the best bet at
four A.M. On a Friday
No dreads about the working day
Funny thing about weekends
When you're unemployed
They don't quite mean so much,
except you get to hang out with
all your working friends
Well we got us a spaghetti western on 36
I like spaghetti westerns
I like the way the boots are all reverbed out
walking across the hardwood floors
In fact, everything's got
that big reverb sound
Well what'll I do now?
Go to sleep
Pull the pud
We need new pornos
Well, I guess I'm still writing...