Blowin' Chunks

Quincy Punx

Drank a twelve pack and smoked six bowls Now it's starting to takes its toll Can't hold it in for too long You're gonna do the technicolor yawn Now you've got the vicious spins Doing pennance for your drunkin sins I think its time to clear throat I think you know the anecdote

[Chorus:] Great big piles of chewed up food Breakfast lunch and dinner too There's gonna be some wreckage dude On your shoes

Just exploded on the hallway floor Couldn't make it to the bathroom door Crawl across the tiles on your hands and knees Bathroom floor stinking of pee Dryheaves, convulsions, wish you were dead You pass out and you puke in bed I think its time your clear your throat I think you know the anecdote

[Repeat Chorus]

Blowin' Chunks!!! (4x)

[Repeat Chorus]