

## Bus to Beelzebub

Soul Coughing

Get on to the bus  
That's gonna take you back to Beelzebub  
Get on to the bus  
That's gonna make you stop going rub a dub  
Your words burn the air  
Like the names of candy bars  
Your mouth is cold and red  
All in rings around your  
Laugh, laughing, laughs  
It's a grind grind  
It's a grind  
It's a grind grind  
I'll scratch you raw  
L'etat c'est moi  
I drink the drink  
And I'm wall to wall  
I absorb trust like a love rhombus  
I feel I must elucidate  
I ate the chump with guile  
Quadrilateral I was now I warp like a smile  
Yellow no. 5  
Yellow no. 5, 5, 5  
Voulez-vous the bus