

Dumpster To The Grave

Star Fucking Hipsters

From the dumpster to the grave
We'll never be a system slave
We'll take our food from garbage cans
While they're starving in a foreign land

Do the dishes in the sink
Scoop the grease-trap, take a drink
Clean plate club keeps us alive
Every time we dumpster dive

And from the dumpster to the grave
We'll eat your trash and misbehave
We all wallow in loneliness
Then wonder why we're so depressed
Digging through your toxic waste
We find the crumbs to suit our taste
Our guts are an abysmal cave
From the dumpster to the fucking grave

From the cradle to the end
The pigeons are our closest friends
We'll forage always after dark
Then chill with squirrels down in the park

From the dumpster to the stench
Fine dining on a city bench
With gourmet finds it must be true
That america is paved with food

And in the gutter where we lay
No health care, not a dollars pay
We'll take our food from garbage cans
While they're starving in a foreign land
Starving in a foreign land (3x)

So from the dumpster to the grave
We'll never shower, sometimes shave
We never fucking wash our clothes
All stinking drunk at punk rock shows
Digging through your toxic waste
We find the crumbs to suit our taste
Our guts are an abysmal cave
From the dumpster to the fucking grave

And from the dumpster to the grave
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We all wallow in loneliness
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Digging through your toxic waste
We find the crumbs to suit our taste
Our guts are an abysmal cave
From the dumpster to the fucking grave
To the fucking grave
To the fucking grave
To the fucking, to the fucking, to the fucking grave, fuck you!