

Lyin' around
Like some goddamn walrus
You make me
Sick to my stomach
The smell is here
Hangs like a killer
Hangs like a deadman
And I can't take another day
Sick
Drunk
Blow
Job
The smell is here
Hangs like a killer
Hangs like a deadman
And I can't take another day
Some kind of bra-wearin'-hairy-fish
Droolin' into your dish
Pastoral
Your life is gone
Your youth is over
Years of cheer
Reduced to this
A crumbling mess
On a September morn
Your blood flows by
Like a meandering stream
Bubbling
Gurgling
Brook-like
Baking in the midday sun
Hard on the outside
Soft on the inside
(That's a nice contract)
I saw you there
Sioux City bound
In a cornfield
I saw you there
Stinking