

Tourniquet of Roses

The Residents

The onion's in the fat
And the bacon's bought the bat
And the Posie's never even near the picture
(Now where to went that rotten egg
For feelin' up my lover's leg
I'll boil him 'til the begs to be a breakfast)
So I'm left all alone
Because my father fought the foam
And now I can't accept the pharmacy's prescription
So now there is a bank
Where once a summer spring
Remined us of what we thought we ought to ding.a ling
For ringing ringing rockets
Roar a tub of a' lard today
And all that's left
Is something else
There is no more to say
Is no more to say now... Is no more to say...
Is no more to say now... Is no more to say...
Is no more to say now... Is no more to say...
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