

Wading Through A Ventilator

The Soft Boys

I fix my fish
I fool my frog
I fray my feet
I drag my dog
I drag my dirt
Across the wall
I squash my just like my grub
I bang in a pub
My girl is right
In greasy silk
A split tomato in her mind
A crumpled heart
Sagged to the sea
Tomato heart
Escaping gas
I think my girl has rubber skin
Of all the people that I know
The ones I like I love the best
The fishes in the sewer pipes
The highway man in yellow stripes
It might not now but it will be later
Wading through your ventilator
Huh-huh-huh-huh-huh
I tang my fag
You taint your cyst
The pretty Bob he
Licks my stamp
And twists her fang
She tugs his foot
We think of better things and laugh
Her hair's on my marshmallow pout
My head is rich
Enough to burst
Without me struggling in my car
Fresh ale and flies
On melon halves
You wind up living somewhere cheap
And die upon a compost heap
Of all the people I don't know
The ones I do I hate the most
The twisted father of mankind
'S enough to drive a poor boy blind
It might not now but it could be later
Wading through your ventilator
I wading in and that's a fact
The meat was cut the meat was packed
You shredded me with icy strings
As coiled salami I was led
Into a holy stocking shed
My life like antiseptic stings
A tongue of stalk
And tender leaves
And then she'll eat
Her skull it and splits
And like an egg
It dribbles down your inside leg
Don't get me wrong I'm quite okay

I drank a cat
I sun a cake
She throws transistors in my lake
I threw her head
Far through the door
You wonder what I do that for
They wonder what she think I gots
Listen baby
There ain't nothing in here but my own sweet mind
If it bothers you we can turn it off
With my antelope cheek and my raven's eye
And my buffalo heart and a crocodiles hide
And my salmon head wait on a moose's neck
A breathing fungus on a hemoraged lawn
Invented me one summers morn
I lost you now but I'll catch you later
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