

Waltari "Scum"

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(Whatta bam-bam, ...my body's ready to take you,
Through our flooding snot, go!
Am I beaten?, you better funk me up!)
Think of a spot walkin' itself to the widest white it finds
Oh shit - grappin' with it's claws my burning flash,
Oh mama come!
Looks like I'm doomed for real suffering
Amma victim of a passion play
(fuck) I'm only able to crawl for the next few days
I'll be battered, beat through out like a slave
Not me, not me
This scum is damn rotten - and never for me
Not me, not me
This scum, no, it can't beat me
And no, I won't surrender, I'll beat it with tons of
Pure whiskey inside my body, I will keep it starving,
I won't eat any healthy stuff
Oh, my dear booze, it's like magic, seems like
A spot won't last
I don't need it's part, I'll make it rot
Its million legs will run and fast
Not me, not me
This scum is damn rotten - and never for me
Not me, not me
This scum, no, it can't beat me
(Scum! Run!)
Yo man, the spot is gone, wonder how my good
Remedy worked
I'm supposed to feel well, I should, but I can't tell
What if it's still there, what if it's still inside,
Somewhere hiding, getting bigger, silently, violently
Oh gosh... cancer is here, cancer is everywhere!
Not me, not me
This scum is damn rotten - and never for me
Not me, not me
This scum, no, it can't beat me
I am dying of this scum!
This is fucking boring!

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