

World Inferno Friendship Society

"My Ancestral Homeland, New Jersey"

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When I die they're gonna bury me in Jersey.
Yeah, I just know it man.
I'll be a cold-cocked bag of bones,
Weighed down with stones and sunk in the swamps of
Jersey.
There ain't no way I'm moving back there now.

"Never trust a man who don't drink," papa told me.
He said he was talking about me at the time.
"The easy way out ain't no damn way out," my pop
would scold me.
He said, "Hey, Get back in the-"

The sun was shining the day I drove out of Jersey,
and the girls all flashed me a smile.
Sometimes I miss those days--
That's right you heard me.
Other times I, other times I, other times I could not give
a damn.
"Never trust a man who don't drink," papa told me.
He said, "Pick up the tab when you can."
"Don't be saving for no rainy days," my pop would
scold me.
He said, "Get back in the -"

Do the kids still sing and dance in-
Are the kids still drinking and fucking?
Do the kids still smash shit up in-
Do the kids still sing and dance, drink and fuck,
smash it up in the homeland?

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