

Artificial Joy Club

"You're too good to me"

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Shut up I'm fine, just give me some more wine. It's a totally cosmic jam, I'm mauwin' down a superslam. I'm beating up your piggy bank, I only got you to thank.

Barracuda brain, dead end sucking drain, ultra sonic pain, you're too good to me.
Rabid porcupine, all the warning signs, hyperactive slime, you're too good to me.

Up chuck my brunch, it's a Brady Bunch lunch. I'm spewing up parasites, it's burning like dynamite. A totally honest chump, I'm running like Forest Gump.

(chorus)

A legitimate bloodless scam, a Tarantino killer man. I'm driving with Leroy Brown, we're heading for a skinnier town.

(chorus)

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