

Dans Home Grown

"Mr. Johnsons Head"

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"Shhh...Hello class, I'm Mr. Felcher,
Mr. Johnson is out today with a virus,
so I'll be your substitute teacher this afternoon.
Before we get started, let me say this:
I'm not as friendly as I look and I'm not as funny
as I look either (laughter). Well let's get started.
We're gonna start where Mr. Johnson left off,
so if you'll turn your textbooks to page 86 and I'll
begin...."

(1st Verse)

Sittin in my class with my head on my desk
Teacher's trying to talk but I could give a fuck less
I'm staring at this freak that I know I'm in love with
But she don't even know my name it's always been the
same
I just lay my head down and drown in my spit
Nobody even notices I'm here 'cuz I ain't shit
I'm hearing voices but I don't know what they're saying
Sweat is on my forehead 'cuz my brain's inside
decaying
And this bitch that I love prob'ly don't have no idea
She's talking to her friends I'm in the corner and I see
her
Something happening but it isn't very clear
Sounds like a bell sounds like an electric chair
Next thing you know I'm walking in a crowded hall
So many different faces that I throw up on the wall
Some are yelling sick and the others stop and stare but
I don't care
I'm in a hurry going nowhere
See my head is spinning 'cuz I'm lonely and I'm twisted
but I have a secret everybody missed it
Just a nobody and I think it's a drag
But I got Mr. Johnson's head...In my bookbag

(Chorus x2)

I couldn't stand the pressure, not another day
I didn't like the fucker Mr. Johnson anyway
I sat up in his class, he hung a rebel flag
I cut the bigot's head off and I stuffed it in my bag

(2nd Verse)

I wish somebody knew me 'cuz then they could say I'm
wrong
But since nobody knows me I got it going on
I'm staring at the clock, a tick and a tock
I got a couple food stamps folded in my sock
I must be a ghost, everybody walks through me
If I died in class they would prob'ly say they knew me
Or they wouldn't care, they wouldn't even move
My dead body rotting in the back of the room
For weeks and months stinking up the class
Until somebody notice, then they throw me in the trash
I can hear the teacher man talking about Columbus
He's nothing but an old dead fuck with a compass
ran up on a beach and threw everybody off
and then we claim discovery and now we all applaud
I don't give a fuck to learn you're all going to hell
I'm trapped in my mind and my brain is my cell
But I have the key it's called insanity
I stick it in my brain to unlock eternity
I'm just a nobody and I think it's a drag
But I got Mr. Johnsons head...In my bookbag

(Chorus x2)

Mr. Felcher: "Ok class, America is the land of the free.
A land of
democracy. A land without prejudice, and above all a
land of freedom.
That's the beautiful thing about our country; we are all
treated equal. All
races live together in harmony. What is it, Scott?"
Scott: "Mr. Johnson already taught us this.
Ain't he ever coming back?"
Mr. Felcher: "Well, uh..."

(3rd Verse)

NO! They can sit and front about it all day
But I left his fucking body in the hallway
And in the morning when they opened up the door
And seen his motherfucking carcass laying on the floor
But they would never suspect me I'm just a nerd
I try to speak my word, it always goes unheard
I could chop my arms off and run around the class
I doubt they'd even notice and if they did they'd laugh
Instead they'd rather learn about a redneck bastard
Who owned a couple slaves but I guess it don't matter
Fuck Washington, Benjamin, fuck 'em all now
They can suck my nuts 'till they wooden teeth fall out
And the class wanna know who could it be?

But I'm like Dewie-Booda you never heard of me
I'm just a nobody and I think It's a drag
But I got his motherfucking head hehehe! In my
bookbag

(Chorusx2)

[Stop, stop, you gotta think straight! stop...]

(Chorus x3)

my bagin my bagin my bag

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