Devin Townsend "Happy Camper"

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You pretentious fucking losers
You've got nothing at all
You've got your fingers in your asshole
And your hand on the call
And you talk such fucking horseshit
That it's hard to believe
That you almost make careers out of being naive

You, you are a fucker 'cause you sold my guitar You, you are a fucker, seeking fortune in bars You, you are a fucker, 'cause you say such stupid shit I've got a better line in pocket lint That what you've done with it

So if you are an asshole who pretends to be a friend Then get your ass in music, you'll be set to the end, ending

And now you've got the nerve to ask me about my temper?

Why yes, I have become a fucking happy camper!

I hate your fucking faces and your trendy cut hair I hate the fact you think your job will go anywhere Because its use is just the same as what I shit into the bowl

Just like the mess between your ears is like the mess in my hole

I hate your loser friends who only come out when it's right

I hate that when it's down you run instead of fight

I'm set to think your lot in life to test the stronger ones Will just require some chicken shit and also sneakers for the run

I dig it away, the shit you puked instead of swallowed In an attempt to try and find the dick instead of the load

So when you move and stand aside my mood will hamper

And yes, I will become a fucking happy camper!

Stuck in endless winter with your press to keep you sane
Wait for useless numbers to grow useful once again
Where the heat will come again, your flaw grows sick
Your flaw will send, the shit you call your business
To the place that is your end
Stuck in the winter, cold and we

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