

Djam Karet

"A Night For Barfood"

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We're the oozing sore, festering on the skin of modern music

Pulsing, pushing, and peeing on the little guys who write songs about fairies and dwarfs and castles. Prancing around in spandex and bangles

We wish, we pray, someday it'll pay to be in this god awful band.

Sometimes I wake up, as if Iâ'm dreaming
And I can't understand why Chuck is still screaming.
â'No we won't do it your wayâ...no, no, we will notâ'
says the band, says to Chuck, who gets angry and hot

â'You're all fired, I say, you are fired todayâ'
â'Go ahead, We don't care. Do you hear what we say?â'
â'Put down that bong and pick up your stuff, or Iâ'll throw it in the streetâ'
â'We never expected it would end like this, Oh Wellâ...
Let's go Eatâ'

So they left in a hurry, a tizzy, a tuff.
Grumbling to themselvesâ... â'Christ, we've all had enoughâ...
Let's go to El Meranderoâ' â'Which one, Number One or Number Two?â'
And as they left, they all cried â'boo hoo, boo hooâ'.

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