

Gutterball

"1-2-3-4"

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give me a gun
give me a gun cause cause bombs and guns are really
fun
i've lost my job my moneys gon live like a slob
i've got no home only streets to roam live so alone
i'm barely alive i feed on cats to survive
my wife left me my kids are dead
all this guilt is in my head
i can't go on living like this
i wish that i was dead i wish

give me a gun i'll kill a nun just wait and see
give me a gun i'll shoot a cop to be on tv
nothing could be more fun than a shooting spree
once again i found myself back on tv

guns are fun so much neat fun, fun, fun
better run i got a gun
come on down and join the fun woopie!!!

food for thought

i just want to eat some pills
little ones big ones get my fill
don't matter what kind cause i'll be buying them
up or down i rely on them

little red ones
quay ludes
and the beauties
i gotta get gotta gotta get gotta gonna get some pills

i just wanna eat pills kill the pain
makes me smart speeds up my brain
kids at school lining up and buying them
day or night i'll be selling them

little cross tops
pink hearts
and vicodin
i gotta get gotta gotta get gotta gonna get some pills

gar-bage (gar'bij), a perfect example of uninteresting poetry

real life was never like this
the door opened as i fell trough
minds of man like piss
learning is a thing of the past
the door has opened and closed
i'm locked inside this out side world
why the fuck no one knows
why the fuck am i trapped like this

world of forgotten minds
living on parallel lines
forgotten people of the past
in the human race
i came out last

i've been left behind
left behind with human kind
i want to go away
i'm with these people every day
human kind was left behind
and i don't want to be here
human kind was left behind
and i don't want to be here

world of forgotten minds
living on parallel lines
forgotten people of the past
in the human race
i came out last

up your bum

worked all day go out get a pint tonight
the mods show up on camden gonna be a fight
oppression from society on my back maggie you'll see
got no worries cause i got no quid
in a neighborhood full of unfriendly faces

oi oi oi
oi oi oi
cause i gotta believe
oi oi oi
somethings gotta change this just ain't right

ride the tube to the end of thre line
i got no job just plenty of time
call me a wanker call me a bum

