

## Gutterball

### "P. C"

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You know, what pisses me off more than anything is all these people who  
Aren't exactly politically correct. Like the other day, I was out walking  
My Siberian-American huskies. And you know how canines are: they like to  
Sniff everything, including each other's butts. So some guy walks up and  
He says, "Get your dog's ass out of that other dog's nose!"  
So, I replied, "How dare you call them dogs! They're Siberian-American  
Huskies. That's like calling an African-American a Black. Or calling a  
Mexican-American a Mexican. Or calling a homosexual a stupid faggot!" It  
Pissed me off so much I got a nose ring, died my hair blue and moved to  
San Francisco!  
My bus is broken down  
My spirit's broken too  
My girl's by my side  
So I don't feel so blue  
Thirty miles more  
To make it to the city  
Where junk is king  
And the air smells shitty  
What a friendly town  
It really suits us well  
It took some getting used to  
That fucking hippy smell  
Everyone corrects me  
Every time I speak  
I'm sick and fucking tired  
Of feeling like a stupid L.A. geek  
I like it  
I like it  
I like it  
I like it, yes I do  
I say it's not an issue  
It doesn't she'd much light

On a global scale  
It isn't worth the fight  
The tongue that girl speaks  
Is forked to you and me  
That bitch has got a problem  
I think it's called P.C.

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