

Guttermouth

"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 shed 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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