

Guttermouth "What Then"

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Underage, in a foreign land
Come to think of it, it was Japan
Pickin' pockets, fillin' mine with yen
Discovering machines that vend
I'd like to leave, not 'til I find
Machines that serve both beer and wine
Like an Irish man and a pot of gold
Or a four leaf clover for a twelve year-old

What then
What then

I scout for pigs, insert my yen
The good times, they can never end
I met a girl, don't ya' know
She took me for some coin-op blow
The Japanese work so damn hard
For me, it's mommy's credit card
I'll sleep all day in last night's clothes
Have a beer, powder my nose

What then
What then

Their beds are short, their toilets stink
Aki Bono, the ex-sumo king
Parades around in underwear
I'm far from home, but don't know where

The colors match so perfectly
Not to mention, temperly
Porcelain, topped off with pee
Traditional insanity

Their beds are short, their toilets stink
Aki Bono, the ex-sumo king
Parades around in underwear
I'm far from home, but don't know where

The beds are short are short
But, that's okay
We only use them to fornicate

If I knock her up
What then
I'm out of dodge with all her yen

As I mill around the lobby folks
The custom dictates you must smoke
With cancers and carcinogens
I need to find some air that's thin
My entire life I've lived this way
Like a vagabond, the punk rock way
Travel the globe and scream at kids
Fillin' water bottles up with piss

What then
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I'm far from home, but don't know where

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