

## Gwar

### "Je M'Appelle J.Cousteau"

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I was there at the cattle fair, where  
lump fairies swear at glories far be-  
yond the fabric that she wears. He said  
"Do ya wanna chair?" I'd join him any-  
where! A hole in the ground, in this  
theatre I found J.C.'s infernal horde--  
they caper, they banter, forming human  
pyramids, all to please--their infernal  
Lord...Whoa! His name is J. Cousteau!!!  
A pussy and I know you know!! I know  
you know, and there he goes. He goes and  
grows, on gosh, he knows--Aboard the  
Calypso!! The foam beside, and a burly  
sea to ride, all spell goodness for the  
master of the whirling pimple tides.  
He tried and fried until the rusted  
hinges sighed, and then he stepped  
inside! He found her there, swimming  
in her seaweed hair, looking vaguely  
like a lover who has hung herself with  
underwear--Phosphorescent green and  
the sex-act made obscene, in Jacques  
galleon of hatred--This wrinkled French-  
man is a living god!!!  
Cousteau, you know, where the dying  
dolphins go, and the wasteland ever growing,  
never slowing till it's far below--Put it  
on your T.V. show--and let the humans  
know!!

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