

Hole "Circle One"

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{Written by The Germs}

I'm Darby Crash.
a social blast.
Chaotic master....
I'm Darby Crash.
I'm your own,
the young smack.
Getting faster,
I'm Darby Crash.
A one-way match....
demonic flasher.
Deep, deep, deep in my eyes.
It's a round, round, round circle of lives.
It's a tame, tame, tame sort of world
where you're caught, bought, taught as it twirls.
I'm Darby Crash,
a social blast.
Chaotic master,

I'm Darby Crash.
Your Mecca's gash,
prophetic stature;
I'm Darby Crash.
A one way match,
demonic flasher.
Deep, deep, deep in his eyes.
It's a round, round, round circle of lives.
It's a tame, tame, tame sort of world
where you're caught, bought, taught as it twirls.
She's Darby Crash,
as social blast.
Chaotic master....
Snap, crackle, pop.
In here.
Snap, crackle pop.
Out there.

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