

Butthole Surfers "Dracula From Houston"

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Got no future, great big past
Little bitty guy on the rim of my glass.
Gotta meet the plane, so I can get my monkey
Teach him to be cool but a little bit funky.
Got no credit, and I got no fear,
And I got about a buck so I can buy a beer.
Gotta see a doctor 'bout the words I've said.
And I gotta get a bike and I gotta paint it red.

Oh no, we gotta go, we're not gonna live forever
Why, why, we gotta die? You know that we'll be
together
Hey, hey we gotta say, I could never be a savior
You don't have to be there 'cause I'm never, never,
never comin' home

Three feet deep in a slow motion wreck
I was walkin' the walk and I was talkin' to the best
I was wrinkled and shriveled and steppin' out of line
Playin' the end against the middle and losing every
time
I was venous and heinous and crippled and sad
Thought I was invincible, the baddest of the bad
Then I woke up one morning, and I stepped out of bed
Had to get a bike, had to paint it red

Oh no, we gotta go, we're not gonna live forever
Why, why, we gotta die? You know that we'll be
together
Hey, hey we gotta say, I could never be a savior
I know that you'll miss me but I'm never, never, never
comin' home

Crazy (I'm crazy, I wanna tell you that I'm crazy)
Janis E. and Kurtis Mayfield, Leslie Gore with VIDAL
Sassoon
How you think I, How you think I, How you think I take it
Said, how you think I take it when I hear all about it
Rebel Joe, wigin' Jane. where will he go and where's the
brain
Es de noche, enchillada, pinche cabrÃ³n dÃ¡ por nada

Oh no, we gotta go, we're not gonna live forever
Why, why, we gotta die? You know that we'll be
together
Hey, hey we gotta say, I could never be a savior
You don't have to be there 'cause I'm never, never,
never comin' home

Starin' in disbelief out at the gloom, I was forced with
remorse to learn the bassoon
I got real good in about six years, started playing out
for a couple of beers
Then one day I was playin' at the gig and in walked the
monkey with a couple of funky friends
He came right over and said "this is what you'll do,
you're gonna get a bike, you're gonna paint it blue."

Oh no, we gotta go, we're not gonna live forever
Why, why, we gotta die? You know that we'll be
together
Hey, hey we gotta say, I could never be a savior
I know that you'll miss me but I'm never, never, never
comin' home

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