

Butthole Surfers "Lonesome Bulldog"

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Get along lonesome bulldog it's turning to spring
Get along lonesome bulldog it's that time again
Though it's raining, stop complaining
There's a long road to bear
Get along lonesome bulldog
Get along over there
Get along lonesome bulldog in spring
(spoken)Well, Mohatma Ghandi was a little spindly-
bottomed
raggedy-headed boy that grew
up In a Western-Kentucky village called Johnstonville, in
Harrison
county, and there he grew
up. His mother was a white woman; His father was a
rastafarian who
refused to buy the family
Seafood on their outings. And there he developed a
taste for
convertables, blonde-headed
women, And he had a big old long Indian dick...So get
along little

Mohatma Ghandi, get along
in the Spring. Well, pretty soon little Mohatma Ghandi
was going three
hundred miles an hour,
and I'll Tell you what. He was going three hundred
miles an hour because
his strangely
turbocharged Penis-head was making him do it that
way. Just kidding.
Mohatma Ghandi had a
tremendous Career in high school, in college, and in
law school, and in
the House of
Representatives. There he Found himself as a
presidential candidate. He
met up with Mary-Jo
Kopechne and across the Chappaquadick bridge they
did ride. So get along
little Mohatma
Ghandi, get along in the Spring.

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