

## Jimmy Witherspoon

### "Trash"

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A simple formula  
Music and love  
Screw yourself  
Forgetting all of the above  
If we can't join the fools  
Maybe we'll beat them  
If you're not playing ball  
Then you can eat them  
An easy lay  
Yeah there's no such luck  
With such a little brain  
How can i talk so much  
She said get it straight  
Or get it gone  
You're not the only one  
Who can make me cum

Tell your mom to stop calling me  
Don't lift your leg on my family tree  
Auf weidersehen (ah, my) mon amie  
Just tell your mom to stop calling me  
Trash

We're pilng up in the corner  
Can't clean the mess in me  
I tried to warn her  
But you can't blame the kids  
For what they're born into  
Still it just maks me sick  
To take a whiff of you  
Another stupid game  
We'll just make up the rules  
As we go along  
Makes us so dull we drool  
And it's a bitter taste  
But you'll get used to it  
Just try it on for size  
That stinky shoe that fits

And tell your mom to stop calling me  
And get your axe out of the stump of my family tree

If this is real then i don't think i want to be  
Just tell your mom to stop calling me  
Trash

But they sure don't make 'em like they used to  
Swimmin' in cesspools ready for the bargain bin  
I may not wanna but i guess i'll have to choose  
To stay alive of jump right in  
So i guess i'll have to jump right in  
I'm gonna jump right in  
Come on and jump right in

And tell your mom to stop calling me  
Trash  
Tell your mom takes one to know one  
Trash  
Tell your mom to stop stealing my  
Stash  
Tell your mom to stop sending me  
Cash  
Tell your mom i'm on the radio  
Trash

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