

L7 "Crap"

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I met a skinhead named Scrap.
He lived in my friends garage.
Every day he's shakin' that spray paint can.
And he comes out seein' stars.

Grab a paper bag like an oxygen mask.
Until your mind starts to gel
'Cause the ball in the can has a crazy beat
The funky dying brain cell.

So he met some Christians from hell
Said, "lets go to Vegas, man."
So he packed up his leather and his red beret
Into that big, bad Christian van.

Use revival meetings like an oxygen tent
Until you mind starts to gel
'Cause the preacher thumps the Bible with a crazy beat
The funky dying brain cell.

Well, he came back to the garage
But the garage, it wasn't there
And he dug metallic gold more than Luke and John
Now he's growing his hair.

Grab a paper bag like an oxygen mask
Until your mind starts to gel
'Cause the ball in the can has a crazy beat
The funky dying brain cell

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