

## **Complexx "Billy Blur"**

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Billy Blur woke up,  
just put on his socks,  
painted tears on his face.

Oh no he couldn't stop  
while flying to the top  
with a bong strapped around his waist.

Billy Blur through his shoe  
trough the classroom  
and white stuff covered the ground.

He'll never know what life should be like without further  
consummation of  
Sweet drinks that'll take him to another place and the  
Black wine with another taste.  
The white lines that are even on his laces  
And that big pink bong strapped around his waist.

Billy Blur said:  
"I see a black door and  
I want to paint it white!"

He went down to the stock  
of the rolling rocks  
in the middle of the night.

He stole the door,  
made it white and  
then took it back home.

He was walking down  
the broken dream boulevard  
and there he met his girl.  
Sweet drinks that'll take him to another place and the  
Black wine with another taste.  
The white lines that are even on his laces  
And that big pink bong strapped around his waist.

Billy Blur and his girl  
went to funky places  
where there was a lot to see.

They booked a room  
in the Hotel California  
from August to February.

He needed cash and  
Billy started to realize  
he didn't have a money tree.

He asked his girl  
To sell her soul to the devil  
Because one on one could make three

Billy Blur should have seen  
Oh no he couldn't see  
Because of all the scotch  
He stopped drinking beer

Billy Blur should have seen  
Oh no he couldn't see  
That one plus one is two  
But one time it could become three

Sweet drinks that'll take him to another place and the  
Black wine with another taste.  
The white lines that are even on his laces  
And that big pink bong strapped around his waist.

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