

## **Nofx**

# **"Scavenger"**

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King alone at the bottom of the hill  
Our protagonist named Bill  
Sets his sights on an anchor steam point  
All he needs is thirteen quarters  
Congregated in his hat

A crow, a scavenger type  
California redemption provides him with his rent  
Room and board inside of a fifth of comfort

As the wind penetrates his bones  
His mind keeps focused  
Tidal waves of sound catapulted  
From his horn wail like lovers

The coins don't drop consistent as does the mercury  
His meter slows realizing a zenith  
He's reached perfection  
No one did see him die

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