Surfers Butthole "Cough Syrup"

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She played for the angels
I played for the tribe
The summer had been stolen
And the faces were all lonely
There was big money on the line
Big money on the line, yeah
There was big money on the line

I can't walk so I guess I'm gonna stay at home They can have my legs just leave my mail alone

I was in the kitchen
The year was in the fall
A friend of mine told me
That there weren't no point in moaning
No there weren't no point at all
There's big fire in the hall, yeah
There weren't no points at all

I can't walk so I guess I'm gonna stay at home They can have my legs just leave my mail alone And I can't talk so I guess I got nothing to say I'll keep my eyes just take these tears away

Lock, stock and barrel
All the dogs had gone infertile
And the car ran like a broken perculator
His liver had gone hard
And he wouldn't mow the yard
There was big money on the line

And I heard that his brother was a bikie He liked to solve a problem with a gun If you want to know the facts You've gotta teach them how to act And I hate cough syrup Don't you?

I'd rather be a sailor than a fighter I'd like to sail a ship into the sun If you wanna know the truth You gotta dig up Johnny Booth And I hate cough syrup Don't you?

I know your mother is a martyr
I've heard she's got connections with the mob
If you wanna learn to fight
You've gotta drink up all the white
And I hate cough syrup
Don't you?

I'd rather be a matchstick than a lighter I like to see the wood curl up and burn If you wanna touch the sky You must be prepared to die And I hate cough syrup Don't you?

I hate cough syrup And I hate the fruity mirror And I hate cough syrup It's true

If you wanna know the truth
You've gotta dig up Johnny Booth
And I hate cough syrup
Don't you?
I hate cough syrup
It's true

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