

The Junior Varsity "Garavurghy Butes"

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When I was in my final years of being a
Schoolboy, I had a friend who,
Though not the most
Intellectual of teenagers was
Still quite charming.
We enjoyed pissing away
Our educational opportunities together
In the house
Left empty during school hours by his
Careless parents.

Once avoiding a
Particularly
Dismal
Stretch of mathematics,
I was admitted to this
Haven of sloth and ignorance, only
To disturb a vivid argument he was
Engaged in with a girl,
Now his wife,
He was engaged to.

He,
With a waning sense of calm, was
Saying, "It has,
Dear. Of course it has."
While she
Was retorting in the not-so-
Affected tones of a retard:
"Unh!
Stupid!
No it
Hasnâ€™t!"

Although perplexed and
Intrigued, it was soon
Apparent that I was not to be invited
To join them in their verbal
Trench warfare.

For ten minutes they simply repeated their

Statements, stressing
Them slightly differently each time:
"Yes it has." "No it hasnâ€™ t."
"Yes it has." "No it hasnâ€™ t."
"Yes it has." "No it hasnâ€™ t."
Et cetera,
Et cetera.

I was left to
Watch, not daring to interfere,
With no idea of what it
Was that may or may not have
Something that was or was
Not, I just did not
Know.

Eventually a point of
Desperation seemed to be
Reached. And he
Sighed.
"You really believe that it hasnâ€™ t?"
"Aha! Absolutely." Aha.

Concentration twisted his sweaty brow.
"Okay then.
If the moon
Has got no
Gravity,
How can the spacemen
Stick
To
It then?"

"Unh!
Stupid!
Stupid!
The spacemen stick to the moon
Because, uh,
They wear, uh,
GARAVURGHTY BUTES!
GARAVURGHTY BUTES!
GARAVURGHTY BUTES!"

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