Turbo "Grunge Whore"

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He walks the streets alone -His day's complete -Another showdown -Between the sheets -When he remembers -The first time score -The scene was nasty -And his ring was sore -

He saw his chance To make it big Red rubber mask And a dreadlock wig New Music Seminar He made A scene He drove them crazy They made him scream -

Tacoma Washington A motel room A sordid wedding They switched as groom They rode him hard But it just felt fine He got to sign The dotted line -

Fame and fortune He struck it big Hard but melodic Became his gig And every interview Was so profound A worthy exponent Of that grungy sound -

Grungy -

Well he's a grunge whore -Knows what he likes -Black leather men on motorbikes - No selfrespect -He's in it for the action -A million dollar satisfaction -He 's a grunge whore -

Grunge Whore - [4x] -

But now the sad part It's time to cry Our indie hero Is about to die Turnd blue in a locker room He got to high He shot his smack Right in his fucking eye -

Well he's a grunge whore -Knows what he likes -Black leather men on motorbikes -No selfrespect -He's in it for the action -A million dollar satisfaction -He 's a grunge whore -

Grunge Whore - [4x]-

'Scarface' sample -

Well he's a grunge whore Knows what he likes Black leather men on motorbikes No selfrespect He's in it for the action A million dollar satisfaction He 's a grunge whore -

Big wheels keep on turning -He 's a Grunge Whore -

Napalm keeps burning He 's a Grunge Whore Paying for the CIA guns Grunge Whore With his distorted guitars and punding drums He 's a Grunge Whore -

He's a grunge whore - [8x]-

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