

PJ Olsson

"Visine"

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Got my Visine
Got my box
Got my wishes
Got my underwater cymbal filled with energy
To get me through this minute

TV star from my childhood
Come and screw me now
I am man enough for wooden benches

Seal this note with my juicer
Use the liquid from your womb
Season to taste

Romeo came with crystal
Said my house is clean except for this
And I held up my marijuana
If you think it's a crime
I'll take a piss
A piss on your grave

Had a dream 'bout Joseph Stalin
Was his son haulin' out of Moscow
On a jelly bean with wheels
There is one thing we have in common
It's the torture of growing old
You must stand there now
You must agree
The time is near now
We're children no more
No more
No more
No more
No more

The ozone like a clit
Dripping sunshine on my lips
Call me social disaster
There's still me comin' after
A piss on your grave

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Got my box
Got my wishes
Got my underwater cymbal filled with energy
To get me through this minute

My wishes
This minute
My wishes
This minute
My wishes
This minute

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