

Presidents Of The United States Of America "Lump"

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{Hello everybody
Alright, how's it, ooh, how's it goin'?
So they tell me that everybody down on the floor
Bought our CD to get down on the floor
Thanks very much for buying the CD
Give yourselves a big round of applause
Shame on you people up there, alright}

Alright, here's a rock song

Lump sat alone in a boggy marsh
Totally motionless except for her heart
And mud flowed up into Lump's pajamas
She totally confused all the passing piranhas

She's Lump, she's Lump
She's in my head
She's Lump, she's Lump, she's Lump
Think she might be dead

Lump lingered last in line for brains
And the ones she got were sort of rotten and insane
Small thing's so sad that birds could land
Is Lump fast asleep or rockin' out with the band?

She's Lump, she's Lump
She's in my head
She's Lump, she's Lump, she's Lump
She might be dead
Check it out

Lump was limp and lonely and needed a shove
Lump slipped on a kiss and tumbled into love
She spent her twenties between the sheets
Life limped along at subsonic speeds

She's Lump, she's Lump
She's in my head
She's Lump, she's Lump, she's Lump
I do believe that she's dead
(That girl's dead, dead as a doornail)

Is this Lump out of my head, I think so
Is this Lump out of my head, I think so, yeah
Is this Lump out of my head, I think so
And that's all I have to say about that

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