

## Disco Biscuits

### "Mr. Don"

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Praise the lord in Moscow, Budapest and Sausalito  
Where lying in the sunshine might be the very best that  
we know  
gab of what's in mind - the trading post of your libido,  
'Cause Mr. Don's been ridiculin' cyclops Apathito

It seems that every day, the kitchen has gone awry  
Apathito's the first to point out that the place is such a  
sty.  
No matter to faith on the locks of their mind,  
and if you don't got no action well you might not even  
try.

Mr. Don's all worried 'bout that cyclops Abelito  
Himalayas in their minds, Quaker Oats in their libidos  
That genius, killing time yellin' at your alter ego  
Excuses spinning lies; all, to live that sunshine we know

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