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Birthday Party, The "Big-Jesus-Trash-Can"

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Right!

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Big-jesus soul-mates trash-can Fucking rotten business this Both feet in the bad-boot Stiff in the crypt, babay, like a rock Rock-rock-rock Big-jesus soul-mates trash-can And he pumped me fulla trash at least it smelt like trash And he's got greasy hair wears a suit of gold But god gave me sex appeal Right right

Well-well-well-rock Well-well-well-rock Well-well-well-rock He drives a trash-can He's comin' to my town He's comin' to my town

Big-jesus-oil-king down in texas Drives great holy tanks of gold Screams from heaven's graveyard American heads will roll in texas Roll llike daddy's meat Roll under those singing stars of texas Roll under those glorious singing stars of texas

Well-well-well-rock Well-well-well-rock Well-well-well-rock Well-well-well-rock He drives a trash-can He drives a trash-can He drives a trash-can He's comin' to my town He drives a trash-can He's comin' to my town He drives a trash-can He's comin' to my town He drives a trash-can He's comin' to my town He drives a trash-can

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