

The Dictators "Teengenerate"

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Who's that boy with the sandwich in his hand?
You won't miss me, even though you can

He could make a dead dog laugh
And watch me kick my mother on her ass
He's no boy and yet he ain't no man

He don't know what he's gonna do
In three years, I'm gonna be twenty-two

All his friends think he's great
I'm their favorite degenerate
You might say, he's just too crazy for you

I'm the most outrageous
Hope it's not contagious
All the world's got a one-way ticket to heck, to heck, to
heck

You can bet that, he's no Mickey Mouse
Give me an hour, and I'll destroy your house

Eatin' eggs, all day long
Sleepin' with the TV on
He looks just like you, turn him inside out
He looks just like you, turn him inside out
He looks just like you, turn him inside out

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