

Hobos, The "Outhouse"

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Let's try it different ways, different days
we might work it out
whatever it takes, money is no object
This is what it is and squeeze and scream and shout
put up with a little bit of logic
You Wake me up kill my dreams
and then you fall asleep again
you scratch my back bring me shit
take me out and love me a bit
ain't it time to fix one?

Get out of my house!
hear the voice that never tires
Get out of my house!

Get to analyse all your life, who's havin fun?
Don't get me wrong, something's been itching
keep on crawling alone, dumped and stoned under the
sun
you're not upset, you're just bitchin
wont you come again when I'm not that wasted
like in an hour later

Get out of my house!
hear the voice that never tires
Get out of my house!

keep on crawling along, dumped and stoned under the
sun
who's havin fun under the sun

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