

Lyin' around

**Pastoral** 

Your life is gone

Sioux City bound In a cornfield I saw you there

stinking

## Jesus Lizard "S.D.B.J"

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like some goddamn walrus you make me sick to my stomach The smell is here hangs like a killer hangs like a deadman and I can't take another day sick drunk blow job The smell is here hangs like a killer hangs like a deadman and I can't take another day Some kind of bra-wearin'-hairy-fish droolin' into your dish

your youth is over years of cheer reduced to this A crumbling mess on a September morn your blood flows by like a meandering stream bubbling gurgling brook-like baking in the midday sun hard on the outside soft on the inside (That's a nice contract) I saw you there

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