

Grüvis Malt

"Lumas"

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I don't need a reservation
to inhabit my own station
Honey St. is hard to swallow
But I got orders to follow
from higher legislation

Reason's got no reason to be here
We don't operate in your tri-mensional sphere
But there's nothing like isolation
when you're singing for salvation
But to be solo(w) is just that

Dirt is not an opposition
To bar white-trash coalition
Maturity is not our style
like junkyards to grow wild
Not a standard transmission

It's a 3:00 a.m. religion
Soulitude a group decision
Sucrose levels pop the roof
And humor brews at 180 proof
When friends become pigeons

Keep your problems to yourself
Let them bother no one else
And we can live freely
In piles of dirt paintings and profanity
And if you need to speak to me
I will be hidden safely
In my underground cavern of sleep and humidity
So pass the dust and dusty relics
Reflecting the past
When someone asks you how you are
There's only one answer for them
And it goes: I'm doin' alright
Did I mention that I'm broke?

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