

## Tism

### "Morrison Hostel"

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Jimbo, boy, you're a croc of shit,  
You're a boozed, selfish thug;  
Why don't you give your mouth a go  
And in the other hole put a plug?

By Christ you've got a long long way  
On a schoolboy's talent with words -  
One crappy bit of symbolism  
And you're adored by a army of turds.

You're a selfish, rude, arrogant prick;  
You're basically pretty stupid;  
Your mysticism's a lump of shit,  
And so are all the girls you rooted.

So don't talk about being sad and lonely  
Or fucking misunderstood  
Because underneath that self-pitying phoney  
Is a brutal, selfish hood.

I support the police that took you off stage,  
I support the fact you bled;  
I support the cops who carried you off,  
I support the fact you're dead.

I think that you're a troubled guy  
And I think that's nothing new;  
I think your fans are a bunch of turds  
Almost as immature as you.

And when I'm in my supermarket  
And some prick pushes in front of my trolley  
I'll be reminded of your stinking bravado  
And I'll ask the cunt to say sorry.

You fans would excuse any rudeness  
Just because it comes from you -  
You'd tell them to go drop dead  
And they'd say, "Oh, how true, how true, how TRUE."

You need a nine to five job, Jimbo;

You need to get to Flinders St. by train -  
Go and find yourself a regular income,  
Then you can write a song about pain.

Try and save for the kids' school fees;  
Take some care when you drive a car;  
Put your rubbish in a bin  
You fucking great rock super star.

You've spawned a host of cock-sure shits  
Who are nearly always filthy rich,  
And think because they're a bit like Jimbo  
They can act like stinking pricks:

An army of brainless, arty youth  
That look down upon us common plods -  
But they barrack for good ol' Jimbo  
Like the fucking Richmond cheer squad.

So when you're listening to Morrison Hotel  
And Jimbo's in top form  
Whining about this harsh cruel world  
And the fact he was ever born

Remember that his fans are rapt  
And mourning their suffering lives,  
And go down and discuss it at Subterrain -  
And least, if Daddy'll drive.

Jimbo, king of the private school kids:  
The girls from P.L.C.  
Who identify with his tortured soul  
Because they've got dropped by friend number three,

Who was Kent from Xavier College -  
In H.S.C. he got a "A" for English,  
And between Jimbo and William Blake  
He hasn't the brains to distinguish.

Jimbo, father of a generation  
Of private school depression idols;  
From Nick Cave on, they don't kill themselves -  
Just tell us why they're suicidal.

He's made self-pity legitimate;  
It means we'll have to face  
One after another artist with integrity,  
Like REO Speedwagon - sorry, I meant Hugo Race.

Well, up your arse Jimbo old man,  
Up your fucking hole:

You're a prick pure and simple -  
It's about time you were told;

And up your arse to all your fans;  
Up your arse to your tortured, artistic hell;  
And while we're fucking at it,  
Up your arse to Morrissey as well;

Up your arse to Robert Smith;  
Up your arse to Albert Camus;  
All those "I'm suffering for my arty" types,  
Jimbo, I blame them all on you.

Anyone who handles life's pain  
With a token of mature self examination -  
It's time they told these pounces to stick it  
Up their bogus self infatuation:

And if you think I'll stop at this,  
The answer is, no way, never -  
If you think Jim Morrison was a wanker,  
Well, Christ - I can rave on like this forever.

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