Lawrence Arms, The "Porno And Snuff Films"

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Leveling, graveling, gravelly groans
Exude my exhaustion, canonize all my tomes
His home is afloat on a yellow black moat
Of bile, hate and guile and vile pains in my throat

Let's drown in the basement, it's filled to the brim Let's jack up the prices while the pickings are slim

Do you like, do you like, do you like My party tricks? Do you like, do you like, do you like My party tricks?

You all washed through me like debris in a stream, You cut me to ribbons and left me to bleed

Melting alone, showing off white bone You can ring that bell or you can chuck in that stone

On the phone is the voice I've been dying to hear There's nothing for you, better luck next year When everything suddenly was utterly clear To shut off these shut outs, I'll cut off this ear

Can you hear, can you hear this night? It's starry, starry

Can you see, can you see me mouth out "Sorry, Charlie"?

There's no good taste in this art space
Straight porno and snuff films, I should be disgraced,
Well I'm titillated, it's tantalizing,
And as I move to the movement, I'm self-aggrandizing
I'm filling with air, I'll float it up there
A chairman sitting easy on a big easy chair

Do you like, do you like, do you like My party tricks? Do you like, do you like, do you like My party tricks? Do you like, do you like, do you like My party tricks? Do you like, do you like, do you like My party tricks?

Do you like my party tricks?
I trick out clicking sticks
Do you like my party tricks?
I trick out clicking sticks to get my kicks

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