

Turbonegro "Grunge Whore"

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He walks the streets alone , his day's complete
Another showdown between the sheets
When he remembers the first time score
The scene was nasty and his ring was sore

He saw his chance to make it big
Red rubber mask and a dreadlocks wig
New music seminar, he made a scene
He drove them crazy, they made him scream

Tacoma Washington, a motel room
A sordid wedding, they switched as groom
They rode him hard but it just felt fine
He got to sign the dotted line

Fame and fortune, he struck it big
Hard but melodic became his gig
And every interview was so profound
A worthy exponent of that grungy sound

Grungy, well he's a grunge whore knows what he likes
Black leather men on motorbikes
No self respect, he's in it for the action
A million dollar satisfaction
He 's a grunge whore

Grunge whore
Grunge whore
Grunge whore
Grunge whore

But now the sad part, it's time to cry
Our indie hero is about to die
Turned blue in a locker room
He got to high, he shot his smack right in his fucking
eye

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Big wheels keep on turning, he 's a grunge whore
Napalm keeps burning, he 's a grunge whore
Paying for the CIA guns, grunge whore
With his distorted guitars and pounding drums, he 's a
grunge whore

He 's a grunge whore, he 's a grunge whore
He 's a grunge whore, he 's a grunge whore
He 's a grunge whore, he 's a grunge whore
He 's a grunge whore, he 's a grunge whore

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