

Bogmen, Yellar

I've leaned too hard on my crutches
Wherever I walk I'm as easy to stalk as a scrapper without the punches
And it tastes just like it smells
From the first bite I could tell the cake was poison
It tastes just like it smells
From the first bite I could tell the cake was poison

Now in order to get around in a matter that's sound
I have to throw all suckers
But the thing that sucks is that it only works once
On one dumb sucker
And it tastes just like it smells
From the first bite I could tell the cake was poison

I don't know why...
I took that bite...

With moves like an alley cat - "Hey are you gonna finish that?"
We'll be knocking over garbage cans
But if they're home there'll be a change in plans

I'm a habit former - should I structure my life
With all good habits and a motherly wife?
It's just another excuse so I can never grow up
And can pee in my pants like a two-week-old pup
In my eyes my tears are all wellared
And I'm proud to admit that I'm a cowardly fellar
You'll be taken care of if you admit that you're yellar
Admit that you're yellar you admit that you're yellar
You're yellar - you're yellar - you're yellar - you're yellar