

# 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