

# Custard, Music Is Crap

Red eyes blue gaze, you look like hell today  
Step out on parade, you do it so well  
Your favourite shirt, those shoes that you bought in Perth  
Dumb Hair smart slacks, let's rock at the rails

## CHORUS

Ooooh'.  
Music is crap aliens told me so  
Better than that, we're gonna let you know  
Just listen up, become a receiver  
Then let's space out, when you're a believer  
That's what religions for  
Music is crap

Think of your friends, then put one on the door  
Everything's free, but we're still poor

Don't matter what you like, aliens hate it  
Pop rock metal shop, they just berate it  
And I've found  
They dig the silence, hate the sound  
So pick up your telescopes, put your guitars down  
That's what I've found..

CH  
SOLO  
CH