

eels, Hidden Track

So you've got balls now
Murray on the run
Down on Newberry Street
Seventeen seconds of fun
Apes are overrated blocky
A kinky batch of pudding, yay
Garbage dump, pumpkin rot
And candy apple gray
Werewolf in the flowerbed
Perfect day for lucky guy
This song was never meant to be released
What's that flaming ball in the sky?
The crackhead from Texas
He can read my feet
A bruised piata
And a liquid pixie
If friends were flowers
Nothing gold can stay
Gun-sexual sense
And squeegee tails
Bees in the cookie jar
Symphonic despair
Reinventing the manifesto
Are you? We don't care
Jacuzzis and bunnies
A broken fondue set
Koolhaas is in the outhouse
You can be my Mr. French
This old Frisbee
Is shitting in the alley
I saw a naked picture of me on the Internet
Wearing Jesus' new snowshoes
Golly gee
If Hell is crowded, then we shall sing
A hip song for the kids in the back
For Michelle and the dripping of a faucet
Ride the vicious bicycle on the tracks
Olympic mayonnaise
Doctor Thunder
Low occupancy vehicle stops and starts
With Hollywood suspicion
The doctor had snake hearts