

# 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  
Kool G 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