

Good Rats, 300 Boys

I am a man of few relations
And them across the sea
I am the root of your expansion
A ladder to your need

It takes a day before tomorrow
A dirty little urn
It comes in white and green and violet
And makes a sound that hurts

CHORUS

We took a walk by the lake
Threw a knife in the cake
We clapped our hands and enjoyed
I played with 300 boys

I'll take old-fashioned flying saucers
And give them to the tribe
A horse in space can't win no races
If that horse ain't alive

The test reveals a greyish color
That comes from too much love
A wino in the street once sold me
A worn out paper cup

CHORUS

I am a man of no reflection
A proper dapper dan
I'll take you down to touch the homesick
And make love to the hand

The test reveals a greyish color
That comes from too much love
Take heed the master of the hallway
Beware his fiendish heart

Ah Ahhh Ahh Ahh Ahh Ahh
I played with 300 boys

Ah Ahhh Ahh Ahh Ahh Ahh
I played with 300 boys

Ah Ahhh Ahh Ahh Ahh Ahh
I played with 300 boys
I gave them cookies and toys
I played with 300 boys