

# Gourds, Son Of Burn

expecting me to clean my house out  
under my fridge I found the roach bug  
they were eating my potatoes  
they even got to raise a fambly

it aint no failing I just want 'em out  
I live in filth and now I want 'em out  
they dont even hep me to pay my rent  
they even eat the cash I hadn't spent

the son of bum aint like a stink bug  
they aren't like the roly pollies  
they dont behave like a cicada  
but there better than the crab bug

if I could only dream about them  
and bathe them in the new age light  
I'd put cookies in my bedroom  
and gladly let them spend night in my bed  
in my bed