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 rolly 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