

# Guttermouth, 1-2-3-4

give me a gun  
give me a gun cause cause bombs and guns are really fun  
i've lost my job my moneys gon live like a slob  
i've got no home only streets to roams live so alone  
i'm barely alive i feed on cats to survive  
my wife left me my kids are dead  
all this guilt is in my head  
i can't go on living like this  
i wish that i was dead i wish

give me a gun i'll kill a nun just wait and see  
give me a gun i'll shoot a cop to be on tv  
nothing could be more fun than a shooting spree  
once again i found myself back on tv

guns are fun so much neato fun, fun, fun  
better run i got a gun  
come on down and join the fun woopie!!!

food for thought

i just want to eat some pills  
littleones big ones get my fill  
don't matter what kind cause i'll be buying them  
up or down i rely on them

little red ones  
quay ludes  
and the beauties  
i gotta get gotta gotta get gotta gonna get some pills

i just wanna eat pills kill the pain  
makes me smart speeds up my brain  
kids at school lining up and buying them  
day or night i'll be selling them

little cross tops  
pink hearts  
and vicodin  
i gotta get gotta gotta get gotta gonna get somes pills

gar-bage (gar'bij), a perfect example of uninteresting poetry

real life was never like this  
the door opened as i fell trough  
minds of man like piss  
learning is a thing of the past  
the door has opened and closed  
i'm locked inside this out side world  
why the fuck no one knows  
why the fuck am i trapped like this

world of forgotten minds  
living on parallel lines  
forgotten people of the past  
in the human race  
i came out last

i've been left behind  
left behind with human kind  
i want to go away  
i'm with these people every day  
human kind was left behind  
and i don't want to be here

human kind was left behind  
and i don't want to be here

world of forgotten minds  
living on parallel lines  
forgotten people of the past  
in the human race  
i came out last

up your bum

worked all day go out get a pint tonight  
the mods show up on camden gonna be a fight  
oppression from society on my back maggie you'll see  
got no worries cause i got no quid  
in a neighborhood full of unfriendly faces

oi oi oi  
oi oi oi  
cause i gotta believe  
oi oi oi  
somethings gotta change this just ain't right

ride the tube to the end of thre line  
i got no job just plenty of time  
call me a wanker call me a bum  
i'm on the dole got tome for fun  
don't care about time we've got big ben  
toying with bobbies gobbing on them  
i'm flat broke have you got 10p  
fuck the system give me anarchy

oi oi oi  
oi oi oi  
cause i gotta believe  
oi oi oi  
somethings gotta change this just ain't right

society don't blame me  
oi oi oi  
oi oi oi  
cause i gotta believe  
oi oi oi hhaaaaarrrrgggg....!