

GWAR, Je M'appelle J. Cousteau

I was there at the cattle fair
Where lump fairies swear at glories far beyond the fabric that she wears
He said 'do you want a chair?'
I'd join him anywhere!

A hole in ground in this theater I found
J.C.'s infernal horde
They caper, they banter, forming human pyramids
All to please their infernal lord

Woah! His name is Jacques Cousteau
A pussy and I know you know
I know you know and there he goes
He goes and grows, oh gosh he knows
Aboard the Calypso

The foam beside and a burly sea to ride
All spell goodness for the master of the whirling pimple tide
He tried and pried until the rusty hinges sighed
Then he stepped inside
He found her there swimming in her seaweed hair
Looking vaguely like a lover who had hung herself with underwear
Phosphorescent green and the sex act made obscene
In Jacques' galleon of hatred this wrinkled Frenchman is a
living god!!!

Cousteau you know where the dying dolphins go
And the wasteland ever growing never slowing till it's far below
Put it on your TV show
And let the humans know!!!