

# Hole, Circle One

{Written by The Germs}

I'm Darby Crash.

a social blast.

Chaotic master....

I'm Darby Crash.

I'm your own,

the young smack.

Getting faster,

I'm Darby Crash.

A one-way match....

demonic flasher.

Deep, deep, deep in my eyes.

It's a round, round, round circle of lives.

It's a tame, tame, tame sort of world

where you're caught, bought, taught as it twirls.

I'm Darby Crash,

a social blast.

Chaotic master,

I'm Darby Crash.

Your Mecca's gash,

prophetic stature;

I'm Darby Crash.

A one way match,

demonic flasher.

Deep, deep, deep in his eyes.

It's a round, round, round circle of lives.

It's a tame, tame, tame sort of world

where you're caught, bought, taught as it twirls.

She's Darby Crash,

as social blast.

Chaotic master....

Snap, crackle, pop.

In here.

Snap, crackle pop.

Out there.