

Nirvana, Gallons Of Rubbing Alcohol Flow Through

It hurts when you have to press that dull little thing
that you're only supposed to use once and then discard.
Where do you put it? In the garbage can, my honest friend.
My shyness, pet her flow.

She's only been five months late,
even though we haven't had sex for a week.

A meal a day, a meal, I say.
And my heart's made my

Somebody else already used the word aurora borealis.
She was tied up in chains, and Sam had helped her in the freezer.

She's only five weeks late,
and I haven't had a date forever...
ever...ever...forever!

Wish I had more...more opportunity,
more chances to remember some things
so I couldn't have so much pressure on my...
on my...on my, um...ah, on my...um...um...head.

We'd have so much more diversity,
and so much more input, so much more creative flow,
if we had someone in school, a (GIT)...

GIT...geeks...in...town.
Ha!...Come on, Dave, think of one...
Girls In Trouble
It should be GIC, geeks with Charvels
No, GWC

Fuck, man, this is a waste of time!
(laughs) One more solo? Yeahhhhhhhhh! Yaaaaahhhh!

You're personally responsible for...
the entire strip...to be washed away...
cleansed...as if gallons of, um, rubbing alcohol
flowed through the strip and were set on fire.

It didn't just singe the hair, it made it straight.

And then Perry Ellis came along with his broom,
and his...silk...
and he...he erected a beautiful city...
a city of stars.