

# Soul Coughing, The Bug

Slipping through the wrong plug  
Slap the rotor to the beat yeah  
Stitching to till the pin breaks  
Gotcha down  
Onto the flatline  
Clap the matter  
It's the drop  
How?  
Revvin' it up into the stomp box  
Sunkified gasman  
Tripping in his own dribble  
Tripping in the white man's outlay  
Capitalism now  
Screaming on a fat tomato  
With a scream girl  
Lips are thicker then a cow

Chorus:

I knew the bug  
His wire running down into the hole  
Greedy girl you're gonna snatch my soul (x3)

Supple backed a pole town  
One two one two  
Drumming on a guess  
And I can't stand it  
When a dream comes  
Guzzling up the whole brain stem  
I can not give up  
And just stick this  
But in the same way  
Thought is useless  
But you just come  
Knock knock knocking  
On a straw door  
I could lose you for a nickel  
But you just don't hear me  
You don't stop.....

Chorus

Move it to the left side  
Bump it to the right side  
Move it to the left side  
Bump it to the right side  
(bump it, bump it, yeah)

Chorus

I knew the bug  
His wire running down into the hole  
Greedy girl you're gonna snatch my soul  
Rum  
Come on  
Shake it on now  
One time  
Why?  
Shake it  
So many ineffective  
One time  
Like SOC's  
Oh come on