

Archers Of Loaf, Underdogs Of Nipomo

Black and white
But the time is stricnine.
You soak it down in your rubbing alcohol.
You're saying you're underdogs,
Knowing what they don't want
And what they don't want...

Strange boy
Scrounging through his pockets.
Scraping over nachos
And a microbrew.
Stuck in the middle one sucking up, up town
Clogging up the quarters at the arcade.

I said you're better than me at this
So much better at this,
So much better of forcing the matter of
Kill the running joke just before it grows
Tell everyone you owe
Collects and goes away.

(repeat)

Goes away
Goes away
Goes away

I said you're better than me at this
So much better at this,
So much better at forcing the matter of
Kill the running joke just before it grows
Kill everyone you owe
'Cause excess goes away.

(repeat)

I'm not at home 'cause I'm going to Nipomo, C.A.
Just leave the money on the soundman's check.
I'm on the middle box sucking up, up town
Knowing what we don't want, what they don't want.

I'm not at home 'cause I'm going to Nipomo, C.A.
But lay your money on the soundman's check.
I'm on the middle box sucking up, up town
Knowing what we don't want, what we don't want.