

# Beck, Minus

The last survivor of a boiled crown  
Another casualty with the casual frown  
The janitor vandals they bark in your face  
Juveniles with the piles and paste

It's a sensation  
A bankrupt corpse  
In the garbage glasses  
With the crutches of frogs(that bores)

Don't be confused when the fuse is up  
And you're taking a leak  
Into your brother's cup  
When the cup is filled  
You can run and be killed  
In the billion miles  
Of the muscles that build

Radiation  
Feeling the force  
Karaoke  
Vomiting morons

The scalps of zero hear the call  
Rubbing in a blind man's running hall  
With the canker sores and the robot pill  
Throwing imbeciles on the window sills

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Frogs! Frogs! Frogs!