

Circle Jerks, Dude

Dudes, where's my point?
Down the drain?, sinus pain

Big boy burger man I'm the one who can
Pizza on the house, Europe's in the can
Jap's are all tied up, Aussie's on the run
You don't even know, dude's I am the one

(Chorus:)

Forehead throbbing, stomach's bobbing
It's my job and not a hobby
Call me gumby, you don't want me
Burgers coming, now I'm bumming

I can get some time, studio is prime
Budget for the food, sushi's really smooth
Release our demo tapes, the money that it makes
Will never be enough, to reconstruct your legs
On your visions we could choke
Dude, you're a joke

Sound is burning, it's really happening
Deals are churning the weels are turning around
You're breaking, because I'm making you
I'm not faking, I won't take you for a ride
I'm saying, you guys will get what you want
I'm praying, I'm gonna get a big point
Baby it's in your mind, 'cause you never had it!!!