

Djam Karet, A Night For Barfood

We're the oozing sore, festering on the skin of modern music
Pulsing, pushing, and peeing on the little guys
who write songs about fairies and dwarfs and castles.
Prancing around in spandex and bangles

We wish, we pray, someday it'll pay
to be in this god awful band.

Sometimes I wake up, as if I'm dreaming
And I can't understand why Chuck is still screaming.
'No we won't do it your way' no, no, we will not'
says the band, says to Chuck, who gets angry and hot

'You're all fired, I say, you are fired today'
'Go ahead, We don't care. Do you hear what we say?'
'Put down that bong and pick up your stuff, or I'll throw it in the street'
'We never expected it would end like this, Oh Well' Let's go Eat'

So they left in a hurry, a tizzy, a tuff.
Grumbling to themselves 'Christ, we've all had enough'
Let's go to El Merandero 'Which one, Number One or Number Two?'
And as they left, they all cried 'boo hoo, boo hoo'.