

Dying Breed, Chipeland

Welcome Scumbags to the N. J.
Now entertain us with substance
Four star seating
Minds are moving to violations
Tum tum floating, capped down with the bucket
And no suffering
No suffering
Hotel room
Micro-world
Rectify the lodgings
Cheek and gum, saliva slums
Chew, glob, goo in chipeland
Chocolate pretzel
The oasis to violations
Barefoot frolic the valley is dammed
Yet no suffering
No suffering
Kodiak
Cesspool drool
Just a pinch of Winto Chew
Chipe saves us:
Chipe saves us:
El fin.