

Flashlight Brown, New Boyfriend

I grew my hair and i felt better.
I went and bought a cardigan sweater.
I tried some smack it made me sick.
Now my stomach is a-ci-dic.

I thought, "for sure she's an addict";
She found me vaguely attractive.
Down at the beach where i met her.
She picked my nose, I felt better.

I'd eat dog shit to make me hurl.
I'd even dress up like a girl.
Your band will make us all the loot.
We'll name our first born after fruit.