

# Flop, Port Angeles

Father tried today to appreciate his son  
Follow 103 to the crematorium where I pay my bills  
And climb up to the highest hill  
And throw a part of me away

Satan rose today to annihilate the world  
God bless his little boy heart as he goes and  
Falls in love with a pretty girl  
He loves vanity in girls

'Cos it tears them all up inside

In my head life's forever a condition  
Find a heart and deliver it to me  
Science is about a quarter superstition  
Count me out and you can have it for free