Fluffy, Psychofudge

He's gotta feel sweet inside The spark hits And his mouth is dry It doesn't matter 'cause he's feeling high But his eyes are streaming

Spiral ride, nauseous tide Brain fried, pupils wide He's gotta have He's gotta have Psychofudge

All the words he speaks are lies The spark hits He's no longer shy His forehead's frowning, but he says he's fine Cause the nectar's dripping

Spiral ride, nauseous tide Brain fried, pupils wide He's gotta have He's gotta have Psychofudge

Just one more little line
A little edge
Helps him lose time
Nothing matters except the next high
But his nose is bleeding

Spiral ride, nauseous tide Brain fried, pupils wide He's gotta have He's gotta have Psychofudge