

Gravy Train!!!!, Darque Tan

His life was a breeze
Just one thing left to appease
Wanna give that bottle a squeeze
and look just like Charlize?
But these times are so hard
Must do more than lay in the yard
To look like a Belize postcard
or a reality star
But this story's tragic
You don't turn orange by magic
You could do it solar like Rick
or stick your ass in a thick
tank full of darque waves cuz it's the latest craze
Do it for forty days,
get accused of wearing blackface-oh!
DARQUE TAN, HE'S A FAN! DARQUE TAN, NO MORE WAN!! DARQUE TAN, ITS HIS PLAN!!! D
I knew it was a bad idea when he got into that bed
I never knew it would come to this
til he looked at me and said
I wanna get a tan! Uh-uh!!
I wanna get a tan!! Bad idea!!!
I wanna get a tan!!! I don't think so!!!!
I wanna get a tan!!!! TOO SCARY!!!!
(Repeat chorus)
And now he's dead,
I'll never see him again
He turned orange, then red
No one wins in the end
Then he died,
his face was fried
In the booth all that's left is a tooth
He turned red,
then he turned dead
Listen and learn...or you, too, will be burned.