

Guttermouth, What Then

Underage, in a foreign land
Come to think of it, it was Japan
Pickin' pockets, fillin' mine with yen
Discovering machines that vend
I'd like to leave, not 'til I find
Machines that serve both beer and wine
Like an Irish man and a pot of gold
Or a four leaf clover for a twelve year-old

What then
What then

I scout for pigs, insert my yen
The good times, they can never end
I met a girl, don't ya' know
She took me for some coin-op blow
The Japanese work so damn hard
For me, it's mommy's credit card
I'll sleep all day in last night's clothes
Have a beer, powder my nose

What then
What then

Their beds are short, their toilets stink
Aki Bono, the ex-sumo king
Parades around in underwear
I'm far from home, but don't know where

The colors match so perfectly
Not to mention, temperly
Porcelain, topped off with pee
Traditional insanity

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The beds are short are short
But, that's okay
We only use them to fornicate
If I knock her up
What then
I'm out of dodge with all her yen

As I mill around the lobby folks
The custom dictates you must smoke
With cancers and carcinogens
I need to find some air that's thin
My entire life I've lived this way
Like a vagabond, the punk rock way
Travel the globe and scream at kids
Fillin' water bottles up with piss

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