

# 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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Parades around in underwear  
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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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