

Meat Puppets, Eyeball

Four skulls in a square of bushes
Fireworks now and all were wed
They loved and walked and fed on garbage
Moved pool tables with bad backs

Since I hurt myself
I feel so much better
Suck my eyeball

Alcohol was pouring through the victims
As on the rocks they laid their breath
Alcohol was fed to the mummies
As they all were happily led to death

Take yourself a photo of my backside
Printed up on the front page
Not too sweet, not too strong
Pins, combs, picks and magic sage