

Mozart Season, Look Mom, I'm On TV

(feat. Jon Mess)

Well I can see right through that
Bitter smile you wear so proudly on your face,
You're nothing more than a huge disgrace.
So children take my hand we'll
Lead you down the road that you've been following
So you can see the outcome of your sins.
You're falling, you're falling
Further down with every pound.
So be all that you can be and eat all you can eat.
Put a gun up to your head and pull the trigger see what happens.
You might get your very own TV show.
(Well headlines they always scare me
I'm pretty sure if you hit the blunt you'll die
On my back is a target, not the store
Racking up those extra credit miles
Blonde, Fake as hell, raped by her dad
It's a good TV show
Gay, talks hella gay, dresses hella nice
It's a good TV show)
You hide yourself so happily in your cookie cutter community.
You rank so highly in this hybrid land, forget it man.
If ever there was a time for you to hold onto something more dear, the time is now.
Be all that you can be, Eat all that you can eat.
Be all that you can be, Eat all that you can eat.
Oh, When will this all come to an end?
Oh, when will this all come to an end!?
You hide yourself so happily in your cookie cutter community.
You rank so highly in this hybrid land, forget it man.
If ever there was a time for you to hold onto something more dear.
(Tropical Norfolk
Pollock in nighttime
Leaving a bank right before the blimp lands
No thank you
Block building mace, when a shrimp liver hand lies
Line line corrupt dog, i need new shoulders?
Bloated, under a blanket of tires
Under a blanket of tires
Well I hope my lawyer man he shoots and connects
Basting a turkey, player some croquet
Blind tax collection is a horrible C section
Rummaging through some old dead trolls)