

Nirvana, The end

This is the end
My only friend, the end
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I'll offer you some
I'll offer you sexualism and a masculine man
You can rephrase my friend (Alt: You can deface my grave, my friend)

The killer woke up in Belgium
And he poured alot of syrup on his waffles
And he walked on down the hall
And he said, all I want is to have some hasbrowns and some grits
And then he walked on down the hall
And then he said, listen I got a quarter in my pocket
And I see that waffle house jukebox
And I'm gonna walk up to the coinslot
And then there's a direst line between my pupil and that cionslot
And I lift that quarter out of my pocket
And I said, I wanna hear the waffle house theme
So I walk up to the jukebox, And I said
Come on in
I believe I will, I believe I will
At the waffle house

I got a six pack and nothin' to do