

Pedestrian, Brian On A Stick

Your face glowing, it's a disgrace
Knowing your mountain's growing high
We're slowly slowing to an end
Your head needs a baseball bat smacked
Brains falling to the ground
We gather around and we celebrate

I swear something's wrong

Hold me back slap under attack
Lost track, smack up the day
We broke our backs living under you
Life's made me understand you better
And I know I am
Not, not, not, not your friend

I swear something's wrong
Wrong wrong wrong wrong wrong

Half ass, sneaky little half ass
This flag's at half mass, I'll pass
I think we're gonna blow
If I had one wish it would be to see you slip
Rejoice in this get high on this
And I'll bask in it

I swear something's wrong
I swear something's wrong
Wrong wrong wrong wrong wrong wrong wrong

Wrong wrong wrong wrong wrong

This brain's been stuck
This brain's been stuck
This brain's been stuck
This brain's been stuck
This brain's been stuck
This brain's been stuck
This brain's been stuck
This brain's been stuck up on a stick
This brain's been stuck on top of it
This brain is fucked, you're full of shit