

# 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