

Regurgitator, Fuck The Goddamn World

Woke up the other mornin
it was a perfect day
picked up the news paper check the front page
(What it say) ten new wars today
no cause for dismay generally okay
(Hip hooray)
dragged on my kit gautier
recycled plastic handmade yesterday
my face paled assailed by the tales of decay
enthralled by the world wide hop to the fray
(Next page)
things a getting better all the way
see another fuckin tanker blew it's load in the bay
(Hey great)
What you'd call a small way lay
just a couple hundred ton of the crude on display
(greasy) time to move on no delay
gimme the next headline just a by line away
(New plague)
Somethin about the coming of aids
air born... now we got some trouble goin on

Get down hell yeah fuck the goddamn world
Get down hell yeah fuck the goddamn world
nanana (Repeat)

(oeee) fixed myself a hot cup of tea
sat back and relaxed clicked on the tv
(What'd you see)
Popstars raw derriere
shake the shit bare waxed legs in the air
(Monoieue)
Bluff in with the t and the flair
ain't nothin but a half baked muffin affair
they say sex spells when you got shit to say
o fuck please miss K put yo vag away
(profane) pop the damn dial make it change
from the pure purile to the plainly inane
(insane) now i'm goin outta my brain
the B grade pain that i fail to refrain
it's tha anthropological
fly on the cubicle wall
with the universal casting call for all
the line between the real and the wrong
(All gone)
Now we got some trouble goin on

Get down hell yeah fuck the goddamn world
Get down hell yeah fuck the goddamn world
nanana (Repeat)

(Here we go) knocked down my clock radio
so i could get my piece of the say so
(first row) tickets to the blow by blow
(stereo) mmm...that's how the shit flow
(explode) just another eye for eye
let you know whose god is booking the flights
only one thing holely about a holy war
and that's the bullet ridden bodies on the killin floor
but the wall street booms and everyone's paid
cept the chi lo who made my shoes for a dollar a day
(I'm afraid)
Big biz has got your government played
demockracy rotten on a mad cow strain

fast food chains have been feeding us brains
and remains cutting costs still the name of the game
hate to rain on your parade but now the hunter is the prey
(new dawn) now we got some trouble goin on.

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nanana (Repeat)
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