

Soul Coughing, Bus To Beelzebub

Get on to the bus,
That's gonna take you back to Beelzebub,
Get on to the bus,
That's gonna make you stop going rub a dub,

Your words burn the air,
Like the names of candy bars,
Your mouth is cold and red,
All in rings around your,
Laugh laughing laughs,

It's a grind grind,
It's a grind,
It's a grind grind,

I'll scratch you raw,
L'etat c'est moi,
I drink the drink,
And I'm wall to wall,
I absorb trust like a love rhombus,
I feel I must elucidate,
I ate the chump with guile,
Quadrilateral I was,
Now I warp like a smile,

Yellow no. 5,
Yellow no. 5, 5, 5,

Voulez-vous the bus?