

# Surfers Butthole, Cough Syrup

She played for the angels  
I played for the tribe  
The summer had been stolen and the bases were all loaded  
There was big Money on the line  
Big my all the time yeah  
There was big MONEY ON THE LINE  
I can't walk so I guess I'm gonna stay at home  
They can have my legs just leave my head alone  
I was in the kitchen  
The year was in the fall  
A friend of mine had told me that there WERE NO POINT IN MOPIN'  
No there were no point at all  
There was big fire in the hall yeah  
There weren't no points at all  
I can't walk so I guess I'm gonna stay at home  
They can have my legs just leave my head alone  
And I can't talk so I guess I got nothin' to say  
I'll keep my eyes just take these tears away  
Lock stOck AnD barrel all the dogs were gone TO FERAL and the car ran like a broken perculator  
His liver had gone hard and he wouldn't mow the yard  
There was big MONEY ON THE LINE  
And I heard that his brother was a viking  
He liked to SOLVE a problem with a gun  
If you want to know the facts you gotta teach him how to act  
And I hate cough syrup don't you  
I'd rather be a sailor than a fighter  
I'd like to sail a ship into the sun  
If you wanna know the truth you gotta dig up Johnny BooTH  
And I hate cough syrup don't you  
I know that your mother is a MARTYR  
I heard she's got connections with the mob  
If you wanna learn the fight you gotta drink up all the light  
And I hate cough syrup don't you  
I'd rather be a matchstick than a lighter  
I LIKE TO SEE THE WOOD CURL UP AND BURN  
If you wanna touch the sky you must be prepared to die  
And I hate cough syrup don't you  
I hate cough syrup and I hate THE FOOD IN EUROPE  
And I hate cough syrup it's TRUE  
You wanna know the truth you gotta dig up Johnny BooTH  
And I hate cough syrup don't you  
I hate cough syrup it's TRUE