

# The Birthday Party, Big Jesus Trash Can

Right!

Big-Jesus soul-mates Trash-Can  
fucking rotten business this  
both feet in the Bad-Boot  
stiff in the crypt, babay, like a rock  
rock-rock-rock  
Big-Jesus soul-mates Trash-Can  
and he pumped me fulla Trash at least it smelt like Trash  
and he's got greasy hair wears a suit of Gold  
but god gave me Sex appeal  
right right

well-well-well-rock  
well-well-well-rock  
well-well-well-rock  
well-well-well-rock  
he drives a Trash-Can  
he drives a Trash-Can  
he drives a Trash-Can  
he drives a Trash-Can  
he's comin' to my town  
he's comin' to my town  
he's comin' to my town  
he's comin' to my town rock-rock-rock-  
r-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-ck!  
right!

Big-Jesus-Oil-King down in Texas  
drives great holy tanks of Gold  
screams from heaven's Graveyard  
american heads will roll in Texas  
roll llike daddy's meat  
roll under those singing stars of Texas  
roll under those glorious singing stars of Texas

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