

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-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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