

The Mighty Mighty Bosstones, Royal Oil

Royal Oil, come on bubble and boil
Stabs like dagger, make you stagger
On a hot tin foil
Mind your mind or it will surely spoil
Then you sleep down in the soil
Nothing comes from nothing, come on
Royal Oil

When you smoke or poke the poison
You lose the chance to be tomorrow
Look out on the horizon
And see the sadness, the pain and the sorrow

I can't say enough about the stuff
Or what it has in store
When you smoke or poke the poison
You won't be anymore

Royal Oil, come on bubble and boil
Stabs like dagger, make you stagger
On a hot tin foil
Mind your mind or it will surely spoil
Then you sleep down in the soil
Nothing comes from nothing, come on
Royal Oil

Royal Oil has cut many down to size
Spikes gonna strike the weak and strong alike
And then forever, and ever close those eyes
Make up your mind to keep your mind up
And to your life be loyal
Nothing comes from nothing, come on
Royal Oil

Royal Oil, big trouble brewing
Long, lonely road, long road to ruin
Wrong path to take, great big mistake
And then you sleep down in the soil
Nothing comes from nothing, come on
Royal Oil

Sleep down in the soil
Gonna sleep down in the soil
And then you sleep down in the soil
Nothing come from nothing come on
Royal Oil