

# The Residents, Tourniquet Of Roses

The onion's in the fat  
And the bacon's bought the bat  
And the Posie's never even near the picture  
(Now where to went that rotten egg  
For feelin' up my lover's leg  
I'll boil him 'til the begs to be a breakfast)  
So I'm left all alone  
Because my father fought the foam  
And now I can't accept the pharmacy's prescription  
So now there is a bank  
Where once a summer spring  
Remined us of what we thought we ought to ding.a ling  
For ringing ringing rockets  
Roar a tub of a' lard today  
And all that's left  
Is something else  
There is no more to say  
Is no more to say now... Is no more to say...  
Is no more to say now... Is no more to say...  
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