

# Waltari, Scum

(Whatta bam-bam, ...my body's ready to take you,  
through our flooding snot, go!  
Am I beaten?, you better funk me up!)

Think of a spot walkin' itself to the widest white it finds  
oh shit - grappin' with its claws my burning flash,  
oh mama come!  
Looks like I'm doomed for real suffering  
amma victim of a passion play  
(fuck) I'm only able to crawl for the next few days  
I'll be battered, beat through out like a slave

Not me, not me  
This scum is damn rotten - and never for me  
Not me, not me  
This scum, no, it can't beat me

And no, I won't surrender, I'll beat it with tons of  
pure whiskey inside my body, I will keep it starving,  
I won't eat any healthy stuff  
oh, my dear booze, it's like magic, seems like  
a spot won't last  
I don't need it's part, I'll make it rot  
its million legs will run and fast

Not me, not me  
This scum is damn rotten - and never for me  
Not me, not me  
This scum, no, it can't beat me  
(Scum! Run!)

Yo man, the spot is gone, wonder how my good  
remedy worked  
I'm supposed to feel well, I should, but I can't tell  
what if it's still there, what if it's still inside,  
somewhere hiding, getting bigger, silently, violently  
oh gosh... cancer is here, cancer is everywhere!

Not me, not me  
This scum is damn rotten - and never for me  
Not me, not me  
This scum, no, it can't beat me

I am dying of this scum!  
This is fucking boring!