

## Bong Song

## Butthole Surfers

A strange lie  
Awakes in quiet South Station  
And balls in my window  
That falls from the sky  
And walking through fields  
Of quiet frustration  
While hanging with dishrags  
And that makes us fine  
When I crawled through a pipe  
Without hesitation  
To a place where a colour  
Went over my eyes  
When I got to that place  
They reached for my face  
They llllllEEEEEEeddddd

Hahahahaha...

Disarray cowboys  
With weed for our weasels  
That were ridin' on horses  
That blew on my balls  
And I tried to convince them  
That I was just leaving  
They yanked out my entrails  
And sprawled on the wall  
And the dreams and their scrotum  
And they were believing  
When I found myself naked  
In the suburban mall  
I rolled on my side  
And I knew they had lied  
So I lied...

A messenger came  
With the news from the valley  
Of twenty five pimps  
who collapsed on the lawn  
And strangely enough  
The illicit vibrations  
Encoded with light rays  
That walk through the dawn  
And I asked them to tell me  
Without meditation  
They led me through hillsides  
Where all life was gone  
When I got to that place  
I fell on my face  
'Cos they lieeeddddddd...