

# Cough Syrup

## Butthole Surfers

She played for the Angels, I played for the Tribe  
The summer had been stolen and the bases were all loaded  
There was big money on the line  
Big money all the time, yeah  
There was big money on the line  
I can't walk so I guess I'm gonna stay at home  
They can have my legs just leave my [Incomprehensible] alone  
I was in the kitchen, the year was in the fall  
A friend of mine told me that there were no point in moaning  
No, there weren't no point at all  
There was big fire in the hall, yeah  
There weren't no points at all  
I can't walk so I guess I'm gonna stay at home  
They can have my legs just leave my [Incomprehensible] alone  
And I can't talk so I guess I got nothin' to say  
I'll keep my eyes, just take these tears away  
Lock stock and barrel, all the dogs were gone in feral  
And the car ran like a broken percolator  
His liver had gone hard and he wouldn't mow the yard  
There was big money on the line  
And I heard that his brother was a Viking  
He liked to solve a problem with a gun  
If you wanna know the facts, you gotta teach him how to act  
And I hate cough syrup, don't you?  
I'd rather be a sailor than a fighter  
I'd like to sail a ship into the sun  
If you wanna know the truth, you gotta dig up Johnny Booth  
And I hate cough syrup, don't you?  
I know that your mother is a martyr  
I heard she's got connections with the mob  
If you wanna learn to fight, you gotta drink up all the light  
And I hate cough syrup, don't you?  
I'd rather be a matchstick than a lighter  
I like to see the wood curl up and burn  
If you wanna touch the sky, you must be prepared to die  
And I hate cough syrup, don't you?  
I hate cough syrup and I hate the food in Europe  
And I hate cough syrup, it's true  
If you wanna know the truth, you gotta dig up Johnny Booth

And I hate cough syrup, don't you?  
I hate cough syrup, it's true

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