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Bigwig

I finally got to change my clothes, We've spent 5 months on the road, None of us showered in days, The lucky ones don't have to shave. The desert is such a bore, I'm sick of sleeping on the floor, I almost died the last 2 tours, And I can't take it anymore! Our van was searched by in-bred cops, We left John at some rest stop. I have more teeth in my mouth Than all the people in this town. All of our food filled up the tank, We made our last trip to the bank. I'd ratter be happy and poor Than have it and still want more! Itching and I'm scratching and I'm bugging and I'm itching, I CAN'T FUCKING TAKE THIS ANYMORE!

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