

Scavenger Type

NOFX

Gigin alone at the bottom of the hill
Our protagonist named Bill
Sets his sights on an anchor steam point
All he needs is thirteen quarters
Congregated in his hatA crow, a scavenger type
California redemption, provides him with his rent
Room and board inside of a fifth of comfort
As the wind penetrates his bones his mind keeps focused
Tidal waves of sound catapulted from his horn, wail like loversThe coins don't drop consistent as does the
mercury
His meter slows realizing a zenith
He's reached perfection
No one did see him die

Lyrics provided by

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