

Hidden Track

Eels

So you've got balls now, Murray on the run
Down on Newberry Street, seventeen seconds of fun
Apes are overrated blocky, a kinky batch of pudding, yeah
Garbage dump, pumpkin rot and candy apple gray
Werewolf in the flowerbed, perfect day for lucky guy
This song was never meant to be released
What's that flaming ball in the sky?
The crack head from Texas, he can read my feet
A bruised pinata and a liquid pixie
If friends were flowers, nothing gold can stay
Gun sexual sense and squeegee tails
Bees in the cookie jar, symphonic despair
Reinventing the manifesto, are you? We don't care
Jacuzzis and bunnies, a broken fondue set
Kool G is in the outhouse, you can be my Mr. French
This old Frisbee is shitting in the alley
I saw a naked picture of me on the Internet
Wearing Jesus new snowshoes, Golly gee
If Hell is crowded, then we shall sing
A hip song for the kids in the back
For Michelle and the dripping of a faucet
Ride the vicious bicycle on the tracks
Olympic mayonnaise, Doctor Thunder
Low occupancy vehicle stops and starts
With Hollywood suspicion, the doctor had snake hearts

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