Foreman's Dog

Fugazi

Here's an all new version
Teeming with distractions
Trojan horse rolled backwards
Mastered buy your own device
Then splice in then cut to the sad sorry image of some grinning 'caster
Staring at a sinkhole
Piling up disasters
Making the footage raw
Now parade the muscles
Trying to make their dicks grow
Warring with their bodies dimensions oversold
"I wonder if I pierce it will my body stop lying to me?
Now mouthing mile a minute
Blasting like a furnace
Fogging up the lenses with the dampness of spew
Loss of concentration
Loss of obvious
Laws of stimulation
Signed anonymous
It's a stock set up
Man check it out!
A well worn cop's shoe's kicking out a door frame
Classwar extra
Pr-ing like a foreman's dog
"What a slob but I guess you know
He's got to make a living somehow"
Tossing a wild eyed greaser right onto the pavement
Scanned into the bright light maxing the pixels to glow
How did it come to mean nothing but this?

Lyrics provided by
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