

Visine

P.J. Olsson

Got my Visine
Got my box
Got my wishes
Got my underwater cymbal filled with energy
To get me through this minuteTV star from my childhood
Come and screw me now
I am man enough for wooden benchesSeal this note with my juicer
Use the liquid from your womb
Season to tasteRomeo came with crystal
Said my house is clean except for this
And I held up my marijuana
If you think it's a crime
I'll take a piss
A piss on your graveHad a dream 'bout Joseph Stalin
Was his son haulin' out of Moscow
On a jelly bean with wheels
There is one thing we have in common
It's the torture of growing old
You must stand there now
You must agree
The time is near now
We're children no more
No more
No more
No more
No moreThe ozone like a clit
Dripping sunshine on my lips
Call me social disaster
There's still me comin' after
A piss on your graveGot my Visine
Got my box
Got my wishes
Got my underwater cymbal filled with energy
To get me through this minuteMy wishes
This minute
My wishes
This minute
My wishes
This minute

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