Bus to Beelzebub

Soul Coughing

Get on to the bus
That's gonna take you back to Beelzebub
Get on to the bus
That's gonna make you stop going rub a dubYour words burn the air
Like the names of candy bars
Your mouth is cold and red
All in rings around your
Laugh, laughing, laughsIt's a grind grind
It's a grind
It's a grind grindI'll scratch you raw
L'etat c'est moi
I drink the drink
And I'm wall to wallI absorb trust like a love rhombus
I feel I must elucidate
I ate the chump with guile
Quadrilateral I was now I warp like a smileYellow no. 5
Yellow no. 5, 5, 5
Voulez-vous the bus

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