

# Je M'appelle J. Cousteau

## Gwar

I was there at the cattle fair  
Where lump fairies swear at glories far beyond the fabric that she wears  
He said 'do you want a chair?'  
I'd join him anywhere!  
A hole in ground in this theater I found  
J.C.'s infernal horde  
They caper, they banter, forming human pyramids  
All to please their infernal lord  
Woah! His name is Jacques Cousteau  
A pussy and I know you know  
I know you know and there he goes  
He goes and grows, oh gosh he knows  
Aboard the Calypso

The foam beside and a burly sea to ride  
All spell goodness for the master of the whirling pimple tide  
He tried and pried until the rusty hinges sighed  
Then he stepped inside  
He found her there swimming in her seaweed hair  
Looking vaguely like a lover who had hung herself with underwear  
Phosphorescent green and the sex act made obscene  
In Jacques' galleon of hatred this wrinkled Frenchman is a  
living god!!!  
Cousteau you know where the dying dolphins go  
And the wasteland ever growing never slowing till it's far below  
Put it on your TV show  
And let the humans know!!!

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