

Cough Syrup

Butthole Surfers

She played for the Angels, I played for the Tribe
The summer had been stolen and the bases were all loaded
There was big money on the line
Big money all the time, yeah
There was big money on the line I can't walk so I guess I'm gonna stay at home
They can have my legs just leave my [Incomprehensible] alone I was in the kitchen, the year was in the fall
A friend of mine told me that there were no point in moaning
No, there weren't no point at all
There was big fire in the hall, yeah
There weren't no points at all I can't walk so I guess I'm gonna stay at home
They can have my legs just leave my [Incomprehensible] alone
And I can't talk so I guess I got nothin' to say
I'll keep my eyes, just take these tears away Lock stock and barrel, all the dogs were gone in feral
And the car ran like a broken percolator
His liver had gone hard and he wouldn't mow the yard
There was big money on the line And I heard that his brother was a Viking
He liked to solve a problem with a gun
If you wanna know the facts, you gotta teach him how to act
And I hate cough syrup, don't you? I'd rather be a sailor than a fighter
I'd like to sail a ship into the sun
If you wanna know the truth, you gotta dig up Johnny Booth
And I hate cough syrup, don't you? I know that your mother is a martyr
I heard she's got connections with the mob
If you wanna learn to fight, you gotta drink up all the light
And I hate cough syrup, don't you? I'd rather be a matchstick than a lighter
I like to see the wood curl up and burn
If you wanna touch the sky, you must be prepared to die
And I hate cough syrup, don't you? I hate cough syrup and I hate the food in Europe
And I hate cough syrup, it's true
If you wanna know the truth, you gotta dig up Johnny Booth
And I hate cough syrup, don't you?
I hate cough syrup, it's true

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