Steak For Chicken

The Moldy Peaches

Mardi Gras came and went
All my money has been spent
How am I gonna pay the rent?
Sitting on your face, sitting on my ass
Who mistook the steak for chicken?
Who am I gonna stick my dick in?
We're not those kids, sitting on the couch
My former life, I was a high roller, my former life, I had a sister
Walked around in a diamond stroller, I abused her and I dissed her
Found my calling as a part-time bowler, she got swept up in a twister
Traded my wife in for a new three holer, first I laughed and then I missed her
Who mistook these baths for showers?
Who fucked up that leaning tower?
We're not those kids, sitting on the couch
Oh get on a greyhound and ride away
Live on birthday cake each day, different dreams than yesterday
Tell your grandparents that they're gay, tell your grandma, you're okay
Steal their money and run away, kiss her cheek and run away
'Cause me and my friends are so smart
We invented this new kind of art we invented this new kind of dart
Post-Modernist Throwing Darts, hit A Bulls-eye, cut a fart
Smoking crack and cutting, crack
Who mistook this crap for genius? Who is dancing on the ceiling?
Who is gonna stroke my penis? Who is gonna hurt my feelings?
We're not those kids, sitting on the couch
Oh people are shiny like a brand new book, even your mother is a crook
But if you get a closer look, but if I get a closer look
There's shit on every hand you shook, there's shit on every road you took
If you don't believe me, look at your hand, if you don't believe me, read the book
Who made all these things for killing? Somebody's making a killing
Who's pussy hole needs filling? Who's empty heart needs filling?
We're not those kids, sitting on the couch
Who mistook the steak for chicken? Who am I gonna stick my dick in?
We're not those kids, sitting on the couch

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