

# P.S.Y

## Butthole Surfers

Here we go, here we go  
All I see inside my head is  
(Gentle silent secret snow)  
With shifting walls of blinding light  
I'll have you know No one would believe that she was running away  
She packed up her belongings  
And she was gone the very next day Nikki was in the KKK and Lisa was a Nazi too  
They both had half a brain so together they were sane  
And looked about as smart as their shoes Now Nikki got word through the underground  
That Mona was Lisa's real name  
She bled on his jacket when he shot her in the neck  
That's about all she could  
(Gain) I'm still sleepin', in the graveyard is weepin'  
They're catching angels as they fall  
I know you don't believe it but she really should believe it  
She fell in love with Lauren Bacall  
(I don't believe it, somewhere, maybe out in East L.A.) No one would believe that she was running away  
She packed up her belongings  
And she was gone the very next day Nikki never wanted any children at all  
And Terry was Courtney's little girl  
She turned tricks in a white trash mall  
And shot dope with Cecil at home She wanted to have fun with her daddy's shotgun  
She held it right up to his head, his glasses fell at first  
But they were followed by a burst of fiery hot balls of lead Time's still sleepin', in the graveyard is weepin'  
They're catching angels as they fall  
I know you don't believe it but I really should be leaving  
She fell in love with Lauren Bacall  
(Maybe out, in Pleasant Grove) No one would believe that she was running away  
She packed up her belongings  
And she was gone the very next day

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