Lonesome Bulldog

Butthole Surfers

Get alone, lonesome bulldog
It's turning to spring
Get alone, lonesome bulldog
It's that time again
Though it's raining
Stop complaining
There's a long
Road to bear
Get alone, lonesome bulldog
Get alone, over there,
Get alone, lonesome bulldog
In spring.Well, Mahatma Ghandi was a little spindly bottom ying ragged headed boy, who grew up in a Western Kentucky village called Johnstonvile, in Harrison County, there he grew up. His mother was a white woman, his father was a rastifarian, he refused to buy the family seafood on their outings. There he developed a taste for convertibles, blonde haired women, and big old long Indian dig, so get alone, get alone little Mahatma Ghandi in the spring.Get alone, lonesome bulldog
While there's snow on the ground
Get alone, lonesome bulldog
Where you'll never be found
In the morning
Without warning
And there's
No food to share
Get alone, lonesome bulldog
Get alone, over there,
Get alone, lonesome bulldog
In spring.Well pretty soon little Mahatma Ghandi was going 300 miles per hour, and I'll tell you what, he was going 300 miles per hour was because his strangely turbo charged penis head was making him do it that why, just kidding. Mahatma Ghandi had a tremendous career at high school, college, and in law school, and in the house of representatives. There he found himself as a presidential candidate, and met up with Mary Joe Pipette, and across the (?) bridge they did ride. So get alone, get alone little Mahatma Ghandi in the spring.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/