

# Dracula From Houston

## Butthole Surfers

Got no future and a great big past  
Little bitty guy on the rim of my glass  
Gotta meet the plane so I can get my monkey  
Teach him to be cool but a little bit funky  
Got no credit and I got no fear  
Got about a buck, so I can buy a beer  
Gotta see a doctor about the words that I said  
Gotta get a bike and I gotta paint it red Oh no, we gotta go  
We're not goin' to live forever  
Why, why, we gotta die  
You know that we'll be together  
Hey, hey, we gotta say  
I could never be a saviour  
You don't have to be there  
'Cause I'm never, never, never coming home Three feet deep in a slow motion wreck  
I was walkin' the walk an' I was talkin' to the best  
I was wrinkled an' shriveled an' steppin' out of line  
Playin' the end against the middle an' losin' every time  
I was veinious an' heinious an' cripple an' sad  
Thought I was invincible, the baddest of the bad  
Then I woke up one mornin' and stepped out of bed  
Had to get a bike. Had to paint it red Oh no, we gotta go  
We're not goin' to live forever  
Why, why, we gotta die  
You know that we'll be together  
Hey, hey, we gotta say  
I could never be a saviour  
An' I know that you'll miss me  
'Coz I'm never, never, never coming home Crazy (I'm crazed, I want to tell you about it)  
Crazy (I'm crazed, I want to tell you about it)  
Crazy (I'm crazed, I want to tell you about it)  
Crazy (I'm crazed, I want to tell you about it)  
Crazy (I'm crazed, I want to tell you about it) Oh no, we gotta go  
We're not goin' to live forever  
Why, why, we gotta die  
You know that we'll be together  
Hey, hey, we gotta say  
I could never be a saviour  
You don't have to be there

'Cause I'm never, never, never coming home  
Staring at disbelief out at the gloom  
I was forced with remorse to learn the bassoon  
I got real good in about six years  
Started playing around for a couple of beers  
Then one day I was playing at the gig  
An' in walked the monkey with a couple of funky friends  
He came right over an' said "this is what you do"  
"You're gonna get a bike. You're gonna paint it blue." Ah Oh no, we gotta go  
We're not goin' to live forever  
Why, why, we gotta die  
You know that we'll be together  
Hey, hey, we gotta say  
I could never be a saviour  
You don't have to be there  
'Cause I'm never, never, never coming home

Songwriters

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