Grandma's Cootie

Radon

Fun like this could only be happening here,
my head on the TV set and my mouth on a beer.
Loneliness then death, wohohowowo...
and I don't care if you're three or you're thirty-three,
I don't care if you're nine or you're ninety-nine,
I don't care if you got a Car,
you can't go far enough, you gotta have friends.
Girl, girl, girl, all alone, tried to get out
but they dragged you back home,
and when I say dragged I mean dragged,
she kicked and fought and she spit out blood.
And now she's all alone and she's all lucked up,
wohow~o loneliness then death.
And now isn't that the way it is,
when you get your head above water,
someone pisses on your head and kicks you back under.
Oh wohoha hahahaha nanana.
Aunt Mary's all alone, Uncle Walt died and left her alone
and now she plays dead,
get up babe, go out and bust heads and reach it.
Go out with Grandma and hit Chippendale's,
throw out his old Dego shit and his liquor bar,
ride the Himalaya, it's a trip,
five flips you always wished you could take,
and as you turn down through the corkscrew,
turn your hands into your hair,
to where your bare scalp starts to regrow slowly
as your lungs tank full of air,
and as you ratchet your way to the top of the climb
take a long needed look into the distance,
and see the beach you haven't seen in twenty years, it's a benediction.

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