

Nicotine Fit

Voodoo Glow Skulls

Wake up in the morning
Tossing and turning all night
Your mind is shaking, feeling nothing went right
Your mind is pulsing and your eyes are blood red
There's one thing that I know can cure your aching head
If you need a quarter
They you'll start pinching for change
And if you can't find a ride
You'll get there anyway
When you were just a little kid
You thought that you'd be sneaky
Hiding with your friends
Sneaking a smoke as your parents drove away
You know they say crime pays
Act like an asshole
Until there's smoke in your veins
You need a smoke before the end of the day
NICOTINE FIT you on the rage you can't quit
NICOTINE FIT you haven't had a cigarette yet
SONG: Land of Misfit Toys
There's an S.O.S. from the land of the misfit toys
It seems the kind's turning his army into No. 2 pencils
The other toys are really getting pissed
Someone better stop him before there's total anarchy
There was a time, a day not long ago
When everyone was happy and the sun used to shine
But now those days are gone they're ready to revolt
Because he took their pieces and he stole their batteries
The toy gun's pissed because he can't find a job
Off the market due to stupid fucking cops
We all need a hero in the land of misfit toys

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