

Dope Fiend Massacre

Biting Elbows

I know that mr. Brown gotta a lot of what it takes
I got a big brown bag full of cocaine
And I cannot be friends with mr. Brown
I'd like to put that fucker underground
Down, where he can't systematically destroy any chance of a hope for
A better future for me and our kind, yeah
The ugly little caesar gets his knife
I'm a dog at a pound
Whose heart ain't coping
At the speed of sound
Decay is closing all around
I would run
Twist that lock open
The trouble is
I got no opposable thumbs
I had a vision
I saw mr. Brown on the television
He was talking crap as he always does
I had to reign him in, why? Because I don't like who he is
And I don't like who I am
I don't like what he does
And he makes me a man
On the verge of his mind
A spectacular view
Mr. Brown, I've got an issue and its got to do with you
I'm a dog at a pound
Whose heart ain't coping
At the speed of sound
Decay is closing all around
I would run
Twist that lock open
The trouble is
I got no opposable thumbs
I think I ought to
Watch my back mack
I just might be a rat
And if I go
I'm gonna have to
Go along with me
Take on the truth
There is no quiet reason for what I'm gonna do
You're getting colder in a house full of clues

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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