

# Darque Tan

## Gravy Train

His life was a breeze  
Just one thing left to appease  
Wanna give that bottle a squeeze  
and look just like Charlize?  
But these times are so hard  
Must do more than lay in the yard  
To look like a Belize postcard  
or a reality star  
But this story's tragic  
You don't turn orange by magic  
You could do it solar like Rick  
or stick your ass in a thick  
tank full of darque waves 'cause it's the latest craze  
Do it for forty days,  
get accused of wearing blackface-oh!  
DARQUE TAN, HE'S A FAN! DARQUE TAN, NO MORE WAN!! DARQUE TAN, IT'S HIS PLAN!!!  
DARQUE TAN, CHILDREN RAN!!!!  
I knew it was a bad idea when he got into that bed  
I never knew it would come to this  
'til he looked at me and said  
I wanna get a tan! Uh-uh!!  
I wanna get a tan!! Bad idea!!!  
I wanna get a tan!!! I don't think so!!!!  
I wanna get a tan!!!! TOO SCARY!!!!  
(Repeat chorus)  
And now he's dead,  
I'll never see him again  
He turned orange, then he turned red  
No one wins in the end  
Then he died,  
his face was fried  
In the booth all that's left is a tooth  
He turned red,  
then he turned dead  
Listen and learn...or you, too, will be burned.

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

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