Blowin' Chunks

Quincy Punx

Drank a twelve pack and smoked six bowls
Now it's starting to takes its toll
Can't hold it in for too long
You're gonna do the technicolor yawn
Now you've got the vicious spins
Doing pennance for your drunkin sins
I think its time to clear throat
I think you know the anecdote[Chorus:]
Great big piles of chewed up food
Breakfast lunch and dinner too
There's gonna be some wreckage dude
On your shoesJust exploded on the hallway floor
Couldn't make it to the bathroom door
Crawl across the tiles on your hands and knees
Bathroom floor stinking of pee
Dryheaves, convulsions, wish you were dead
You pass out and you puke in bed
I think its time your clear your throat
I think you know the anecdote[Repeat Chorus]Blowin' Chunks!!! [4x][Repeat Chorus]

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