Scrap

Dephzac

I met a skinhead named Scrap
He lived in my friends garage
Everyday hes shaking that spray paint can
And comes out seeing starsGrab a paper bag like an oxygen mask
Until your mind starts to gel
'Cause the ball in the can has a crazy beat
The funky dying brain cellSo he met some Christians from hell
Who said, "Lets go to Vegas, man"
So he packed up his leather and his red beret
Into that big, bad Christian vanUse revival meetings like an oxygen tent
Till your mind starts to gel
'Cause the preacher thumps the Bible
With a crazy beat, the funky dying brain cellWell, he came back to the garage
But the garage, it wasnt there
And he dug metallic gold more than Luke and John
Now hes growing his hairGrab a paper bag like an oxygen mask
Until your mind starts to gel
'Cause the ball in the can
Has a crazy beat, the funky dying brain cell

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