

Global Warming

John Grant

You people and your cute little terms you like to throw around and make everybody squirm

Upper class, middle class, lower class, Sassafras

Everybody these days thinks that they're a bad-ass

How am I supposed to live in a world with no Madeline Kahn my favourite girl is gone

[?] is not an auto zone, 31 is trash and now I just want to be left alone
Global warming is ruining my fair complexion

Augmenting all my imperfections

And Brazil does not need more encouragement

Global warming encourages slack jawed troglodytes

To leave their homes with guns and knives

In search of bodily refreshments and some homicide

I'm so sick of hearing people talk about the sun

They sound like a bunch of Aztec Indians

And all they do is hang out clogging up the streets

Congratulating each other on their pedicured feet

Sure I like to see the fella's skateboarding their best

Stripped down to their shorts so they can work on their tans

I know I shouldn't care cause I'm a taken man

But I guess you can look, nobody said that you can't

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Augmenting all my imperfections

And Brazil does not need more encouragement

Global warming encourages slack jawed troglodytes

To leave their homes with guns and knives

In search of bodily refreshments and some homicide
All I've got are first world problems

I guess I better get some more third world kind

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

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