American Music

The Blasters

I see you down in the front line
Such a sight for sore eyes
You're a suicide makeover
Plastic eyesLooking through a numb skull
Sell effaced, what's his face
You erased yourself
So shut up, you don't let upYou have a growth that must be treated
Like a sudden severe pain in the neck
You can smell it but you can't see it
No explanation identified
'Cause you don't know, you don't sayAnd you got no reply
Hey you, where did you come from?
Got a head full of lead
You're an inbred bastard son

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