The Ultimate Bohab

Gwar

He proudly sports his rare GWAR hoodie
When he puts it on it gives him such a woodie
Zit-scarred and unpopular
He's at the show alone
Running his mouth to no one at all
Later he cries bitter tears
He met his idol and he got punched
All he wanted was an autograph
The smell of his acne, it's heavily bunched
He fell down and everyone laughed
You're the Ultimate Bohab
Stricken with gout
If you don't have any drugs then get the fuck out
Bohab!
Bohab!
It's your dream come true
Your crummy fanzine got a GWAR interview!
You'll ask the questions, it all goes to tape!
If you're really lucky, you might get raped!
But not by a dude, that would be gay!
But if that's what the band wants I guess it's O.K.!
We're not going to rape you...yet, so don't you fret it!
You brought a woman with you, and now she's gonna get it!

'cause' this is how we roll, this is what we do
We're fucking your girlfriend right in front of you
And we know that's not your girlfriend, by the way...
She's only with you because you got her backstage
And you gave her...money
You're the Ultimate Bohab
Stricken with gout
If you don't have any drugs then get the fuck out
Bohab!
Bohab!
Your pock marked face makes her sick
As soon as she's in there she's getting the dick
But not from you, from the entire band
So whip out your cock and lay a wad in your hand
Soon she is dead, but before we chuck her

Come on over here kid, there's still time to fuck her!
A festering hole where there used to be a crotch
We feed her to bears, all that's left is her watch
Bohab!
You gave your life with pride
But people that had known you didn't care that you had died
Bohab
The last issue did real well
Because your interview was suicide
You followed GWAR to Hell....

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