Pack It Up

Grieves

You guys are the pits of the world!

Oh, this is no place for me
Burnin' down the interbelt, from jacuzzi to jacuzzi
It's all right for you man
Gettin' smashed, gettin' suntanned
But I know my place
Where's my suitcase?

Pack it up or throw it away
What I can't carry, bury
Oh you remember me, I remember you
But that was a long, long time ago
When I was passin' through

All my family, all my friends, my lover
I got to find them
My enemies, my new family, my new friends
My future enemies, I got to flush them out

Pack it all up, nothing goes in storage
I'm burnin' every bridge
Burn, baby, burn
I see your dog got shot
Well, hell, never mind
That's show biz, big boy
You've got to be cruel to be kind

Oh, give over and admit it
I've been tearing down the interstate
Like some kind of bleeding cat
It's all right for the boss
His gain's my loss
That gets me down, it really gets me down

So pack it up and cut the crap
When the clock starts talkin', I start walkin'
When you pass in your Porsche
Please don't offer me a ride
I may be a skunk

But you're a piece of junk, and furthermore
I don't like your trousers
Your appalling taste in women
And what about your mind
Your insipid record collection
That dumb home video center
The usual pornography
And all you scumbags around the world
You're the pits of the world!

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