

# Final Solution

## Rocket From The Tombs

The girls won't touch me cause I got a misdirection,  
and livin at night isn't helpin my complexion  
The signs all say it's a social infection  
A little bit of fun's never been an insurrection

Mom threw me out til I get some pants that fit  
She just don't approve of my strange kind of wit  
I get so excited I always gotta lose it,  
then they pack me off & make me take the cure  
But I don't need a cure,  
don't need a cure  
don't need a cure,  
need a final solution

Buy me a ticket to a sonic reduction  
Guitars gonna sound like a nuclear destruction  
It seems I'm the victim of natural selection,  
or maybe just another slide in another direction  
I don't need a cure,  
don't need a cure  
don't need a cure,  
need a final solution

Solution!

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