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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