My Cousin Greg

Houndmouth

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

My cousin Greg
He's a greedy son of a bitch
He's making his way
From Florida up to LA
He left the tropicana
Passed through Louisiana
He laughs hard and carries on
But he can barely stand yaAll his physicist buddies
They all wear the Snow White coats
And goggles to shield
The elements from their eyes
Greg's companion Andy
He lives his life
Vicariously through his mathematicsIf you wanna live the good life
Well, you better stay away from the limelight
(Times 2)They call him rollin' James
He's got a heart that's made of brains
He fell in love once
And thought about it for a day
Hey Greg
Where'd you go last night
He says I don't know
But I woke up with a pocket full of lootIf you wanna live the good life
Well, you better stay away from the limelight
(Times 2)Hey Greg
Where'd one of your shoes go
He looked at me and said
That's not important
Please
Don't you point
Your photon ray gun At meIf you wanna live the good lifeWell, you better stay away from the limelight (x4)

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