

# 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 ya All 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 mathematics If 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 loot If 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 melf you wanna live the good life Well, you better stay away from the limelight (x4)

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