

"Honey, I Shit The Hot Tub."

Dillinger Four

Watch the cloud form outside my window
I light another as the city goes grey
Face the whirlwind with a polite smile
Resist the motion of self righteous crusades Some of the other live for deprivation
It's not something that I could ever do
I get my kicks from complete annihilation
A brown paper bottle to kill yesterdays news The right sight but the wrong kind of vision
A grain of salt could do us all a little good
Just when the world seems so understanding
It knocks you over with a silent left hook I faced a thousand attitudes like this one before
You can show me your restrictions
While I'm showing you the door.

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