The Ultimate Bohab

GWAR

He proudly sports his rare GWAR hoodie When he puts it on it gives him such a woodieZit-scarred and unpopular

He's at the show alone

Running his mouth to no one at all

Later he cries bitter tears

He met his idol and he got punched

All he wanted was an autograph

The smell of his acne, it's heavily bunched

He fell down and everyone laughedYou're the Ultimate Bohab

Stricken with gout

If you don't have any drugs then get the fuck out

Bohab!

Bohab!It's your dream come true

Your crummy fanzine got a GWAR interview!

You'll ask the questions, it all goes to tape!

If you're really lucky, you might get raped!

But not by a dude, that would be gay!

But if that's what the band wants I guess it's O.K.!

We're not going to rape you...yet, so don't you fret it!

You brought a woman with you, and now she's gonna get it!'cause' this is how we roll, this is what we do

We're fucking your girlfriend right in front of you

And we know that's not your girlfriend, by the way...

She's only with you because you got her backstage

And you gave her...moneyYou're the Ultimate Bohab

Stricken with gout

If you don't have any drugs then get the fuck out

Bohab!

Bohab!Your pock marked face makes her sick

As soon as she's in there she's getting the dick

But not from you, from the entire band

So whip out your cock and lay a wad in your hand

Soon she is dead, but before we chuck her

Come on over here kid, there's still time to fuck her!

A festering hole where there used to be a crotch

We feed her to bears, all that's left is her watchBohab!

You gave your life with pride

But people that had known you didn't care that you had died

Bohab

The last issue did real well

Because your interview was suicide You followed GWAR to Hell....

Songwriters
GWAR GWARPublished by
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