

Gutless

Hole

All my friends are embryonic
All my friends are dead and gone
All my friends are microscopic
All my friends wake up alone
Girl germs lead to little virus
Revolution come and die
Elitists who eat the virus
Sleep with me, wake up alive
Gutless
You're gutless
You're gutless
You're gutless
You can try to suck me dry
But there's nothing left to suck
Just you try to hold me down
Come on, try to shut me up
Step and fetch, grease my hips
I don't even have to pause
I don't really miss God
But I sure miss Santa Clause
Gutless
You're gutless
Gutless
You're gutless
Gutless
You're gutless
Gutless
You're undressed
You're gutless
You're gutless
You're undressed

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