

# The Dim Locator

## The Birthday Party

Inanimational items elude I, and  
In an emotional motion I swallow my  
Motive of quicker location is slammed  
My dim chance of skippin' this thick world is thin Don't call me Dim

I am the Dim Locator

Dim Locator Loco, lomo, loco, lomo, L'wow, wow, wow

Loco, lomo, loco, lomo, L'wow, wow, wow

Loco, lomo, loco, lomo, L'wow, wow, wow

Loco, lomo, loco, lomo Intriquintomity treads on my trail

Entrigging traps for a gross gang of ghost types

Who later are packed in a cast iron trunk

These things have been known, to get out of their wraps Don't call me Dim

I am the Dim Locator

Dim Locator Loco, lomo, loco, lomo, L'wow, wow, wow

Loco, lomo, loco, lomo, L'wow, wow, wow

Loco, lomo, loco, lomo, L'wow, wow, wow

Loco, lomo, loco, lomo, L'wow, wow, wow, wow Fog fished and filtered is filling my case book, of

Friends who fall foul of my files trip and Break Neck

Are stacked in the woodshed for further good use

There's some certain people who shouldn't start fires So call me Dim

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Lyrics provided by

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