

To Parter

Butthole Surfers

And all the sailors who were junkies
All went sailing out to sea
And the white man sold quaaludes to the monkeys
And they all died high up in the trees And all the teachers who were flunkies
They all taught you and me
And the white men, I'll be goddamned if they're
still selling quaaludes to the monkeys
And they're all, you and me, dying high up in the trees

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