Happy Camper

Strapping Young Lad

you pretentious fucking losers
you've got nothing at all
you've got your fingers in your asshole
and your hand on the call
and you talk such fucking horseshit
that it's hard to believe
that you almost make careers out of being naiveyou, you are a fucker coz you sold my guitar
you, you are a fucker, seeking fortune in bars
you, you are a fucker, coz you say such stupid shit
I've got a better line in pocket lint
than what you've done with itso if you are an asshole who pretends to be a friend
then get your ass in music, you'll be set to the end, ending,
and now you've got the nerve to ask me about my temper?
why yes, I have become a fucking happy camper!I hate your fucking faces and your trendy cut hair,
I hate the fact you think your job will go anywhere
because it's use is just the same as what I shit into the bowl
just like the mess between your ears is like the mess in my holeI hate your loser friends who only come out when it's right
I hate that when it's down you run instead of fight
I'm set to think you lot in life to test the stronger ones
will just require some chicken shit and also sneakers for the run.I dig it away, the shit you puked instead of swallowed,
in an attempt to try and find the dick instead of the load,
so when you move and stand aside my mood will hamper,
and yes, I will become a fucking happy camper!stuck in endless winter with your press to keep you sane
wait for useless numbers to grow useful once again
where the heat will come again, your flaw grows sick,
your flaw will send, the shit you call your business
to the place that is your endstuck in the winter, cold and wet,
your stupid friends have come and went
and you've left behind your idiot job,
and it's far from a prize, you fucking dink...your'e a fucking dink... yeah!
...how's this for punk? dink!!!...suck my cock, you pathetic excuse for a human being...
you're a neurotic, homophobic, racist dork... you've also got a lot
of balls to dick with someone else's life, you fucking pseudo ghetto
"boy in the hood" middle class white spoiled rotten bored "gangsta"
wanna-be hunk of regenerated red neck bullshit! thank christ you don't
have to rely on that staggering intellect or dynamic personality to
intimidate others, shit for brains. shut the fuck up, and get out of

your parent's house and get a real job, you putz, and for god's sake,
quit being such a fucking sheep!!! now grow the hell up!!!... dink.
I let it get me down because you're in it for the glory
and I'd rather leave with reason than go dying for a story
and this whole l.a. rock thingthat the malls are buying up
it doesn't work, it doesn't work,
it's so inbred I might throw up...
and now I'm put into the middle
with the contracts and the bunk, and I always end uphearing "hey, man, punk... let's have more punk!"
so here I am to do a favour, save some hassle kiss and tell,
that either way my music's shit and it ain't ever going to sellso if you've got the gall to take this shit blown up your ass
and youv'e got the cash and balls to pump the same crap out in mass
then hell, I'll stand aside and with your plans I'll never tamper
I'll sit and write you songs and be a fucking happy camper.yeah, send me out a contract and in clauses you will lurk
the smaller points so I can give it all and save you work
you say an album's not an album without issues left to hamper...
well then, fuck,
...I guess I am a fucking
...happy
...fucking
...camper.

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