

Gallons of Rubbing Alcohol Flow Through the Strip

Nirvana

It hurts when you have to press that dull little thing
That you're only supposed to use once and then discard
But where do you put it? In the garbage can my honest friend
My shyness, pet her flow She's only been five months late
Even though we haven't had sex for a week
A meal a day, a meal, I say
And my heart's made my Somebody else already used the word 'Aurora-Borealis'
She was tied up in chains, and Sam had helped her in the freezer
She's only five weeks late, but I haven't had a date forever
Ever, ever, forever Wish I had more, more opportunity
More chances to remember some things
So I couldn't have so much pressure on my
On my, on my, umm ah, on my, umm umm head We'd have so much more diversity
And so much more input
So much more creative flow
If we had someone in school, a GITGIT, geeks in town
Ha! Come on, Dave, think of one
(Girls with trouble)
It should be GIC, geeks with Charvels
No, GWC, fuck man this is a waste of time One more solo?
Yeah
Yeah You're personally responsible for
The entire strip to be washed away
Cleansed as if gallons of, um, rubbing alcohol
Flowed through the strip and were set on fire It didn't just singe the hair, it made it straight
And then Perry Ellis came along with his broom
And his silk
And he, he erected a beautiful city, a city of stars

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