

P.S.Y.

Butthole Surfers

Here we go, here we go
All I see inside my head is
(Gentle silent secret snow)
With shifting walls of blinding light
I'll have you know No one would believe that she was running away
She packed up her belongings
And she was gone the very next day Nikki was in the KKK and Lisa was a Nazi too
They both had half a brain so together they were sane
And looked about as smart as their shoes Now Nikki got word through the underground
That Mona was Lisa's real name
She bled on his jacket when he shot her in the neck
That's about all she could
(Gain) I'm still sleepin', in the graveyard is weepin'
They're catching angels as they fall
I know you don't believe it but she really should believe it
She fell in love with Lauren Bacall
(I don't believe it, somewhere, maybe out in East L.A.) No one would believe that she was running away
She packed up her belongings
And she was gone the very next day Nikki never wanted any children at all
And Terry was Courtney's little girl
She turned tricks in a white trash mall
And shot dope with Cecil at home She wanted to have fun with her daddy's shotgun
She held it right up to his head, his glasses fell at first
But they were followed by a burst of fiery hot balls of lead Time's still sleepin', in the graveyard is weepin'
They're catching angels as they fall
I know you don't believe it but I really should be leaving
She fell in love with Lauren Bacall
(Maybe out, in Pleasant Grove) No one would believe that she was running away
She packed up her belongings
And she was gone the very next day

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