Why do we do this C.G. and I? Every night vegetables, Minds numbed up by THC. I've got my pen, C.G. the remote Laurel and Hardy's the best bet at four A.M. On a Friday No dreads about the working day Funny thing about weekends When you're unemployed They don't quite mean so much, except you get to hang out with all your working friends Well we got us a spaghetti western on 36 I like spaghetti westerns I like the way the boots are all reverbed out walking across the hardwood floors In fact, everything's got that big reverb sound Well what'll I do now? Go to sleep Pull the pud We need new pornos Well, I guess I'm still writing...