

Royal Oil

The Mighty Mighty Bosstones

Royal Oil, come on bubble and boil.
Stabs like a dagger, makes you stagger on the hot tin foil.
Mind your mind or it will surely spoil, then you sleep down in the soil.
Nothing comes from nothing, come on Royal Oil.
When you smoke or poke the poison you lose the chance to be tomorrow.
Look out on the horizon and see the sadness, the pain and sorrow.
I can't say enough about the stuff or what it has in store.
When you smoke or poke the poison you can't be anymore.
Royal Oil, come on bubble and boil.
Stabs like a dagger, make you stagger on the hot tin foil.
Mind your mind or it will surely spoil, then you sleep down in the soil.
Nothing comes from nothing, come on Royal Oil.
Royal Oil has cut many down to size.
Spikes gonna strike the weak and strong alike.
And then forever, and ever close those eyes.
Make up your mind to keep your mind up and to your life be loyal.
Nothing comes from nothing, come on Royal Oil.
Royal Oil, big trouble brewing.
Long lonely road, long road to ruin.
Wrong path to take, great big mistake.
And then you sleep down in the soil.
Nothing comes from nothing, come on Royal Oil.