

# Morrison Hostel

TISM

Jimbo, boy, you're a crock of shit  
You're a boozed selfish thug  
Why don't you give your mouth a go  
And in the other hole put a plug

By Christ you've got a long, long way  
On a schoolboy's talent with words  
One crappy bit of symbolism  
And you're adored by an army of turds

You're a selfish, rude, arrogant prick  
You're basically pretty stupid  
You're mysticism's a lump of shit  
And so are all the girls you've rooted

So don't talk about being sad and lonely  
or fucking misunderstood  
'cause underneath that self-pitying phoney  
Is a selfish, brutal hood

I support the police that took you off stage  
I support the fact you bled  
I support the cops who carried you off  
I support the fact you're dead

I think that you're a troubled guy  
And I think that's nothing new  
I think your fans are a bunch of turds  
Almost as immature as you

And when I'm in my supermarket  
And some prick pushes in front of my trolley  
I'll be reminded of your stinking bravado  
And I'll ask the cunt to say sorry

Your fans would excuse every rudeness  
Just 'cause it comes from you  
You'd tell them to go drop dead  
And they'd say "oh how true, how true, how true"

You need a nine-to-five job, Jimbo  
You need to get to Flinders Street by train  
Go and find yourself a regular income  
Then you can write a song about pain

Try and save for the kiddie's school fees  
Take some care when you drive a car  
Put your goddamn rubbish in a bin  
You fucking great rock superstar

You have spawned a host of cock-sure shits  
That are nearly always filthy rich  
And think 'cause they're a little like ol' Jimbo  
They can act like stinking pricks

An army of brainless arty youth  
They look down upon us common plods

But they barrack for good ol' Morrison  
Like the fucking Richmond cheer squad

So when you're listening to Morrisons Hostel  
And Jimbo, he's in top form  
Whining about this harsh cruel world  
And the fact he was ever born

Remember his fans are rapt  
And brooding over their suffering lives  
And go to discuss it at 'Thrash and Treasure'  
At least if daddy will drive

Jimbo. King of the private school kids  
The girls from PLC who identify with his tortured soul  
'cause they've just dropped boyfriend number three  
He was Kent from Xavier College,  
In HSC he got an A for English  
But between Jimbo and William Blake  
He hasn't the fucking brains to distinguish

Jimbo. Father of a generation of private school depression idols  
From Nick Cave on they don't kill themselves  
Just tell us why they're suicidal  
He has made self pity legitimate  
It means we'll have to face  
One after another, artists with integrity  
Like 'REO Speedwagon'.

Sorry, I meant 'Hugo Race'

Well, up your arse, Jimbo ol' man, up your fucking hole  
You are a prick. pure and simple.  
It's about time you were told  
And up your arse to all your fans  
Up your arse to your tortured artistic hell  
And while we're fucking at it,  
Up your arse to Morrissey as well  
Up your arse to Robert Smith,  
Up your arse to Albert Camus  
All those "I'm suffering for my art"-y types  
Jimbo, I blame them all on you

And everyone who handles life's pain  
With a token of mature self-examination,  
It's time these ponces were told to stick it  
Up their bogus self-enfatuation

But if you're after true self-indulgence  
Then the conclusions still aren't final  
'cause if you thought Jim Morisson was a wanker,  
Well, Christ, you've just bought this fucking bit of vinyl!

Up Jimbo, Jimbo, Jimbo  
Up Jimbo, Jimbo, Jimbo  
Up Jimbo, Jimbo, Jimbo  
Jimbo, Jimbo, Jimbo, Jimbo  
Jimbo, Jimbo, Jimbo, Jimbo  
Up Jimbo, Jimbo...