Underdogs Of Nipomo

Archers of Loaf

Black and white But the time is stricnine. You soak it down in your rubbing alcohol. You're saying you're underdogs, Knowing what they don't want And what they don't want... Strange boy Scrounging through his pockets. Scraping over nachos And a microbrew. Stuck in the middle one sucking up, up town Clogging up the quarters at the arcade. I said you're better than me at this So much better at this, So much better of forcing the matter of Kill the running joke just before it grows Kill everyone you owe 'Cause excess goes away. (repeat) Goes away Goes away Goes away I said you're better than me at this So much better at this, So much better at forcing the matter of Kill the running joke just before it grows Kill everyone you owe 'Cause excess goes away. (repeat) I'm not at home 'cause I'm going to Nipomo, C.A. Just leave the money on the soundman's check. I'm on the middle box sucking up, up town Knowing what we don't want, what they don't want. I'm not at home 'cause I'm going to Nipomo, C.A. But lay your money on the soundman's check. I'm on the middle box sucking up, up town Knowing what we don't want, what we don't want.