

## Bad Taste Blues, Pt. I

Ball Park Music

Five and one half, it doesn't mean I don't care  
Sick from the guts of another interesting quote  
'Bout the time I left you for dead  
I have a theory based on nothing  
It's absolute crap, it's so compelling  
Publish me now, I'm a genius  
Face full of fruit, wow

It's making me rage  
It's making me feel so bad  
For all of the others  
Making me feel so bad  
So neck your all friends  
I'll take you to town, reverend  
You're jogging instead, I want you to feel so bad

Fistful of fingers and fishy business  
Under the cross, a baby whispers  
A whole lot of grub and mirrored windows  
Of Europe asleep so sound

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For all of the others  
Making me feel so bad  
So neck your all friends  
I'll take you to town, reverend  
You're jogging instead, I want you to feel so bad

Tradition on trial  
Tradition on trial  
Tradition on trial  
Tradition on trial

You're making me rage  
I want you to feel so bad  
For all of the others  
Making me feel so bad  
So neck all your friends  
I'll take you to town, reverend  
You're jogging instead, now I want you to feel so bad  
To feel so bad