

Diary of a Stranger

Bloodhound Gang

I came from Düsseldorf, chased by the night.
You were a vision drenched, in neon light.
Longing and my sad eyes caught, your fleeting glance.
As chaos on the boulevard, stole our romance.

Barf into a toilet, full of the stranger's diarrhea.
Barf into a toilet, full of the stranger's diarrhea.

La connexion... lost.

Two. Ships. Passing in the night.
You. Shit. Then I ralphed up my fries.
But not just any old fries.
But French. Fries. Paris.

Whispers in foreign tongues, from the shadows.
Lead to a path of lies, my false hope chose.
Fooled again and yet I search, forever more.
My love will last 1,000 years, like this cold war.

Barf into a toilet, full of the stranger's diarrhea
Barf into a toilet, full of the stranger's diarrhea

La connexion... lost.

Diarrhea. Diarrhea.
Some people think it's gross, but it's really good on toast.
Diarrhea. Diarrhea.
Some people think it's funny, but it's brown and hot and runny.

Shhhh.
She said.
Shhhh.

Barf into a toilet, full of the stranger's diarrhea.
Barf into a toilet, full of the stranger's diarrhea.

Hausgemachter Toilettensalat.

Think of the future we lost, the life we will never know.
Winter reminds me of you, as does a Sloppy Joe.
(Barf into a toilet) Think of the future we lost. (Barf into a toilet
) The life we will never know.
(Barf into a toilet) Winter reminds me of you (Full of the stranger's
diarrhea).
Two ships, passing in the night.
You shit, then ralphed up my fries.
Two ships, passing in the night.
You shit. Panic.