

Bon Bon Fire

Busdriver

Bon Bon Fire, Bon Bon Fire
Bon Bon Fire, Bon Bon Fire
Bon Bon Fire, Bon Bon Fire
Bon Bon Fire, Bon Bon Fire
(Y'all better get your pom-pom's higher, like...)
Bon Bon Fire, Bon Bon Fire
Bon Bon Fire, Bon Bon Fire
Bon Bon Fire, Bon Bon Fire
Bon Bon Fire, Bon Bon Fire

C'mon dude...
We make girls laugh louder
They're begging for the clam chowder
Because I fit the shoes, you eat prison Food
I've got interviews with Matt Lauer
I catch a plane in half an hour
So I can't stay at your afterhours
I say goodnight. I'm in demand
Because I lay good pipe and I'm in the band
I don't ball with huge budgets
What I do do gets news coverage
At Southby you blew hundreds
But I ate like I had two stomachs
To get that paper under the table
I charge niggas like jumper cables
I write dope, so I sell notepads
When the game's rough, get elbow pads
Or play with rocks [?] get a yellow cab
I'm out the door, toodle-oo
When you're hot they will google you
And crowds soar through the roof saying...

Bon Bon Fire, Bon Bon Fire
Bon Bon Fire, Bon Bon Fire
Bon Bon Fire, Bon Bon Fire
Y'all better get your pompoms higher like...
Oooh-do-do-do-do-do
Oooh-do-do-do-do-do
Oooh-do-do-do-do-do
Oooh-do-do-do-do-do

I forgot to mention
The game suffers from hypertension
I forgot to mention
(You ain't, you ain't) (Come on now)

You read blogs, recycle cans
I screen calls for psycho fans
Because I appeal to folks that you can't
By acting awkward like Hugh Grant
My lady friends remove their pants
Your apartment a dude ranch
And I didn't get no huge advance
I taught music camp for food stamps saying...

Bon Bon Fire, Bon Bon Fire
Bon Bon Fire, Bon Bon Fire

Bon Bon Fire, Bon Bon Fire
Y'all hoes get your pompoms higher like...
Oooh-do-do-do-do-do
Oooh-do-do-do-do-do
Oooh-do-do-do-do-do
Oooh-do-do-do-do-do

Yea! We weren't supposed to be actors who read scripts
I came up as a gaffer, a key grip
But stayed on the Dean's list
I know I wasn't supposed to be shit
Anyway, your main squeeze is a hideous ghoul
Slumming it like inner city is cool
Southern belle, dumb as hell
But my mind is an infinity pool
You're oligarchy, you sponsor parties
I'm on the marque in rare form
Every word I say gets an airhorn
Y'all just keeping my chair warm, talkin' bout...

Bon Bon Fire, Bon Bon Fire
Bon Bon Fire, Bon Bon Fire
Bon Bon Fire, Bon Bon Fire
Bon Bon, Bon Bon...

It's a motherfucking fire hazard
They be going crazy, for me
And this is what they sound like, here they go...
Bon Bon Bon...
(It's on fire y'all, it's on fire y'all)
Really real real, really real real, really real real, really real real, real
real real real

Bon Bon Fire, Bon Bon Fire (Uh!)
Bon Bon Fire, Bon Bon Fire (Uh!)
Bon Bon Fire, Bon Bon Fire (Uh!)

Homie, you're caught in a crossfire

Bon Bon Fire, Bon Bon Fire
Bon Bon Fire, Bon Bon Fire
Bon Bon Fire, Bon Bon Fire
Bon Bon...