

# Happy Insider

Busdriver

I've never been the brightest guy  
You know the ones all the gals look for  
I used to think Norwegian wood  
Was a Scandinavian adult book store  
I recall this fling with a goth metalhead  
With a pierced labia and purple titties  
She used to defile me  
Make me feel lousy and sob while scribblin my little journal entries  
I'm not out to fuck just malajust  
Would you be my friend for a thousand bucks?  
I'm no solar panel plated kutcher made of granulated sugar  
Due to how my confidence allowance sucks  
I feel I should probably be re-sexed  
If she makes me wear this full body v-neck  
But my name is her with an apostrophe s

"Rarely do my yoga instructor and therapist both agree on the poor choices t  
hat I make in my sex life  
You know? you get the commemorative tofurky?"

Happy inside  
Happy inside, even though I'm frowning  
Happy inside, I don't know why I lie

"You know, all my homies need to stop hatin, really."

Our OG looks on cozy nooks  
Are under seige at the blanket fort  
We've striken fibs of clothes pinned haters  
With womens lib nomenclature  
Our dinnerdates accompanied by dialysis machine beeps  
In your case we should hereby screw while dressed to bee keep  
What feudal queens are canoodling  
With this human resource rent a wreck  
When I scowl at the hole punchers and am gallop poll numbered  
Say they would rather see my dick in a french press  
My day is a cheech and chong mis step  
And my face is a three pronged inlet, come on

"Even though, you know, you tried to put my face in a hot waffle iron  
I still know that you love me inside, and I'm still feeling you"

Happy inside  
Happy inside  
Happy inside, I don't know why I cry

Blocko blocko blocko blocko  
Happy happy happy happy

Blocko blocko blocko blocko  
Happy happy happy happy

Happy inside  
Happy inside  
Happy inside  
Happy inside, I don't know why I cry

Keep me draped in our calendar becomings  
? would show 'ominous' instead  
Because it's not likely  
That when I'm on tour, chillin  
And I freak with girls  
Then I sign off on some off-shore drillin'  
Simply because no broads adore us  
My dry with's due to clogged pores  
From chalk-board dust  
Still I'm the shit on the vanity plates  
On the tour bus for all the wrong reasons, though  
Like me being an actual turd